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AUTHORS DIGEST

THE WORLD'S GREAT STORIES IN BRIEF, PREPARED
BY A STAFF OF LITERARY EXPERTS, WITH
THE ASSISTANCE OF MANY
LIVING NOVELISTS

ROSSITER JOHNSON, PH.D., LL.D.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
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AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME VII

CHARLES DICKENS

Dick Swiveller came to his senses, to find himself in bed, attended by the Marchioness (*The Old Curiosity Shop*, p. 81)

Hand-painted photogravure on French Plate Paper after a painting by Harold Copping

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Dick Swiveller came to his senses, to find himself in bed, attended by the Marchioness (The Old Curiosity Shop, p. 82)

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AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME VII

CHARLES DICKENS

TO

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (*père*)

Issued under the auspices of the
AUTHORS PRESS

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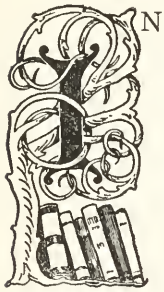
CHARLES JOHN HUFFHAM DICKENS

(England, 1812–1870)

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP (1840)

The author received a great many letters from persons all over England and the United States after the publication of this book. He says of it: "The many friends it won for me, and the many hearts it turned to me when they were full of the burden of private sorrow, invest it with an interest in my mind which is not a public one, and the rightful place of which appears to be 'a more removed ground.' I will merely observe, therefore, that in writing the book I had it always in my fancy to surround the lonely figure of Little Nell with grotesque and wild, but not impossible companions, and to gather about her innocent face and pure intentions associations as strange and uncongenial as the grim objects that are about her bed when her history is first foreshadowed." The story first appeared in a serial miscellany called *Master Humphrey's Clock*. It is supposed to be narrated by Master Humphrey himself, and when first published bore the sub-title, *Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey*.



N an odd corner of London stood a place which seemed more a receptacle for old and curious things than a house. Here amid suits of mail, fantastic carvings, tapestry, and strange furniture, lived a haggard old man and his granddaughter Nell, a tiny child of about fourteen. Few guests came to the house; and the solitary child knew of the outside world only as she was sent by the old man on mysterious errands to a certain Quilp living in a remote part of the city.

Mr. Quilp was a dwarf with huge head and small body, and had the appearance of continually exulting in the triumph of some impish plot. It was his chief delight to terrorize all who came within his power; and the leer with which he thought to welcome poor Nell was worse than his frown. His wife lived in constant fear of his tyranny and dared refuse him nothing. When little Nell came with the grandfather's letter, begging an immediate reply, Quilp ordered his wife in an adjoining

room to extract from the child all possible information concerning the old man's mode of life. He wished to learn what might be the investment which constantly required so many loans and was to insure the future wealth of the grandchild. With a breaking heart little Nell confided to Mrs. Quilp how the grandfather, who had once been her constant companion, now left her every night, coming home only with the dawn. Yet the poor child was sure he still loved her and must again alter to what he had been before. This confidence seemed to satisfy the dwarf, who had been creaking the door to remind his wife of her duty to draw out the child, and he gave her the note to take to the grandfather. At the door waited Kit, the faithful chore-boy, who saw his mistress safely to the house.

Three days later, while Nell was begging her grandfather to think less of accumulating a fortune and to leave the place that had become so hateful, Quilp came in upon the pair and asked to talk with the old man in private. The old man after pacing restlessly up and down returned to his seat and asked earnestly: "Once, and once for all, have you brought me any money?"

"No," returned Quilp.

"Then," said the old man desperately, "the child and I are lost."

The dwarf bluntly accused the old man of gambling and of trying to deceive him as to his scheme for acquiring wealth.

"I am no gambler!" cried the old man. "I call Heaven to witness that I never played for gain of mine, or love of play; that at every piece I staked I whispered to myself that orphan's name and called on Heaven to bless the venture, which it never did."

"I thought," sneered the dwarf, "that if a man played long enough, he was sure to win at last."

"And so he is," cried the old man, now violently excited. "I must win. I only want a little help once more—but two-score pounds, dear Quilp."

In vain was the old man's entreaty; the usurer would not advance another penny. Furthermore, he assured the old man that it was the boy Kit that had disclosed to him his master's life and made plain that his niggardly way of living was due to

poverty and not to hoarding, as he had at first supposed. Poor Kit, night after night, when his mistress was watching alone in her window, had stood hours in an opposite doorway, lest anything should befall the lonely child.

Next morning the old man was in a raging fever, and for many weeks he lay in a delirium, in imminent danger of his life. In his ravings he cried out against Kit, until poor Nell, in whose life the boy had been the one bit of cheer, was constrained to go to his house with his weekly earnings and bid him never come to them again.

The house was now in the hands of Quilp and his lawyer, who during the old man's illness took up their abode under his roof. Hardly was he restored to consciousness when the dwarf proclaimed himself sole possessor and Nell and her grandfather totally at his mercy. At last taking advantage of the old man's dependence upon her, the child urged that they steal out of the place and never come back. Accordingly, early one morning, having stealthily taken the key from Quilp's bedroom, the pair wandered forth not knowing whither. So quietly did they go that the dwarf was in total ignorance of their departure until he was routed out some hours later by Dick Swiveller, who came to make some interested inquiries concerning little Nell. Quilp felt great uneasiness, arising from a suspicion that the old man had some secret store of money; and the idea of its escaping him overwhelmed him with mortification and self-reproach.

Kit also called about this time and learned of the flight of his friends. It was some comfort to him, after a rough-and-tumble fight with Quilp's boy, to get possession of Nelly's bird and run home to his mother with this parting reminder of the child. He then looked about for some horses to hold, or some other way to make up for the small wages he no longer earned. Presently he found an opportunity to hold a very stubborn little pony for an old gentleman and his wife in front of a notary's office. Having no change, the kind old man gave him a shilling, telling him to earn the other sixpence by being on hand at his next visit.

Little Nell and her grandfather, once beyond the city, felt assured of their escape and accepted the hospitality of the kind-

hearted cottagers on their way. They had only a very meager sum of money; and Nell knew that soon they would be forced to beg their way. A good opening seemed to be before them in a distant town whither they found a company of players traveling to exhibit their Punch and Judy show. Nell made herself so useful in repairing the tattered garments of the puppets that the new acquaintances kindly offered to keep them in their company. The old man's feeble mind found such pleasure in the show, and the child such comfort in the protection of these people, that they gladly journeyed with them. Finally the master of the exhibition began to make further inquiries; and Nell perceived that he had hopes of a reward by returning the strange pair to those who might be looking for them. Frightened lest they should again come into the power of the dreaded Quilp, she waited for an opportunity, while offering her poor little bouquets to ladies at the fair, to escape when Punch was attracting a particularly large crowd.

Meanwhile Kit was still trying to help his mother and her two small children by hunting odd jobs, and passed as frequently as possible the house of his former master, always hoping for the return of the wanderers. He did not forget the extra sixpence he must yet earn and was on hand promptly at the appointed hour looking for the old man and the pony. In due time they appeared; and so pleased was the gentleman by this evidence of honesty, that he at once sought out the boy's home and took him into his employ.

Nell and her grandfather continued to meet with kindness from the simple people on their way and, once rid of the show, trudged easily along. The grandfather seemed possessed of only one idea, the fear of being parted from the child, who sought in every way to comfort and assure him of her love and devotion.

A kind schoolmaster bade them rest under his roof and found in little Nell a comfort in his grief over the death of a favorite pupil. But ever they must be moving and meeting others.

At last they came upon a caravan, a house upon wheels, harboring a strange lady who told them she was Mrs. Jarley, proprietress of Jarley's Waxworks, containing more than a hundred figures. Perceiving the attractive manner and sweet face

of the child, the lady proposed taking her into her business to explain the figures to her visitors. Some simple task was also found for the old grandfather; and for many weeks they led a happy, peaceful life. Nell easily learned her story and pointed out the characters with unerring accuracy. Mrs. Jarley was delighted with her assistant and found always new ways to employ her charms in improving the business.

One afternoon Nell and her grandfather roamed out into the fields and, being caught in a severe storm, sought refuge in an inn for the night. Here the old man's ears detected the familiar sound of cards in an adjoining room. At once he was in a frenzy to join the players. He begged the child for money. In vain she sought him to leave the game alone. It was impossible to restrain him; and soon he had lost all the contents of her little purse. Fortunately the child had sewed a sovereign in her gown; and with this she paid their small bill and secreted the change. In the night she was wakened by someone coming stealthily into her room and robbing her of this little hoard. As she saw the figure creeping out, the one thought of protecting her grandfather was uppermost in her mind. She sprang out of bed and ran to his room. At his door she stopped. There was the bed unslept in and there sat the figure counting the money of which she had been robbed. The thief was no other than her grandfather!

The terror she had lately felt was as nothing to the feeling which now oppressed her. All her old sorrows came back, augmented by new fears and doubts. She knew not what to do. If she told the truth he would be treated as a madman; if she refused him money he would supply himself; supplying him, she but fed the fire that burned him. His one plea was always: "Remember, Nell, to use for thee."

Quilp was never idle in his search for his victims. Perceiving that Dick Swiveller also wished to find them, he perverted that young man's honest intentions to his own purpose, and, to have him at hand, made him a clerk in his lawyer's office. The lawyer, Sampson Brass, and his mannish sister, were Quilp's best tools. With their aid, he could shadow those he wished to watch and be sure of coöperation in any plot he chose to devise. One day during their absence a single gentleman came along

and engaged through Dick Swiveller the room they had to let above the office. He never made his business known; and, as he paid promptly, he was never questioned.

The lodger had a most unaccountable fancy for a Punch exhibition and was constantly luring any he found into the street. One day he brought in some able gentlemen who gave him news of a strange pair they had encountered on the road, an old man and a young girl, who had later escaped them, though they meant to do only the best by them. Encouraged by his interest, they told the single gentleman how they had since learned of the pair being with a waxworks outfit. The gentleman finally dismissed them with a sovereign apiece.

From inquiries about the old home, the single gentleman also learned of the lad Kit, and finally met him at the notary's, whither he had come for his new employer. Kit was closely questioned concerning his old master and little Nell, and frankly told all he knew, even told of the old man's nightly absence and of the solitary existence of the child, and also of their flight. Possessed of this information, the single gentleman wanted Kit to go with him in search of the fugitives. Kit, fearful of the distress with which the old man might now regard him, suggested that his mother go in his place, as better evidence of good faith. The plan was agreed to. The good woman was soon ready and in less than two hours they were posting toward the town where the waxworks of Mrs. Jarley were edifying the populace.

Poor little Nell now found life harder to bear than ever before. Between the old man and herself there had come a gradual estrangement. Though he evaded all inquiry, she knew where he went from the constant drain on her scanty purse and from his haggard looks.

In one of her lonely walks in the surrounding meadows, she came one day upon an encampment of gipsies. With these strange associates she was startled to see her grandfather, and still more so, when she overheard them urging him to win more money for their gambling by robbing Mrs. Jarley.

"God be merciful to us!" cried the child within herself. "What shall I do to save him?"

Flight was their only escape. She told the old man she had

had a horrible dream and must flee before it came again; and thus they left their kind friend. This time their pilgrimage was less pleasant. For a whole night the child was obliged to sing to noisy boatmen, who conveyed them in their craft to the next town. Arrived there, they passed through the waste country of a manufacturing district where the poverty was even as great as their own. Once a fireman gave them a night's lodging by his furnace. Then they slept in the open, until, weak and sick, little Nell was nearly dead. At this crisis it was their good fortune to come upon the old schoolmaster, who had once before befriended them, and was now on his way to take a better place in another town. Perceiving the child's condition, he took accommodations for them in an inn, and as soon as Nell's strength would permit, carried them with him to his destination. She had told him all: that they had no friends or relatives; that she had fled with the old man to save him from a madhouse and all the miseries he dreaded; and that she was flying now to save him from himself.

All this was taking them farther from Mrs. Jarley and the single gentleman, who was coming with Kit's mother to find them. Great was the disappointment of the travelers, when no trace of the wanderers was to be found and they were obliged to return from a fruitless quest.

When Kit met his mother, he was highly indignant to find that her journey home had been harassed by the presence of the indefatigable Quilp, who with artful craft had dogged the steps of those who would be good to his victims. An angry rejoinder of Kit's aroused Quilp's ever-active hatred and he retired to his den near the wharves to plot revenge, murmuring a remark of the lad's he had once overheard: "Ugliest dwarf that could be seen anywhere for a penny." Having made his household as wretched as possible, Quilp summoned Lawyer Brass and his sister to his retreat and instructed them to devise means to put the lad out of the way. He felt that Kit stood between him and the evil he would do the old man and his grandchild.

This pitiful pair, having been taken in charge by the schoolmaster, found their lot a little brighter. No sooner had he introduced himself to his new patrons, than he made way for his friends also. The clergyman was ably supported in his good

work by a kind bachelor, whose sympathies were always enlisted for the weak and suffering.

Nell and her grandfather were housed in a little dwelling next the schoolmaster and their immediate wants were supplied by the kind bachelor.

Little Nell was to keep the keys of the church, open and close it for services and show it to strangers. The schoolmaster was sure that with the allowance made for these duties, they could club together and live comfortably. The child was faithful to her trust, and loved to wander about the churchyard. As she guided visitors through the aisles of the church, her sweet voice called forth compassion from the most unfeeling; and, though those who loved her noted sorrowfully an increasing weakness in the child, her task was no less cheerfully performed.

All this time Kit had been serving his new employer faithfully and was often intrusted with messages to the single gentleman living with Mr. Brass. On these occasions that loyal attorney would call him in and insist upon presenting him with small tips, which he represented as coming from the eccentric gentleman above stairs. Kit would rush out and buy little gifts for his mother and the children and thus share his good fortune. During a call of this nature, Mr. Brass suddenly missed a ten-pound note. A constable was called in. Kit was searched and the money was found in his hatband. He was brought to trial and adjudged guilty, not only of this, but of other small thefts, the money with which he had bought the trifles for his mother also being charged against him.

Dick Swiveller, whose term in the office now expired without further warning, had not passed his time with closed eyes; but at this moment he was taken critically ill. At the end of three weeks, he came to his senses to find himself in bed, attended by the diminutive servant of Miss Brass, whom Dick had playfully styled the Marchioness. The child had run away to care for the only person who had ever been kind to her. As Dick began to reflect on past events, he inquired from his nurse about poor Kit. The child having refreshed him with tea and toast, told the sad details, adding some knowledge of her own. In times past when locked in the gloomy cellar, she had found a key to her jail and amused herself by listening at the

keyhole of the room where her master and mistress sat. In this manner she heard them plan to put the money on the person of honest Kit and have punishment visited upon him in order to get him out of Quilp's way. Weak as he was, Dick called for his clothes. His little nurse had sold them to buy his medicines and food, so he contented himself with sending the child with a message, which soon brought Kit's good employer, his notary, and the single gentleman. These people made use of the child's information to effect Kit's immediate release and to secure Mr. Brass's merited punishment. Judgment would also have been meted out to Quilp had another power not interfered. In his fear and anxiety to escape from his hole by the river's edge, when the knocking at the gate warned him arrest was near, he fell into the dark water and was drowned.

Kit's friends also gave notice to Mr. Swiveller of a legacy left him by a deceased aunt, which enabled him not only to provide for himself but to repay the little Marchioness.

Kit was borne home to his friends; and the old gentleman, his employer, explained why he also had come to share in the interest about little Nell. The good bachelor to whose generosity Nell and her grandfather owed so much was a brother of his, and in one of his long, genial letters had written of the strange pair that had come among them.

The next day the single gentleman went with Kit and his employer on a second journey after the old man and the little child. On the way there the single gentleman told how he had left home that his brother, Nell's grandfather, might marry the girl they both loved. She had died and left a daughter, the old man's one joy, who married unhappily and left her father little Nell. They had been happy and comfortable until the gambling mania had seized the old man; a gloomy dread of poverty and want beset him, and he sought this means to insure comfort for the child. Both knew the sequel and eagerly awaited the result of this last effort to find the lost ones. Late the following night, they arrived at the little inn of the town they were seeking, but anxiety would not let them rest; and though the snow was falling they hastened on foot to the cottage. Kit led the way and asked directions till at last they were inside the little room. There sat the old man over the smoldering fire, talking

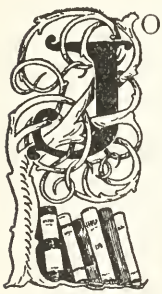
softly of his little Nell. As the brother came forward and tried to make himself known by gentle reminder and strong entreaty, the old man maintained a steadfast look, but gave no answer. Finally waving them all off, he stole into the inner chamber; the others moved softly after him and, though their footsteps made no noise, there were sobs among the group.

Little Nell was dead. Her tranquil beauty and calm repose gave no evidence of her sufferings and early cares. She had been dead two days. At the last she had spoken of all who had been kind to her in her lonely life and referred merrily even then to poor Kit. She wished there was somebody to take her love to him.

They buried her in an old nook where she had loved to sit; and the entire village mourned the loss of their favorite. It was long before the old grandfather could realize what had taken place. Day after day, with his staff in his hand, he would go with her little straw hat and her basket and wait for her at her grave. One day he did not return at the usual hour; and when they went to seek him, they found him lying dead upon the stone. They buried him by her side; and in the churchyard where they had prayed and wandered hand in hand the child and the old man slept together.

BARNABY RUDGE (1841)

This story and *The Old Curiosity Shop* appeared serially during 1840 in Dickens's periodical called *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The next year it was published in book form by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The novel was written to express the author's abhorrence of capital punishment. From the use he makes in the book of the "No Popery" riots of 1780, and his representation under the name of Sir John Chester of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, author of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son*, *Barnaby Rudge* may be considered one of Dickens's few historical novels. W. P. Frith, the artist, by an admirable picture of Dolly Varden, one of the characters in the book, assisted greatly in its popularity. "The raven in this story," said Dickens in a preface to a cheap edition of the novel, "is a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor." A friend of Dickens made an execrable pun on his fondness for these birds, saying, "Dickens is *raven mad*," and this, being repeated, actually gave rise to a rumor that the novelist was losing his mind. It is noteworthy that Edgar Allan Poe exercised his remarkable power of analysis upon *Barnaby Rudge* by forecasting the solution of the plot from the statement of its complication as this appeared in the serial publication of the opening chapters. It is said that Dickens was quite annoyed at this anticipation.



JOHN WILLET, a burly, large-headed man with a fat face, stood surrounded by his cronies in the bar-parlor of the Maypole Inn, a ramshackle old hostelry built in the days of Henry the Eighth, and situate in the parish of Chigwell on the borders of Epping Forest, about twelve miles from London.

It was the twilight of a wild day in March, 1775, and the night threatened to be very stormy.

Two guests were occupying the especial attention of John Willet. One was a man wrapped in a loose riding-coat decked with tarnished silver. With hat flapped over his face, he appeared to be a thoroughly unsociable individual. The other was a young man, graceful, strongly made, and preoccupied. Without being overdressed, he looked a gallant gentleman.

The latter was the first to leave; his nag had gone lame and he was walking to London, despite the rough night.

"Such a thing as love is!" said Joe, the son of John Willet.

"He is in love, then?" asked the elder guest.

"Yes, and his lady has gone to a masquerade in town—"

At this point Joe was snubbed into silence by his father.

The stranger had expressed curiosity as to a house he had passed, about a mile from the Maypole.

He was told it was "The Warren," the home of Mr. Geoffrey Haredale, bachelor, a much respected member of an old Catholic family, who resided there with his niece, Emma. Her father, Mr. Reuben Haredale, the former owner, had been murdered in his bedchamber, on March 19, 1753, two-and-twenty years before to the very day. The steward and gardener were both missing; what was supposed to be the body of the former was found months after at the bottom of a pond in the grounds, with a deep knife-wound in the breast. As the body was only partly dressed, the theory was that the steward had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed before his master. His name was Rudge, and on the day the deed was known, Mrs. Rudge gave birth to a son, who bore upon his wrist at birth what seemed a smear of blood. As the boy grew older it was seen that he was half-witted. The name of Barnaby was given him.

"Is that all?" asked the stranger.

"All that is known hereabouts," replied John Willet.

Mounting his horse the stranger pursued his journey to London. In the darkness he almost collided with a vehicle coming toward him. Its occupant, Gabriel Varden, locksmith, insisted on seeing his face:

"Humph!" he said when he had scanned his features. "I don't know you."

"Don't desire to?" returned the other, muffling himself as before.

"I don't. To be plain with you, friend, you don't carry in your countenance a letter of recommendation."

"It's not my wish," said the stranger; "my humor is to be avoided." And he rode away.

Gabriel Varden repaired to the Maypole and in the social gossip around the fire learned of the stranger's visit; and his own unfavorable impression was confirmed by the clerk of the parish, Solomon Daisy, who remarked:

"I wish he may be an honest man."

Later in the night Gabriel Varden went his way toward London. By and by a loud cry for help roused him with a start.

In the roadway he descried a man apparently lifeless, and, hovering round him a fantastic figure with a torch in his hand, from whom the cry for help had proceeded.

"What's here to do?" said Varden. "How's this—What, Barnaby? Why it's Mr. Edward Chester!"

"There's blood upon him," said Barnaby with a shudder. "It makes me sick!"

"How came it there?"

"Steel, steel, steel," the half-witted lad replied fiercely, imitating the thrust of a sword, and indicating by swift pantomime that the victim had been robbed and the robber had made his escape to the city.

The locksmith bent low to make a closer examination of the prostrate form. In the strong glare of the link he held, Barnaby Rudge stood fully revealed. He was about three-and-twenty years old, rather spare, but of fair height and strong make. Red hair of great profusion and length hung in disorder about his face and shoulders, giving to his ever-restless looks an expression quite unearthly, which was intensified by the transparent whiteness of his skin and the glassy clearness of his large and lustrous eyes. The fluttered and confused disposition of the motley scraps that clothed him punctuated the disorder of his mind; his fantastic attire was all the work of his own poor, wandering, nimble fingers, from the cluster of limp and broken peacock's feathers stuck in his hat and trailing negligently down his back to the tawdry ruffles dangling at his wrists. The steel hilt of an old sword was girded to his side, and parti-colored ends of ribbons and poor little glass toys completed the ornamental portion of the green dress in which he was clad.

Such was Barnaby Rudge—beloved, trusted, and pitied by all living things, from Maypole Hugh, the semibrute, the lazy, handsome hostler, to Grip, the semihuman, bright-eyed raven, which never left Barnaby and never tired of reiterating: "I'm a devil! I'm a devil! I'm a devil!"

With Barnaby's help, Gabriel Varden carried Edward Chester to Mrs. Rudge's house hard by.

Next morning at breakfast Varden told the story of his night's experience to his daughter, buxom, beautiful, bewitching Dolly, beloved of all the youth of the region, and to two of her admirers who were at the table: Mr. Simon Tappertit, her father's 'prentice, an undersized gentleman of twenty, with small eyes and thin calves, a compound of balderdash and self-conceit; and broad-shouldered, clean-run Joe Willet of the Maypole.

Dolly was deeply interested in her father's account; for Mr. Edward Chester was in love with Miss Emma Haredale of The Warren; and Miss Emma was Dolly's foster-sister. Moreover, Dolly knew of the rooted enmity between Mr. Haredale and Mr. John Chester, the father of her foster-sister's lover.

The next night Gabriel called on Mrs. Rudge to inquire after Edward Chester. Barnaby's mother was a woman of about forty with a face that had undeniably been pretty in her youth. One thing about this face was startling: you could not look upon it without feeling that it had some extraordinary capacity of expressing sorrow.

Mrs. Rudge reported the patient better.

Their conversation was presently interrupted by a sound that Varden thought must be the raven, Grip, tapping at the door.

"No," said the widow. "'Tis someone knocking softly at the shutter. Who can it be?"

A voice close to the window whispered: "Make haste!"

The widow went alone and opened the door. "My God!" Varden heard her say, and the tone chilled him. He rushed out: the woman was gazing with livid cheeks upon the man he had encountered in the dark last night. It was but a flash and he was gone. Varden dashed forward.

"Come back!" exclaimed the woman, clasping him. "Do not touch him. He carries other lives besides his own. Come back!"

The locksmith turned back into the room, and, presently, when alone with Edward Chester in the apartment above, convinced himself beyond question that the visitor of that night, the sinister stranger of the Maypole, and the would-be assassin of Edward Chester were one and the same man.

"What dark mystery is this?" he thought. But the widow had bound him by a promise not to open his lips on the matter; and Gabriel Varden left the house mistrusting Barnaby's mother.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and John Willet was dropping asleep over the copper boiler when he was roused by the arrival at the Maypole of a courtly and well-equipped horseman.

Mr. John Chester did not often ride so far forth at that hour, but he was desirous of a conversation with Mr. Haredale, and so he inquired of John Willet if he had a messenger who would bear a note to The Warren for him. Barnaby was entrusted with the mission, and brought back word that Mr. Haredale would be there directly.

The meeting between the two men was a stormy one, owing to a striking difference in temperament. John Chester was the pink of polished selfishness, and Geoffrey Haredale was abrupt and uncompromising in manner and of sterling heart. They finally agreed to make common cause, although on different grounds. The attachment of Edward Chester to Emma Haredale must at all costs be stopped: on Mr. Haredale's side because of the aversion and distrust he bore toward anything akin to John Chester; and on Mr. Chester's side because, as he frankly put it:

"Independently of any dislike that you and I might have to being related to each other, and independently of the fact that you are a Catholic and I am a Protestant—and damn it, that's important—I can't afford a match of this description. It's impossible."

"Trust me, Mr. Chester, my niece shall change from this time. I will appeal to her woman's heart, her dignity, her pride, her duty—"

"I shall do the same by Ned. I shall put it to him on every ground of moral and religious feeling. I shall represent to him that we cannot possibly afford it—that I have always looked forward to his marrying well, for a genteel provision for myself in the autumn of life. In short, that every consideration of filial duty and affection imperatively demands that he should run away with an heiress."

Much as it galled Mr. Haredale, he agreed to act in concert with, but apart from, the father of the man upon whom his niece had bestowed her affections.

But, despite the web of misunderstanding woven by the hand of a past master of deception and intrigue, and into the weaving of which all manner of criminal and innocent fingers were pressed (including Maypole Hugh, the hostler, poor little Dolly, Mrs. Varden, of uncertain temper, and the great little Simon Tappertit, sworn enemy to Joe Willet, who had rivaled him in the affections of his master's daughter), the constancy of Edward Chester to Emma Haredale remained unshaken; and Mr. Chester was reduced to cursing his son and driving him from his home, without money, influence, or resource.

Incidentally this persecution led to the emancipation of Joe Willet. Mr. Chester had enlisted the interest of Willet senior, who knew that Joe had been a go-between for the young couple. The old man encroached so far on the liberty of Joe, and Joe's degradation became so extreme, that even his father's cronies ventured to browbeat the young man.

This was too much for Joe; so, after giving the meddling ass, Simon Tappertit, a sound pummeling, he left the Maypole at daybreak and journeyed to London, determined to enlist for the war in America. But first he went to take leave of the locksmith's daughter.

Joe had small experience in love-affairs. All day he had buoyed himself up with an idea that she would say, "Don't leave us"; he had even entertained the possibility of her bursting into tears.

But Dolly simply said "Good-by," with as pleasant a smile as if he were going into the next street.

So Joe enlisted; and Dolly, being Dolly Varden, bolted herself in her bedroom, laid her head down on the bed and cried as if her heart would break.

Nor were these the only figures removed from the stage; for Barnaby Rudge and his mother were missing. The mysterious ruffian who assaulted Edward Chester, after flitting, an unknown quantity, among the outcasts of the London streets, followed Mrs. Rudge to her home one night and gained admittance. From the blackmailer, whose fingers were closing

on her, she fled like one pursued, taking with her Barnaby and his keeper, companion and familiar friend, Grip, the raven.

Five years passed; it was the nineteenth of March, 1780, a howling, wailing, and tempestuous night. Cheerily shone the Maypole light. John Willet was in his old place; the cronies, too, excellent companions all, as only silent men can be.

But the circle of the cronies was incomplete. Solomon Daisy, the parish clerk, was missing, and Solomon Daisy was very late. It was now half-past ten.

John Willet opened his eyes, woke up after a silence of two hours and a half and resumed his conversation:

"If he don't come in five minutes I shall have supper without him."

A cry of "Maypole, ahoy!" was heard above the roar and tumult out of doors.

Then little Solomon Daisy burst in upon them, a picture of terror, with the rain streaming from his disordered dress. He had been to the church to wind up the clock, when in the darkness he heard a cry outside the tower, rising from among the graves, and as he rushed out he saw something in the likeness of a man.

"It was bareheaded to the storm. It turned its face and fixed its eyes on mine. It was a ghost—a spirit."

"Whose was it?" they all cried together.

"Gentlemen, you needn't ask. The likeness of a murdered man. This is the nineteenth of March."

When the cronies had departed for the night, John Willet aroused Hugh, the hostler, from his bed of straw in the stables, and, lighting a lantern, turned his steps toward The Warren. Mr. Haredale was his landlord, and should know of Solomon Daisy's story from no other lips than John's own.

The owner of The Warren thanked his servant for telling him the story; but John would have preferred Mr. Haredale's looking at him when he spoke to his seeming almost unconscious of what he reported. At length John grasped his stick and lantern and descended the stairs. He and Hugh stopped upon the outer side of the garden-gate for the hostler to hold the light while Mr. Haredale locked it on the inner side, and then John

saw with wonder that he was very pale, and that his face had changed and grown so haggard since their entrance that he almost seemed another man.

No sooner were they in the road than three horsemen burst upon them. They were not highwaymen, as John supposed, but Lord George Gordon, leader of the so-called Protestant cause, with its parrot cry of "No Popery!" Gashford, his secretary, a renegade papist, and John Grueby, his servant. They were benighted, and sought shelter for the night at the hospitable Maypole.

The "cause" numbered among its adherents all the available scum and dregs of London's most dangerous elements. The disaffected, the ineffectual, and the impotent flocked to the banner of the misguided lord. Fooled by Gashford, lickspittle and parasite, Lord George Gordon honestly believed that in fomenting the "No Popery" riots he was uttering the aspirations of his countrymen. Simon Tappertit, now President of the United Bulldogs, formerly the 'Prentice Knights; Dennis, the hangman, and a foul creature at that; Hugh, the sullen, wild, fearless embodiment of animal power, were among his most trusted lieutenants, and the funds were subscribed by people who had no clear idea of the principle they were seeking to establish.

But none the less a mob of many thousands held London in a state of terror. In the course of the "Gordon riots," which lasted for several days, many Roman Catholic churches and numerous dwellings of prominent members of the obnoxious sect were destroyed.

Mrs. Rudge and Barnaby had been driven from the quiet retreat in which they had sought shelter. The blackmailer had found them out again, and again the hunted widow had sought safety in flight. Unluckily they made their entry into London on the very day Lord George Gordon was to present his petition against the Catholics, and Barnaby was swept from his mother into that division of the rioters under command of Hugh, Simon Tappertit, and Dennis.

It was matter of congratulation to Sir John Chester (for he was now the bearer of that title) that Mr. Haredale had earned the undying hatred of Gashford, Hugh, and the redoubtable

Simon; and when a section of the rioters started for The Warren with a determination to erase it from the face of the earth, his satisfaction was complete.

Barnaby had been kept in ignorance of the expedition, and during the absence of the rioters was taken prisoner and lodged in Newgate.

On their way to Chigwell the mob looted and wrecked the Maypole, leaving John Willet bound, and stupefied with sheer amazement.

While they were busy at The Warren with their infernal work of destruction, a face looked in at the window of the room in which John Willet sat speechless and disconsolate: a pale, worn, withered face; the eyes unnaturally large and bright, the hair a grizzled black, and it questioned John as to the mob.

A bright and vivid glare streamed from the direction of The Warren, and there came the loud tolling of an alarm-bell. With a curse and a scream John Willet's latest visitor turned and fled.

Meanwhile, Mr. Haredale, who had been staying in London for some time looking for traces of Barnaby Rudge and his mother, was making all speed home, having heard hints of the destination of the mob under Hugh, Dennis, and Simon Tappertit. His fears were for the safety of his niece and the locksmith's daughter, who had been her companion for some time past.

He reached The Warren only to find it a heap of blackened, burning ruins. He called aloud for anyone who knew his voice; but all was silent.

The crunching of ashes at the foot of the turret where the alarm-bell hung called his attention to a figure dimly visible, climbing very softly upward. Solomon Daisy was Mr. Haredale's companion; and, as the creeping figure emerged into the moonlight, the horror-stricken clerk uttered a scream:

"The ghost again! The ghost!"

Another form rushed into the light, and flung itself upon the foremost one.

"Villain!" cried Mr. Haredale, for it was he. "You, Rudge, double murderer and monster, I arrest you in the name of God, who has delivered you into my hand."

Under a warrant from Sir John Fielding, the Lord Mayor not having dared to issue one, Mr. Haredale saw the murderer safely, as he believed, confined in Newgate. The father and his imbecile son lodged under the same roof at last. But within a few hours, so rapidly did events move under mob rule, the rioters set fire to Newgate and liberated all the prisoners. Among his guards Barnaby had attracted the notice of a one-armed man, who, by informing Hugh of Barnaby's whereabouts, was responsible for his rescue. The same man had delivered Gabriel Varden from the mob when the locksmith incensed it by refusing to pick the lock of Newgate prison.

When Simon Tappertit, Dennis, and Hugh had dispersed the rioters after the destruction of The Warren, they conveyed Emma Haredale and Dolly Varden to London, where they held them prisoners in a miserable cottage. Mr. Haredale had taken refuge from the mob in the house of a vintner of the same faith as himself. This house was attacked by Hugh. As Mr. Haredale and the vintner were escaping by a secret passage, they were met by Edward Chester, just returned from abroad, and the one-armed man who had helped Barnaby and delivered Gabriel Varden. The one-armed man was Joe Willet, who had returned maimed from the war. By disguising themselves as rioters, he and young Chester had succeeded in rescuing Mr. Haredale and his friend, the vintner.

The elder Rudge, Hugh, and Barnaby, betrayed by Dennis, were all retaken and condemned to death. After seeing his quondam friends disposed of, Dennis repaired to the house where Emma and Dolly were confined; he was anxious to get them out of the way, lest his share in their abduction should become known. Gashford he knew intended to reserve Emma Haredale for himself, and to smuggle Dolly out of the country.

On the very next night Gashford appeared in the character of their deliverer. Just as he was inducing Emma to trust him, Mr. Haredale and his friends, Edward Chester, Joe Willet, and Mr. and Mrs. Varden, came to the rescue of the girls. Simon Tappertit, his legs crushed into shapeless ugliness, burnt and bruised, and with a gunshot wound in his body, and Dennis, the hangman, were taken prisoners.

Mrs. Rudge, after a most affecting interview with Barnaby

in prison, made a vain attempt to move her husband to repentance. He and Dennis finished miserably on the scaffold; and Hugh, who proved to be the natural son of Sir John Chester and a beautiful gipsy girl who had been ruined by Sir John and had died on the gallows, suffered the same fate, despite Gabriel Varden's appeal to the hostler's inhuman father to interest himself in the fate of his misguided son. On the scaffold Hugh spent his last moments pleading for Barnaby.

Honest Gabriel Varden, who had pursued his efforts to rescue Grip's master even to the antechamber of the King himself, had the joy of seeing those efforts crowned with success; and poor Barnaby was handed back to his widowed mother from the very jaws of death.

Edward Chester received Emma to his arms, with her uncle's blessing. Dolly sought out her one-armed faithful Joe; and when at her invitation he came to tea at the Vardens she owned that she had always loved him.

Mr. Haredale determined to leave England. Before going he went to take a farewell look at what had been his home. There he encountered Sir John Chester, whose icy sneer roused the latent devil of passion in Haredale. An altercation ensued, which ended in a duel, wherein Mr. Haredale plunged his sword through his opponent's body. Before pursuit could be begun, Mr. Haredale fled abroad, straight to a religious establishment, and after a few remorseful years was buried in its gloomy cloisters.

Dolly became the bewitching mistress of the Maypole, and it was a very long time before Joe looked five years older. Barnaby Rudge lived with his mother on the Maypole Farm, gradually becoming more rational as time went by; and Grip, who remained a mere infant for a raven when Barnaby was gray, never tired of advancing with fantastic steps to the very door of the Maypole bar, and announcing to all the world:

"I'm a devil! I'm a devil! I'm a devil!"

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (1844)

Martin Chuzzlewit was written after Dickens's first visit to America, January to June, 1842. The *American Notes* appeared the same year and this novel was published in monthly numbers from January, 1843, to July, 1844. Before his reading and lecture tour in the United States, which extended from December, 1867, to April, 1868, Dickens apologized for the pictures of American life shown in the *Notes* and in this novel. From one part of the plot of the novel a play has been made around the character of Tom Pinch and called by that name. It has been played in England and America with success.

N their old age Martin and Anthony Chuzzlewit found that their wealth gave them little of the pleasure they had expected from it. Anthony had trained his son Jonas to think only of money and how to obtain it, and the result was that he began to consider his father an incumbrance that was keeping him from his inheritance. Anthony's brother Martin had come to look upon all his relatives and friends with the eyes of his wealth; and had seen so much treachery and low design in the contest for his favor that he had learned to distrust everyone. He had brought up his only grandson, who bore his own name; and he had rendered the youth so familiar with the selfish and obstinate side of his nature that a crust of selfishness and obstinacy had formed over the young man's character, which was naturally generous, frank, and fine; but in his grandfather's home young Martin had unconsciously reasoned as a child: "My guardian takes so much thought of himself that unless I do the like by myself I shall be forgotten."

Mr. Chuzzlewit had taken into his house and educated to be his companion and attendant a young orphan girl named Mary Graham; upon her he had impressed the fact that while he lived she should have a home and a liberal allowance from him, but that on his death she should receive not a sixpence from his estate. Between Mary and his grandson an attach-

Mr. Peckstill was in his conversation a very moral man (p. 23).

Photogravure after a painting by Harold Copping

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ment sprang up which led to a quarrel between grandfather and grandson and ended in the younger man being turned adrift. After this rupture Mr. Chuzzlewit regarded his connections with greater distaste, at times doubted his grandson, and suspected even Mary's good faith.

In a small Wiltshire village near Salisbury lived a cousin of Mr. Chuzzlewit, Mr. Pecksniff, who proclaimed himself on his cards as "Architect and Land Surveyor." His household consisted of his daughters, Charity and Mercy; his assistant, Tom Pinch, who had first come to him as a pupil; and usually one or two young men who paid a premium for the privilege of being enrolled as Mr. Pecksniff's pupils, and an exorbitant sum for lodging and board of very plain and meager description. Mr. Pecksniff was in his conversation a very moral man, fuller of virtuous precepts than a copy-book. Of his architectural doings nothing was clearly known except that he had never designed or built anything. He was regarded with particular dislike by Mr. Chuzzlewit, and it was perhaps knowledge of this fact that influenced him to accept Martin as a pupil without the usual premium after he left his guardian.

Very shortly after Martin's installation as a pupil, succeeding John Westlock, who entertained an affection for Tom Pinch as warm as his contempt for Mr. Pecksniff, whom Tom regarded with intense and simple love and admiration, Mr. Pecksniff took both his daughters with him to London and left Tom and Martin alone. They became fast friends in spite of Martin's tone of patronage and disparagement, which Tom accepted as only his due, so far as he realized it.

Mr. Chuzzlewit had determined to test Mary's fidelity, and at the same time test Mr. Pecksniff; therefore he summoned him to London. He told him that he regretted having expressed as freely as he had his unfavorable opinion; that, as he had been deserted by those he had trusted, he invited Mr. Pecksniff to become his ally and attach himself to him by ties of interest and expectation, and help him to visit the consequences of meanness, dissimulation, and subtlety on the right heads. Although he offered him terms as mean and base and degrading as he could render them in words, expressed as coarsely, as offensively, and with as plain an exposition of his contempt as he could convey,

Mr. Pecksniff accepted them without a word of remonstrance for his cousin's intended treatment of their relatives. When Mr. Chuzzlewit demanded—remarking that he presumed the fact was known to Mr. Pecksniff that his grandson had made his matrimonial choice—that the new pupil be sent away at once, Mr. Pecksniff concurred eagerly. The interview closed with Mr. Chuzzlewit's promise to journey soon to Wiltshire.

Immediately on his return a few days after this, Mr. Pecksniff sent Martin from his house, declaring that the youth had deceived him; that he had imposed on a confiding and unsuspicious nature; that he had gained admission on perverted and false statements, and concluded with the declaration that his lowly roof must no longer be profaned by the presence of one that had deceived a venerated and venerable gentleman; that though he wept for his pupil's depravity he could not have a leper and a serpent for an inmate, and that therefore he must bid him go forth. So Martin with very little money in his pocket set out for London, where he fully expected to obtain immediate employment. Five weeks passed; he spent all he had, pawned all he could, and at last determined to seek his fortune in America if he could find means of getting there. When his spirits were at the lowest ebb he received from an unknown source a twenty-pound note and was joined by Mark Tapley, who had been hostler at the Blue Dragon Inn in the village where Mr. Pecksniff dwelt. Mark was a jolly fellow who wished to have credit for his jollity by displaying it under difficult circumstances, and had therefore left his pleasant situation at the Blue Dragon. He read young Martin Chuzzlewit's character with penetration and felt that it would be very creditable to be jolly with him under the present conditions, so he induced Martin to take him as a partner. The firm was Chuzzlewit and Company, with Chuzzlewit's experience and knowledge of architecture and a very small amount of ready money, and Company's larger fund of savings. Before he left London, Martin had one interview with Mary in which he told her about Tom Pinch and read her a letter to Tom, informing him of his projected departure, recommending Mary to his care and regard in the event of their meeting; and arranging to send letters to Mary under cover to him.

Martin and Mark traveled in the steerage and after a long and unpleasant voyage reached New York. From there Martin wrote to Mary before they started for Eden, which its promoters represented as a growing town. They put all their capital into the purchase of a tract of land in Eden, which, after a long journey, thither, they found to be a collection of wretched cabins, in a swampy, fever-infected tract, inhabited by a few settlers who had sunk their all there and were too poor and too broken in health by fever to leave. Martin was stricken with the fever at once and had scarce recovered ere Mark took it. In the months that Martin had for reflection while Mark lay ill, he came to understand the failure of his life, and resolved to look upon the conviction as an established fact that selfishness was in his breast and must be rooted out. It was a year before they were able to return to England, having communicated with none of their friends since their departure for New York.

Not long after Martin's expulsion from Mr. Pecksniff's, Anthony Chuzzlewit died suddenly, and Mrs. Sarah Gamp, a repulsive-looking woman who divided her time between monthly-nursing, night-watching, and "laying-out," was summoned to perform certain last offices. She was a middle-aged person much given to strong drink, which she declared essential in her occupation. She was perpetually quoting a certain Mrs. Harris, whom a fearful mystery appeared to surround, since no one in the circle of Mrs. Gamp's acquaintance had ever seen her; neither did any human being know her place of residence. According to Mrs. Gamp, her friend Mrs. Harris entertained the highest opinion of Mrs. Gamp's abilities. "'Mrs. Gamp, she says,'" quoted the nurse, "'if ever there was a sober creetur to be had for eighteenpence a day for working-people, and three and six for gentlefolks—night's watching being a extra charge—you are that invalable person.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it; sich is the love I bear 'em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris—be they gents or ladies—is, don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged.'"

Betsey Prig, an equally unpleasant personage who followed the profession of day-nurse, was one of Mrs. Gamp's cronies, but their friendship was wrecked on the rock of Mrs. Harris. At one of their meetings Betsey devoted herself so assiduously to the liquid refreshment provided that Mrs. Gamp exclaimed, "Drink fair, wotever you do," and was proceeding to quote Mrs. Harris when Betsey Prig uttered these memorable and tremendous words, "I don't believe there's no sich person," thereby shattering a friendship of years' standing.

After old Mr. Chuzzlewit's funeral Jonas returned home with Mr. Pecksniff for a change of scene and the opportunity to woo one of his cousins; and the same day Mr. Chuzzlewit and Miss Graham took rooms at the Blue Dragon. Tom's position in reference to Mary came to be full of uneasiness, so much so that he even dreamed he had betrayed his trust and run away with her. The more he saw of Mary the more he admired her beauty, her intelligence, her amiable qualities. His situation was not made less dangerous or difficult by the fact of no word passing between them in reference to Martin; for, although Tom gave her many opportunities for confidence, she neglected them all. Yet by a thousand little delicate means, too slight for any notice but his own, she singled him out when others were present and showed herself the very soul of kindness.

Jonas married Mr. Pecksniff's younger daughter, Mercy, and in due time returned to London. Having had some difficulty with one of the companies in which his father's life had been insured, he went to the gorgeous offices of the "Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company" to see about insuring his wife. There he found that the president of the company, Mr. Montague, was none other than Montague Tigg, whom he had formerly known as the disreputable, out-at-elbows companion of his own equally disreputable cousin, Chevy Slyme. Mr. Tigg, by judicious treatment, induced Jonas to join the Anglo-Bengalee, and by investing some capital become a director.

Meanwhile the elder Martin Chuzzlewit went about Mr. Pecksniff's in his own strange manner, or sat among the others absorbed within himself, and holding little intercourse with anyone. Although he was unsocial, he was not troublesome or

morose: being never better pleased than when they left him quite unnoticed at his book, and pursued their own amusements in his presence, unreserved. It was impossible to discern in whom he took an interest, or whether he took an interest in any of them. From the time of his arrival he had been subdued, and gradually underwent an important change. His character seemed to soften into a dull indifference for almost everyone but Mr. Pecksniff. His mind was singularly altered, the color of the whole man seemed faded. His senses dwindled, too; he was less keen of sight; was deaf sometimes. The process of this alteration was so easy, that almost as soon as it began to be observed it was complete. Mr. Pecksniff saw it first, and, little by little, began to try whether Mr. Chuzzlewit gave any promise of becoming an instrument in his hands; and finding that he did, made it the business of his life to establish an ascendancy over him; and as every little test met with a success beyond his hopes, he resolved to wall up the old gentleman, as it were, for his own use. But he felt that Mary Graham was a stumbling-block, knowing of Mr. Chuzzlewit's affection for her; and he greatly doubted his cousin's declared intention of leaving her no share in his estate. Pondering on this, he determined to gain the old man's approval and marry her. He felt Mary's charm and had bestowed on her many little tokens of his admiration, which had been indignantly repelled; nevertheless he was quite satisfied that even if she refused him she could not, in her position, hold out with him and Mr. Chuzzlewit combined. To further his plans he persuaded his cousin to change his quarters at the Blue Dragon for his own cottage; and when this was accomplished, Mr. Pecksniff prosecuted his wooing with so much fervor that Mary, meeting Tom Pinch in the church where he had been practising on the organ, told him of the treatment she had received from the man whom he regarded with such fond delusion, whom he had never been able to discern to be other than what he professed to be. As she related the incidents of a walk of a week before when Mr. Pecksniff had met her alone in the woods, Tom was first excited, then agitated and miserable, as he realized that his patron was a scoundrel, that the noble Pecksniff of his imagination had never existed. During this interview the subject of the conversation was a

listener concealed in the state pew, whither he had wandered after a warm walk to rest and listen to Tom's music. Mr. Pecksniff returned home and after relating to Mr. Chuzzlewit a cleverly twisted account of the affair, discharged Tom, on the ground that he had presumed to address Miss Graham with professions of love.

Tom journeyed to London, and, finding that his sister Ruth was unhappy in her place as governess, took her with him to lodgings, and applied to his friend John Westlock to assist him to find some employment; but before they could begin the search, a Mr. Fips applied to John for Tom's address and offered him the work of cataloguing a library at a salary of five hundred pounds a year. Tom accepted the offer joyfully, and began his task at once, though he could not learn from Mr. Fips the name of his mysterious employer, whom time discovered to be Mr. Chuzzlewit.

Shortly after Tom's departure from Wiltshire Martin and Mark returned to the Blue Dragon. The morning after their arrival they went to Mr. Pecksniff's and, fearful of being refused admittance, brushed quickly past the servant into the parlor, where they found Mr. Chuzzlewit and Mary with their host. Martin, touched to the heart to see his guardian so broken and bowed down, hurriedly advanced; but Mr. Pecksniff interposed between them, until the old man bade him stand aside and let his grandson speak.

"Grandfather," said Martin with great earnestness, "from a painful journey, from a hard life, from privation and distress, from gloom and disappointment, from hopelessness and despair, I have come back to you. I have been so wretched and so poor that you will naturally think that I have been driven here by want, and have not been led on, in any degree, by affection or regret. When I parted from you, I deserved that suspicion, but I do not now. I have little more to say, but believe that to be true."

Mr. Pecksniff had assumed the position of the chorus in a Greek tragedy, and delivered his opinions unasked.

"Upon that subject," continued Martin, glancing at Mary, "which first occasioned a division between us, my mind and heart are incapable of change. Whatever influence they have

undergone has not been one to weaken but to strengthen me. That I might have trusted to your love, if I had thrown myself manfully upon it, that I might have won you over with ease, if I had been more yielding and considerate, that I should have best remembered myself in forgetting myself, and recollecting you, reflection, solitude, and misery have taught me. I came resolved to say this and to ask your forgiveness. Let the voice of nature and association plead between us, grandfather; and do not for one fault, however thankless, reject me!"

Mr. Chuzzlewit showed much emotion at his grandson's words, but Mr. Pecksniff begged him to rouse himself, and asked whether he should give expression to his friend's thoughts, which the old man told him to do, to speak for him.

"When I ordered you," he said, "to leave this house upon the last occasion of your being dismissed from it in disgrace, I told you that I wept for your depravity. Do not suppose that the tear that stands in my eye at this moment is shed for you. It is shed for him whom you seek to make the victim of your arts, whom you seek to plunder, to deceive, and to mislead. It is shed in sympathy with him, and admiration of him; not in pity for him, for happily he knows what you are. You shall not wrong him further while I have life."

Martin looked steadily at his grandfather. "Will you give me no answer? I only hear what you say to me."

"You have nothing more to say?" inquired the old man of Mr. Pecksniff, who declared that reproaches were useless. Mr. Chuzzlewit rose to leave the room, leaning on Mr. Pecksniff's arm. At the door he turned.

"You have heard him. It is all over. Go!"

After a short interview with Mary, Martin and his companion left the house. They walked to London, where Martin went to Tom to ask his advice about seeking employment. But the swift occurrence of events most surprising in their results quickly removed Martin's necessities.

When Jonas Chuzzlewit joined the Anglo-Bengalee Company he believed himself a match in cunning for Mr. Tigg, who set to his private spy the task of finding out what he could of Jonas's career. So well did this agent, Mr. Nadgett, work, that when Mr. Tigg wished Jonas to put more capital into the

company and to induce his father-in-law, Mr. Pecksniff, to invest in it, he was able to enforce his demand upon the unwilling director by means of one of the secrets that Mr. Nadgett had ferreted out. This was, that before his father's death Jonas had procured from a poor young surgeon, who owed him a gambling debt, two kinds of poison; that he had talked frequently to the young surgeon of his father as a useless drag on him; that at the time of Anthony's death Jonas had been very unlike himself, and had given lavish orders for the funeral arrangements; that one company had refused to pay the insurance that the old man held in it. These facts suggested that Jonas had poisoned his father, and so indeed he believed he had. In reality, however, as was afterward related by Anthony's old clerk, Chuffey, the old man had found the poisoned cough-mixture that his son had prepared and then feared to give, and had made Jonas believe that he was taking it, although he had destroyed it. With his secret in Mr. Tigg's possession, Jonas was compelled to accede to his demands, but he insisted that the president of the Anglo-Bengalee should accompany him on his errand to Mr. Pecksniff. On the journey to Salisbury, there were several occurrences that made Mr. Tigg suspicious of his companion and that determined him to return home alone. When Mr. Pecksniff had agreed to put all his hoard into the Anglo-Bengalee and become the last partner and proprietor in it, Jonas proposed to go to London and leave his false friend to complete the negotiations; and Mr. Tigg was well satisfied.

Jonas did go to London, but he left it again in twenty-four hours, and, clad in the clothes of a countryman, returned to the village where by night he lay in wait for Mr. Tigg in a dark wood, through which he would pass in going from Mr. Pecksniff's to the inn. When he left the wood he left the body of a murdered man behind him. He reached home safely, but was haunted by the thought of what he had done. He felt no remorse for his deed because he had hated the man; but dread and fear were upon him. Mr. Nadgett had not ceased to watch Jonas, and saw his departure and return in disguise, which impelled him to seek the cause; and not long after his crime Jonas was arrested; but he did not live to be placed in confinement, for he died of poison on his way to prison. The discovery of

the murder of the President of the Anglo-Bengalee brought to light the fact that the other partner, David Crimple, and the imposing porter of the offices had disappeared with all the funds of the company, including the money that Jonas had made over to Mr. Tigg and all Mr. Pecksniff's hoard, which sums Mr. Tigg had conveyed to headquarters as soon as he received them.

Old Martin Chuzzlewit's cherished projects of setting Mr. Pecksniff right and enlightening Mr. Pecksniff's victims were not long delayed by Jonas's death. He summoned to meet him the next day in the rooms where he had had Tom at work, Tom and his sister, Ruth, John Westlock and Mark Tapley, Mary and Mrs. Lupin, landlady of the Blue Dragon, and Martin and Mr. Pecksniff. It was a cause of joyous surprise to all who arrived before Mr. Pecksniff to see the change in Mr. Chuzzlewit. Instead of the weak and sinking old man, they saw a man who, though old, was strong, with resolute face, watchful eye, and vigorous hand. Everyone was so much surprised and embarrassed by the sight of everyone else, that no one had ventured to speak before Mr. Pecksniff darted in with open arms.

"Where is my venerable friend? Ah, my venerable friend is well?" he cried.

"Quite well."

"Oh, vermin!" said Mr. Pecksniff, looking about the assembled group, "ah, bloodsuckers! Is it not enough that you have embittered the existence of an individual, wholly unparalleled in the biographical records of amiable persons; but must you, when he has made his election, assemble about him as wolves and vultures about their prey? Horde of unnatural plunderers and robbers, leave him! Begone! Do not presume to remain in a spot which is hallowed by the gray hairs of the patriarchal gentleman to whose tottering limbs I have the honor to act as an unworthy, but I hope an unassuming, prop and staff!"

Then addressing the old man in a tone of gentle remonstrance he advanced to take his hand; but Mr. Chuzzlewit, grasping his stick, rose and struck him down upon the floor, with a well-directed, nervous blow. Mr. Pecksniff did not rise but sat and stared up at him.

"Hear me, rascal! I have summoned you here to witness your own work, because I know the sight of everybody here must be a dagger in your mean, false heart. Come hither, my dear Martin—look here!" And he pressed his grandson to his breast. "The passion I felt when I dared not do this, was in the blow I struck just now."

Mr. Chuzzlewit then related how he had come to regard Mary as a daughter and had planned that she and Martin should marry. Yet when Martin, knowing that he had some project for marrying him, but not knowing to whom, told him that he had chosen for himself, and had chosen Mary, he tortured himself with the idea that they were bent on their own selfish ends; and the bitterness of this impression had led to the quarrel. Then to probe Mr. Pecksniff and test Mary he put himself into Mr. Pecksniff's hands on terms as insulting as he could make them. He endured the man's fawning, and saw in him the incarnation of all selfishness and treachery. Although bent on fathoming the depth of his duplicity, he determined to give him credit for any latent spark of virtue that might glimmer in him; but no such thing appeared. At the same time beneath Mary's gentleness he had softened more and more, and still more beneath Tom's goodness and simplicity.

When Mr. Chuzzlewit pointed to the door Mr. Pecksniff thus addressed him:

"Mr. Chuzzlewit, sir! You have deceived me! I am glad of it. To see you in the possession of your health and faculties on any terms is sufficient recompense. Remember in the future, sir, that I forgave you for this and for the blow inflicted upon me, for the many blows inflicted upon my heart. That I forgave you when my injuries were fresh, and my bosom newly wrung. Good morning, sir!"

With this sublime address Mr. Pecksniff departed.

In after years Tom's life, tranquil and happy in association with his sister and her husband, John Westlock, and with Mary and Martin, was yet haunted by a drunken, begging, squalid letter-writing man named Pecksniff.

DOMBEY AND SON (1846)

Dickens's popularity was already so well established when he wrote *Dombey and Son* that he was in no wise restrained from extending the book, by leisurely and desultory comment upon persons and events, to any length that might seem good in his eyes; he swelled it from the conventional three-volume length in which English novels were then written, to four volumes. He began the work in Switzerland and continued it in Paris, but his knowledge of London was so minute and his memory so accurate that he needed no visit to the English capital in order to secure verisimilitude in his descriptions of places.

IN a darkened room of a great, gloomy house Mr. Paul Dombey, forty-eight years of age, watched the cradle of his son, Paul Dombey, Jr., aged eight and forty minutes. Dombey in his youth had been Son in the great commercial house of Dombey and Son. He was Dombey now in that house, and the little bundle in the cradle was Son.

The mother lay still in her bed, giving little promise of recovery; but no thought of her was in Dombey's mind, except that after ten years of dignity as the wife of Paul Dombey she had at last done her duty by bearing a son to the great commercial house. Six years before she had borne a daughter, Florence, whose very existence Dombey had always haughtily resented, as a disappointment, a sort of treachery to the traditions of the house of Dombey and Son.

The mother of little Paul so far failed in her duty as to die a few days after his birth. For wet-nurse Mr. Dombey engaged a healthy, tender-hearted, apple-faced woman, Mrs. Polly Toodle, who had an apple-faced brood of her own. He renamed her Mrs. Richards, and in her tenderness of human sympathy she lavished her mother-love not only upon little Paul but upon poor little Florence—poor little Florence who was otherwise loveless in that great house, except for the devotion of her little maid, a black-eyed, high-tempered and daringly outspoken girl

named Susan Nipper. The one sorrow of Florence's soul, apart from the death of her mother whom she had passionately loved, was that her desire to love and comfort her father was coldly repelled at its every attempted manifestation.

Mrs. Toodle—or Richards, or Polly—upon pretense of seeking that which was best for little Paul, obtained Dombey's consent for Florence to be with the baby as much as she pleased. Thus from the beginning Florence secured a hold upon little Paul's affections, of which Dombey after a time grew jealous and resentful. But for Son's sake he permitted the intimacy to continue.

Pleased with Polly's care of his Son, Dombey obtained the appointment of her son Rob—better known as Biler—to a school known as the Charitable Grinders.

One day on their walk Polly visited her own home and children, accompanied by Florence and Susan Nipper. On the way home they met Rob the grinder in a battle with street Arabs, and in the confusion that ensued Florence was separated from the rest. She fell into the hands of a hag who called herself "Good Mrs. Brown," who stripped the child of her clothing and shoes, dressed her in rags, and ordered her to go—not to her home, but to her father's offices in the city.

In her search for the house of Dombey and Son she fell in with a true-hearted boy, Walter Gay, who took her to the shop and home of his uncle, Solomon Gills, a dealer in maritime instruments, whose business was decayed, and whose sign was a little wooden midshipman. Walter was in the employ of Dombey and Son, and upon learning who the child was, he hurried to her home to announce her recovery, while his uncle gave her dinner. Susan Nipper, with a supply of proper clothing, returned with the boy and brought the child home. Mr. Dombey instantly discharged Polly Toodle, "Mrs. Richards," and thus Florence lost the only friend she had in the world except Susan Nipper. But the greater attention that the baby Paul required because of his nurse's dismissal brought Florence into a still closer intimacy with him, and the two became inseparable as the frail little fellow grew from infancy into childhood. Dombey was jealous of Florence's influence over his son and of the child's superior devotion to her, but little Paul demanded

the society of his sister at all times, and, as Son in the house of Dombey and Son, little Paul's will was law.

He was not strong as he began to grow up. Sea-air being recommended when he was five years old, he was sent to the house of Mrs. Pipchin at Brighton, with Florence and Susan Nipper for companions. There, in a little bed on wheels, he spent his days listening to the waves and questioning Florence as to what they were saying. Dombey went down to Brighton every week to see them.

Old Solomon Gills had no trade in his shop, because his stock, like himself, was behind the times. He had invested his money in land-improvement schemes that made no return. About this time there was an execution in his house. Old Captain Cuttle, an eccentric seaman with an iron hook on one arm instead of a hand, advised an appeal to Dombey to rescue the old man by a loan, and to that end Walter went down to Brighton accompanied by Captain Cuttle, and saw his employer, in company with Florence and little Paul. Little Paul, as Son in Dombey and Son, was permitted to decide the question, and he promptly decided to let Walter have the money for his uncle.

When Paul grew a little older and a little stronger, Dombey, impatient to see him educated and grown up, placed him as a pupil in the forcing-school of Dr. Blimber at Brighton, an institution in which Dr. Blimber, with the assistance of his spectacled daughter, Cornelia, and one Feeder, B.A., was accustomed to educate boys by the hothouse method, educating some of them into useless receptacles of undigested learning, others into early graves, and still others into semi-imbecility.

Of this latter class, in Paul's time, was a physically strong, gentle-souled youth, named Mr. Toots, who became Paul's friend and Florence's abject admirer. He had guardians but no relatives, and he was to come into a fortune. He was a bright boy when he entered the school, but was half imbecile when the time for leaving it approached.

Little Paul's intellect did not give way under the cramming of the Blimbers, but his health did, and when the school year ended he was taken home to wither and die, clinging to Florence always. Just before his death, Walter visited the house on an errand, and Paul, hearing his name, insisted upon seeing him, as

a friend whom he loved. One of the little fellow's last injunctions to his father was to "take care of Walter."

But sorrow brought no softening to the haughty spirit of Dombey. He resented Paul's death even more than he grieved over it. He resented the love the child had shown for his sister, and when she sought to go to him in his grief with the comfort of love and sympathy, he brutally repelled her. As for Walter, he decided to get rid of him by sending him out to the Dombey and Son agency at Barbados.

As there was still no Son for the house of Dombey and Son, Mr. Dombey decided to marry again. In company with Major Bagstock, who never spoke of himself in the first person but always as "Joe," or "Josh," or "old Joey," or "J. B.," and whose acquaintance among eligible people was limitless, Dombey went to Leamington. There he made acquaintance with Mrs. Skewton and her daughter, Mrs. Edith Granger, a widow of extraordinary beauty, extraordinary accomplishments, and extraordinary haughtiness. Mrs. Skewton was nearly seventy years old, but made herself up as twenty-seven, and flirted like a girl of seventeen.

Dombey decided to honor Mrs. Granger, the daughter, by making her Mrs. Dombey. Edith was proudly repellent in her manner, but obedient to her mother's will. Feeling bitterly that she and her beauty and her accomplishments were to be sold for money, she made no parade, no willing response. If Dombey wished to see her drawings and paintings, she brought them forth for his inspection, just as a slave on the auction-block might submit to an examination of her teeth. So with her music and everything else; she volunteered nothing, but she reserved nothing that was asked for. When Dombey made his proposal of marriage she obediently accepted it, but in her bitterness she frankly told the mother who was selling her that she understood.

Florence at that time was visiting Sir Barnet Skettles and his wife, with Susan Nipper for her maid. As she was leaving to return home, Mr. Toots obtained audience with her and declared his undying devotion. As a gentle being, who had been a friend to little Paul, she liked and pitied him, and she made her refusal of his suit so gentle that he became her slave.

When she arrived at home she found the house full of workmen. Everything was being made over in most sumptuous style. For the first time she met Edith and was told that the beautiful woman was soon to be her mamma. Immediately these two loved each other, both of them feeling a great hunger for love and sympathy, and Mr. Dombey was annoyed that his neglected daughter should be able to inspire a sentiment in his prospective wife in whom he could inspire none.

When the house was done, the marriage took place; and when the pair returned from their wedding-trip Edith and Florence drew nearer and nearer together, while Dombey and his new wife seemed farther and farther apart. His arrogant pride expected and demanded on the part of his wife a submission which her equally arrogant pride refused to yield. Matters grew worse, until at last he personally demanded her submission to his will, and she refused. Feeling, however, that Florence might be involved in this, Edith so far bent as to propose a compromise for the sake of appearances. She would render to him a seeming deference if he would render to her a like deference. She would maintain a seeming harmony with him if he would maintain a like seeming as regarded her.

This proposal was a new offense; Dombey felt and said that it was beneath his dignity to compromise with his wife, whose conduct he had a right to control. What he demanded was absolute, unconditional surrender to his will; but that was the one thing that she would not yield, and so the breach was widened and deepened.

Dombey deposed his wife from control of her own house, and installed Mrs. Pipchin as housekeeper in her stead. Then he consulted James Carker, his business manager and confidential man. Carker was a rascal altogether, but a rascal shrewd enough not to rob his master in any way that might be found out or criticized if found out. Little by little he had come into control of every detail of the business of Dombey and Son. He had made himself indispensable; he had a large salary, and his interest in profits exceeded his salary; he was growing rich.

He had an elder brother employed in the house in a very humble capacity, and this brother, John Carker, had committed a crime of defalcation in his youth. He had been spared, and

during years of repentance had atoned for his fault, repaying every shilling of his debt. But James Carker, the manager, had no forgiveness for him, or for their sister Harriet, whom he disowned because she had remained with the erring brother John and had assisted and encouraged his atonement. On every occasion Carker the manager insulted and morally trampled upon his once erring but now repentant brother. It was in the presence of Carker that Dombey demanded his wife's submission; and when she refused, he made Carker his agent of communication with her.

She detested Carker and he knew it, but he did not relinquish his design to make her his own. Suavely and with every protestation of unwillingness, he visited her as an ambassador, taking pains so to time his visits as to compromise her if he should choose to have her compromised. When she declined to receive messages from her husband through him he ostentatiously submitted to her decree, but he managed to make her understand that her affectionate relations with Florence displeased Dombey to Florence's hurt and peril, and she broke them off in a way that Florence at least partially understood.

While these things were going on, Walter Gay had sailed for Barbados. His ship had never arrived, and wreckage afloat on the sea had been recognized as parts of the vessel. One day old Solomon Gills disappeared, sending a letter and his last will to his friend, Captain Cuttle, who, fleeing secretly by night from his landlady, Mrs. MacStinger, went to live in the instrument-shop. A year passed and no news came from Solomon Gills, but Captain Cuttle refused to take the property under the will or to do aught with it except take care of it in the hope of his friend's return.

At last the second anniversary of Dombey's marriage to Edith drew near, and he planned a dinner in celebration of it, by way of blinding the world to his domestic trouble. Edith resolutely refused to be present at the dinner, and Dombey plied his commands through Carker, who sat at table with them; but Edith paid no attention except to propose a legal separation. Dombey repudiated this plan as one derogatory to his dignity, and Carker adroitly ventured to advise his acceptance of it, a proceeding which greatly angered Dombey.

An hour or two later Carker left Edith's room and, without calling a servant, let himself out of the house. Florence, who was tremblingly hiding in the hall in the hope of seeing her father and comforting him, saw the man go. A little later Edith came down the stairs and, refusing all caresses from Florence, took her way into the streets.

When at last Florence secured access to her father he addressed her in vile language and with a brutal blow upon her chest knocked her down. Then, in her terror and humiliation, she too fled to the street.

In Edith's room were found all her jewels, all her gowns, everything that Dombey had paid for, and even the papers by which a jointure had been settled upon her. She would have no shilling and no shilling's worth of Dombey's money.

When Florence closed the door of her abandoned home behind her, she knew only one refuge that she might seek. She would go to Solomon Gills, the kindly old instrument-maker, who was the lost Walter's uncle, and ask him for protection. She knew that Walter had long ago been given up as one lost at sea, but she did not know of his uncle's secret flight and of his supposed death during the year in which no tidings of him had been received.

But she met a warm welcome from Captain Cuttle, whom she had met in childhood, who had rechristened her "heart's delight," and whom she knew as Walter's best friend and his uncle's best friend. Cuttle cared for her as tenderly as for an infant in arms, fitted up Walter's old room for her, and kept guard over her with all the faithfulness of his childlike nature.

Presently a great event occurred. Walter, who had been supposed to be drowned, reappeared. He had been rescued from wreckage by a ship bound for China with no port of call on the voyage. He had won all hearts, and when a vacancy occurred he had been made supercargo at good wages.

The old love between him and Florence never had lost aught of its fervor, and soon they were married. He was to sail again at once as supercargo on a ship bound for the East, and Florence went with him.

In the mean while Mr. Toots, who was still Florence's hope-

less but devoted slave, had sought and found Susan Nipper, whom Mr. Dombey had long ago dismissed for her outspoken championship of his daughter. Susan returned to Florence and earnestly wished to accompany her on the voyage as her maid; but Florence explained that she and her husband were poor, and the Nipper remained at home.

"Good Mrs. Brown," the old hag who had robbed Florence of her clothing in her childhood, had a daughter who had recently returned to her after a period of penal servitude for crime. This daughter bore a striking resemblance to the second Mrs. Dombey, and was in fact, though illegitimately, her first cousin. In her different way she was as proud, as haughty, and as unyielding as Mrs. Dombey herself. She had been betrayed in her youth by Carker, the manager, who had now run away with Mrs. Dombey, and her hatred of him was implacable.

Rob Toodle, whom Dombey had appointed to the Grinders' school, had become a dissolute youth, and had led a life of petty crime under tutelage of "Good Mrs. Brown." Afterward he had gone into the service of Carker, as a spy and informer. Mrs. Brown had complete control of Rob by virtue of her knowledge of his offenses against the law, and she and her daughter decided to use that power for the discovery and destruction of Carker.

She induced Dombey, who had failed to find a trace of the fugitives, to conceal himself in her house while she should compel Rob to make a revelation. From the boy it was learned that Carker and Mrs. Dombey had not gone away together; that Mrs. Dombey had gone first, and that Carker was presently to meet her at Dijon in France. And Dombey, accompanied by Major Bagstock, instantly followed.

At Dijon Edith found sumptuous apartments ready for her, and preparations making for a midnight supper when Carker should come. She explored the apartments, and found a door opening into a passage in the wall, which led to a back entrance to the hotel. She changed the key of this door from the inside to the outside, and when Carker came she warned him off with a threat of killing him if he should approach her. She poured out upon him the story of her hatred and her contempt, telling him plainly that her only motive in seeming to elope with him

was to avenge herself upon Dombey for having subjected her to the humiliation of his presence as a go-between.

A great knocking came at the front door, whereupon Edith, unobserved, escaped through the secret passage, locking the door after her; and later Carker forced the door and escaped in the same way. He took post-chaise for Paris, having decided to return to England and hide there until Dombey's wrath should cool. After a sleepless night he sought the railroad station early in the morning, and while waiting on the platform he caught sight of Dombey, and, with an instinctive impulse of flight, backed off the platform and fell in front of an express-train, which tore him to fragments.

But before the marriage of Florence and Walter another great event occurred; Solomon Gills returned. It appeared that during his absence he had sent four letters to Captain Cuttle, but as he had addressed them to the Captain's former lodgings in the house of Mrs. MacStinger, the ancient mariner never had received or heard of them. During his absence Solomon Gills's investments had begun to realize the expectations with which he had made them, and before Walter's return, a year later, from the voyage on which Florence accompanied him, the old man was very comfortable in his finances. Before leaving on that voyage Walter wrote a manly letter to Mr. Dombey, disclaiming all expectation of benefits from him, but telling him he had married his daughter for love and was able to care for her.

Just before the return of Walter and Florence, a year later, the city was surprised and shocked by news of the failure of the great house of Dombey and Son, the name of which had been for more than two generations a synonym of soundness and limitless resource.

Carker had stolen nothing. His accounts were correct to the last farthing. But he had used his mastery of the business in many ways to his own advantage. He had shouldered upon it those of his speculations that had turned out badly, reserving to himself those that had turned out well. He had extended the business to many quarters of the world where loss instead of profit was the result.

After his flight and death, Dombey might have saved the house by contracting its outlying ventures, but this he refused

to do, as it would be a confession of weakness, humiliating to his pride. The result was collapse.

When the collapse came his creditors were eager to recognize his position and allow him the ample private fortune which he might easily have taken to himself by tricks of bookkeeping; but he refused every such advantage, rejected every such proposal. His pride dictated that he should give up to the creditors of the house every pennyworth of property that he possessed, even to the rugs upon the floors of his house, the hangings at his windows, and the dishes that furnished forth his table.

At this time Harriet Carker, the disowned sister of the dead and rascally fugitive, visited Mr. Morfin, a man connected with Dombey and Son, who had long been her friend and the friend of her repentant brother John. To him she explained that as James Carker had left no will, she and her brother were heirs to his very considerable estate. To him she appealed to find some way by which the income of that estate might be forced upon Mr. Dombey's acceptance without knowledge on his part as to whence it came.

Meanwhile Dombey remained shut up in his rooms while his servants were leaving and the second-hand men were estimating the value of everything in the house in anticipation of the coming auction. He decided upon suicide as the only way out, and sat down in his room and calculated the time it would take for his blood to trickle to the door and out into the hallway. As he sat thus, Florence burst into the room, and, throwing aside all her old awe of him, clung to his neck and caressed him. She told him of her marriage and of the birth of her son, a new little Paul. She besought his forgiveness, never thinking of all that she had to forgive. Her husband was well placed now, with a shore appointment at a good salary, and she begged her father to go with her to her home and be happy there.

He appreciated and valued the love he had so brutally repulsed before, and his pride at last gave way to a more human sentiment. He was a broken old man, but all that was best in him—the capacity to love—survived, and he gave it all to his daughter and to the new little Paul.

Without relinquishing one jot or tittle of his devotion to

Florence, Mr. Toots had married the black-eyed Susan Nipper, and he never tired of explaining to everybody that she was really and truly the most remarkable woman in the world.

Dombey lived comfortably upon an income that came to him with the assurance that it was in payment of an old debt, and with the very earnest and insistent request that he should make no inquiry as to whence it came.

Another child came to Florence—a little girl to whom her mother's name was given—and Dombey, gray-haired and gentle now, was fond of wandering with the little people on the beach at Brighton. The new little Paul reminded him of the little Paul he lost, but he rejoiced that the new little Paul was well and strong, while the other had been feeble. He rejoiced in the new boy, but all the wealth of his long-hoarded love was lavished upon the little girl, the new Florence, and when she asked him why he loved her so, his only reply was:

"Florence—little Florence."

DAVID COPPERFIELD (1849)

The original title of this novel was *The Personal History, Adventures, Experiences and Observations of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery (which he never meant to be published on any account)*. It was issued in twelve monthly parts with illustrations by "Phiz." Mr. Forster in his *Life of Dickens* confirmed the general impressions that David's experiences were in great part an account of the author's own life in his boyhood. Mr. Micawber is in some traits a portrait of his father, who was at one time a prisoner for debt in the Marshalsea, while Mrs. Micawber is an exaggerated portrait, it is said, of his mother. The original of Captain Hopkins was one Captain Porter, who was at the Marshalsea at the same time with Mr. John Dickens. This novel was Charles Dickens's own favorite among his works. He said: "I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child and his name is David Copperfield."

HEN little David Copperfield first saw the "Ark," he could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of actually living in it if it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all. It lay in the flat waste of Yarmouth, with the big gray sea crouching close to it—the sea that had once fondled it and swung it and borne it, but was never to bear it again. There was a delightful door cut in one side and it was roofed over and there were little windows in it. And in the little doorway stood a most beautiful little girl, who wouldn't let him kiss her when he offered to, but ran away and hid herself.

And there was a mighty young man, who did not run away, but stood smiling sheepishly in a canvas jacket and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they could have stood quite as well alone. There was also a most astonishingly neat woman, who announced almost at once that she was a "lone, lorn creature, with whom everything went contrairy." And there was Mr. Peggotty, the owner of the entrancing house, a hairy man with a very good-natured face, who welcomed David politely and expressed the hope that he had left his ma pretty jolly.

When the inmates of the Ark gathered at the chimney-corner

that night, Mr. Peggotty informed David that Little Em'ly was the daughter of his brother-in-law who had been "drowndead"; and the tall young man, Ham, was the son of his brother who had been "drowndead"; and the lone, lorn woman was Mrs. Gummidge, widow of his old fishing partner.

This information was elaborated later by David's nurse, who was sister to Mr. Peggotty, and to whom David carried a message from Barkis, the carrier that took him to Yarmouth —the message, "Barkis is willin'." She told him that Mr. Peggotty, although a poor fisherman, had taken all these forsaken ones into his keeping.

During the fortnight's visit David Copperfield fell seriously in love with Little Em'ly; and she confided to him that she would like to be a lady so that she might keep her Cousin Ham from the sea and give her Uncle Peggotty a sky-blue coat with diamond buttons, a red velvet waistcoat and a cocked hat. When the time for parting came, the two went arm in arm to the carrier's cart that was to bear David away, and felt the first great void in their young hearts.

All the way homeward Peggotty was strangely confused and disturbed; but it was not until they had alighted in front of Blunderstone Rookery that she could bring herself to speak. Then she threw her arms around the boy and told him with tears that he had a new father to take the place of the father who had died before his birth.

When he came into the room he saw a gentleman with very black hair and very glossy black whiskers, who said to David's pretty, girlish little mother as she arose hurriedly:

"Now, Clara, my dear, recollect! Control yourself, always control yourself!"

As soon as he could, David crept up-stairs—but not to his old dear bedroom; for he was now to lie in a little attic room a long way off. And there he sobbed himself to sleep.

The next day Mr. Murdstone's sister Jane arrived, and that dark, uncompromising, thin-lipped, metallic woman immediately assumed charge of the household, suppressing the little wife's feeble opposition so summarily that the Murdstones were masters of the place almost without a siege.

The two black ones became the embodiment of awful au-

thority to David. They burdened his childish heart and brain with terror; but one day when Mr. Murdstone gave him a frightful beating, he turned in his anguish and blind fear and bit the kindly gentleman savagely in the hand.

Within a few days he was on his way to school at Salem House. As soon as he arrived a placard was fastened on his back on which was written in great characters: "Take care of him. He bites." The originality of this device was a source of intense gratification to the proprietor of the establishment, Mr. Creakle, a fiery-faced, stout gentleman, who regarded a boy, particularly if he was chubby, as a subject to be flogged on sight. Unfortunately for his complete enjoyment of the placard, the young gentlemen under his care were all so low-spirited that they did not seize upon the opportunity with the savage delight that the normal young of the human species would feel at such an invitation.

But even if they had been able to rise to the occasion, they would not have dared; for a person of great power and supreme importance in the school-world took David Copperfield under his protection. That person was James Steerforth, the oldest boy in the school and its demigod.

The first term passed for little David in a jumble of canings, tear-blotted copy-books, and worship of Steerforth. At night he sat on his bed while the boys gathered around him, with Steerforth as leader, and told them the stories he had read during his lonely childhood. Then came the holidays, and David Copperfield went home to find a little stranger there who was introduced to him as his baby brother, and whom David was permitted to admire from a distance under the grim eye of Miss Murdstone.

As the carrier's cart took him away again, he heard his mother calling. She stood at the garden-gate alone, holding her baby up in her arms for him to see.

So he lost her. So he ever saw her afterward—looking at him with the same intent face, holding up her baby in her arms: for the little mother and the little brother died before David's next term was ended.

Soon afterward Mr. Murdstone sent David to a wine warehouse in London, where he had an interest. On the evening of

the first day the boy was introduced to a gentleman whose extremely large bald head arose like a shining egg out of a most imposing shirt-collar. This was Mr. Micawber, with whom he was to lodge.

Mr. Micawber's house was shabby, but made all the show it could, like Mr. Micawber himself. Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, with the twins and Master and Miss Micawber, took David into the family at once; and Mrs. Micawber appealed to him, quite as to an equal in years and experience, for advice in the daily pecuniary difficulties amid which Mr. Micawber was involved, and which often brought him home in a flood of tears, declaring that nothing was now left but jail—a bitter state of despondency which was happily relieved before bedtime by a plan for putting bow-windows to the house in case anything turned up.

At last Mr. Micawber was imprisoned for debt in the King's Bench prison; and Mrs. Micawber removed thither with the family, vowing that she would never, never desert Mr. Micawber. There the reunited family settled down to an agreeable existence, enhanced by enthusiasm over a petition to Parliament praying for an alteration in the law of imprisonment for debt, which Mr. Micawber began to draw up at once.

David lodged near the prison now, passing his days in the squalid, black warehouse, amid ignorant, brutalized creatures, laboring like himself for a starvation wage, drudging without hope, living without a gleam of joy.

When Mr. Micawber was at last released, the family removed to Plymouth; and David, bereft of these poor friends, decided to run away and seek an aunt whom he had never seen and of whom he knew only that her name was Betsy Trotwood and that she lived near Dover. With a half-guinea, sent him by his faithful nurse Peggotty, he trudged away. Robbed on the road, starving, sleeping in bushes and open fields, the tiny figure toiled along dusty highways, until at last, with ragged shoes and tattered clothes, he reached a neat cottage and met Miss Betsy Trotwood stalking about in her garden.

Having heard his story with consternation, she sent in perplexity for Mr. Dick, an old gentleman whose only trouble was that he could not keep King Charles's head out of a memorial

that he had been writing for years, and asked what she should do with the boy.

"Why, if I was you," said Mr. Dick, considering deeply, "I should—I should wash him!"

With this triumphant solution of a great difficulty, David Copperfield was ushered into a new life—new even in name, for his aunt promptly changed his name to Trotwood Copperfield. She sent him to the school of Dr. Strong, a ripe old scholar, in Canterbury, and engaged board for him in the house of her lawyer, Mr. Wickfield.

The household of Mr. Wickfield, who was a widower, was conducted by his daughter, Agnes, a girl of David's age, bright, happy, and beautiful, who became his fast friend and confidante. He went to her with all his perplexities and his hopes—first about his lessons, and later about his love for Miss Shepherd, whom he adored, and afterward for the eldest Miss Larkins, who nearly broke his heart.

One day Agnes warned him against Steerforth, whom he had found again, and under whose delightful overmastering spell David had fallen more helplessly and loyally than in the old school-days. "He is your bad angel, Trotwood," said Agnes.

While she spoke, Steerforth's radiant, splendid image seemed to darken in David's mind; but then a passionate sense of fidelity and love overswept the disloyal feeling, and he burst forth into a rapt defense of his hero. So traitorous did that momentary disloyalty seem that he blushed at the mere recollection of it when he saw Steerforth again, and bent to his will and his moods unquestioningly and in blind admiration.

Even when he learned that Steerforth (idle now, as his mother's great wealth permitted him to be, and lounging through the world at his own restless, fickle, reckless will) had been much at Yarmouth and had haunted the ark, he thought no wrong of his idol.

And so David, generous and true and innocent, journeyed down one day to Yarmouth to attend Little Em'ly's wedding. Grown tall and very lovely now, she was to marry Ham, the great fellow with the mighty form of a toiler of the sea and the simple heart of a gentleman.

"When I go a-looking and looking about that theer pritty

house of our Em'ly's," said Mr. Peggotty, welcoming David, "I feel as if the littlest things was hers, a'most. I takes 'em up and I puts 'em down, and I touches of 'em as delicate as if they was our Em'ly. So 'tis with her little bonnets and that. I couldn't see one on 'em rough-used a purpose—not for the whole wureld. There's a baby for you in the form of a great sea porkypine! And here she is!"

But it was only Ham. He looked in at the door and beckoned to David. As David came out he saw to his amazement that the young fisherman was deadly pale.

Ham closed the door and burst into a terrible sob. Then Mr. Peggotty, puzzled, tore the door open from inside. At the sight of Ham he uttered a great cry. In an instant all were back in the room, the women hanging to Peggotty, who stood with his face and lips quite wild and blood trickling from his lips, while David read a letter that Little Em'ly had left for Ham.

She had been lured away, and Steerforth, the bright and beautiful Steerforth, whom David had so loved, Steerforth, whom he loved still, had done the deed.

As a gale scatters the leaves of autumn, so the tragedy blew asunder all those who had been dear to David in his youth. Of that kind, simple, unselfish household in the ark, only Ham and Mrs. Gummidge remained to keep the old place, so that Em'ly might find it unchanged should she ever return. Mr. Peggotty set forth to search through the world for his niece. "I'm a-going to seek her, far and wide," said he. "If any hurt should come to me, remember that the last words I left for her was, 'My unchanged love is with my darling child and I forgive her.' "

Out of the black shadow of this sharp sorrow, David stepped once more into the sun. It beamed on him from the eyes of Dora Spenlow.

Dora had the most delightful little voice. She had the gayest little laugh. She had the most fascinating way. David had never seen such curls. She was the more precious, he thought, for being altogether so very diminutive. David Copperfield was a lost man from the first sight of her. He became a slavish worshiper even of Jip, who had the blessed honor of being Dora's dog. All this and more he told Agnes; and Agnes looked on him with bright, pure, faithful eyes.

And then Betsy Trotwood announced to David one day that her fortune had been swept away. She explained that she had invested her capital without seeking Mr. Wickfield's advice, and had lost it all. So she let her cottage, and came to live in lodgings with her nephew, and David Copperfield began his career.

He gave up his expensive friends and habits. He plunged into the study of stenography and became a reporter of the Parliamentary Debates. He wrote for the magazines and succeeded. In a few years he was known as a coming man. Another season and he had "arrived." His fame and income rose together; so that he was enabled at last not only to provide for his aunt but to marry Dora.

Two birds would have known more about keeping house than David and Dora. Incapables in the way of servants came and vanished in endless succession. Everybody cheated them. The washerwomen pawned the clothes. Jip walked on the dinner-table, put his feet impartially into the melted butter and the salt, and barked at the guests. David tried to teach Dora to straighten out the household accounts. And Dora bought an immense account-book, sharpened a great many pencils, and made a desperate attempt. But the figures would not add up, and when she had laboriously made a few entries, Jip would insist on walking over the page, smearing them all out. So at last Dora resigned herself to holding the pens at night while David wrote his stories.

As the second year wore on, Dora was not strong. Soon the little feet that had been so nimble when they danced around with Jip, were heavy and slow. David began to carry her down and up the stairs. And after his aunt left them with her parting cry, "Good night, Little Blossom!" David often sat alone to think how the blossom withered in its bloom.

The shadows were beginning to gather sadly once more around those whom he loved—heaviest of all around her whom he had come to think of as his dear sister, Agnes. For a long time there had been quartered in Mr. Wickfield's house, first as clerk, advancing gradually to confidential assistant and finally partner, a cadaverous, red-eyed creature, Uriah Heep.

"I am well aware," said Uriah, on his first meeting with David Copperfield, many years before, "that I am the 'umblest

person going, let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very 'umble person." He had never ceased being 'umble; but he had writhed his tortuous way into a position where at last it was only too certain that Mr. Wickfield, now sadly altered, was afraid of him as the holder of some guilty secret; and his power over his old patron had now been strengthened so that he had not only installed his "'umble" mother in the house, but openly demanded the hand of Agnes as the price of her father's honor.

But when the hour was darkest, help came from an unexpected hand. That hand was the hand of the habitual victim of pecuniary difficulties, Mr. Micawber, who was now clerk to Mr. Wickfield under Uriah Heep. Coming to talk with David, he burst into tears, and, on being asked what was the matter, exclaimed: "Villainy is the matter! Baseness is the matter! Deception, fraud, conspiracy are the matter! And the name of the whole atrocious mass is—Heep!"

He had discovered Heep's methods, and furnished facts that made it possible to confront him. Heep was forced to confess that he had robbed the lawyer's clients and then made Mr. Wickfield believe that he himself had wasted their property by his lax methods.

When Betsy Trotwood heard this part of the disclosure she leaped at Uriah and seized him by the throat. "Give me my property!" she cried. "As long as I thought it had been wasted by Wickfield, I wouldn't breathe a word to anyone about its having been placed here for investment. But now I'll have it!"

The humble Uriah made full restitution and then removed his foul shadow forever from Agnes. In recognition of the services of Mr. Micawber, it was proposed to him to emigrate to Australia with sufficient capital to begin life anew; and the Micawbers assented with enthusiasm. Mr. Peggotty sailed with them; for the lost had been found, and he was going with his Little Em'ly to make a new home in a new land. David watched them as they sailed, surrounded by the rosy light of sunset, and standing apart from the rest, he holding her fast with a great love and she clinging to him. And night fell darkly on the waters and on David.

Dora lay very still now, day after day, smiling and beautiful, with Jip, grown weak and old suddenly, mildly licking her hand. And at last one night, when Agnes was in the house, she drew David down to her and whispered: "I am afraid, dear, I was too young. Is it lonely down-stairs, Doady? Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! And now I want to speak to Agnes. I want to speak to Agnes quite alone."

And while David sat down-stairs, little Jip crept very slowly to him, licked his hand and died.

Looking up, he saw Agnes in the doorway, her face full of pity and of grief, her tears falling fast, a solemn hand upraised toward heaven, and he knew!

By her advice he decided to go abroad for a time; but before he went he had a sacred duty to perform. It was to carry to Ham a letter from Little Em'ly. Accordingly he posted to Yarmouth one night under a wild sky. Ham was away in a sea-coast village near by, and was expected back on the morrow. So there was nothing to do but wait and listen to the wind still rising, and watch the waves ever mounting higher.

Suddenly toward dawn David was aroused by the cry: "A wreck! Close by!"

Struggling to the beach, he saw men aboard the fated ship, struggling frantically to cut away a fallen mast that was beating the side of her to pieces. Conspicuous among them was one brave, agile fellow, with long, curling hair. The men on shore groaned and clasped their hands. For the lifeboat had been bravely manned time and again in vain.

Suddenly Ham broke through the crowd and, despite all remonstrance, made himself fast to a line and watched the sea for his chance. Only one man was left alive now on the wreck—the agile fellow with the curling hair. Clinging to the topmast, he waved his cap as a great wave rolled over the wreck; and as that wave burst on the beach, Ham leaped into the sea.

Once they hauled him back. He was hurt. There was blood on his face. But he dashed in again. Rising with the hills of water, borne now backward, now forward, he fought toward the ship. One more stroke would have brought him to it—when a high, green hillside of water came from the sea and the wreck was gone!

They drew him in to David's very feet. He had been beaten to death by the great wave and his generous heart was at rest.

While David knelt by his side a fisherman whispered: "Sir, will you come over yonder?"

And on that part of the shore where Little Em'ly and he had looked for shells, two children—where some lighter fragments of the old ark, blown down that night, had been scattered by the wind—amid the ruins of the home he had wronged—David found Steerforth lying with his head upon his arm, as he had often seen him lie at school.

A long, deep night fell on the overcharged heart of David Copperfield. He wandered in foreign lands, working at new books feverishly all the time and eating out his heart. Only now and then when letters from Agnes reached him did he win back to something like peace.

Agnes met him with joy and love when he returned after three years' wandering. She touched the chords of his memory so softly and harmoniously that not one jarred. He soon came to spend every evening in her gentle presence, which alone could drive the heavy memories from his mind.

One day his aunt looked steadfastly at him. "I think, Trotwood," said she, "that Agnes is going to be married."

"God bless her," said David manfully.

He rode straight to her house and asked her to confide in him, her brother. Instead, she burst into tears; and David saw a great hope brighten for him.

"Agnes!" he cried. "I went away, dear Agnes, loving you. I stayed away, loving you. I returned home, loving you!"

"I am so blest, Trotwood," said Agnes. "My heart is so overcharged—but there is one thing I must say."

She laid her hands on David's shoulders and looked calmly in his face.

"I have loved you all my life," said she. "And I have one thing more to tell you. On the night that Dora died she left me a last charge. It was that only I should occupy this vacant place."

BLEAK HOUSE (1853)

Published in serial form in 1852, *Bleak House* appeared the next year in volumes, with illustrations by Hablot K. Browne, from the house of Bradbury and Evans. Its aim was to call attention to the long delays and great expense of suits in the old Court of Chancery; and it may have been suggested by a so-called "friendly" suit which had then been in the court for twenty years and bade fair to continue for as many more; thirty or forty counsel had been engaged on this suit at one time, and the cost had already amounted to £70,000. The house from which the story takes its title was named for a tall brick building which had been the summer home of Dickens at Broadstairs, on the Isle of Thanet. The character of Turveydrop is supposed to have been drawn from that of George IV and Lawrence Boythorn's from Walter Savage Landor's; Esther Summerson's original is said to have been Sophia Iselin, author of a book of poems published in 1847, and Inspector Bucket's character to have been modeled on that of Inspector Field of the London Police, a friend of Dickens. Mademoiselle Hortense has characteristics of one Mrs. Manning, a real murderess. Harold Skimpole was at once identified with Leigh Hunt; and though Dickens acknowledged that he had yielded to the temptation to make Harold like Hunt, he had no thought that any of the vices of the character would be attributed to his friend. One of the most successful appearances of the late Madame Fanny Janauschek was in the dual *rôles* of Lady Dedlock and Hortense, the French maid, in the dramatic version of *Bleak House*.

THE suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce had become a joke in the Court of Chancery—that court "which has its decaying houses and blighted lands in every shire, which has its worn-out lunatic in every madhouse, and its dead in every churchyard; which has its ruined suitor, with his slipshod heels and threadbare dress, borrowing and begging through the round of every man's acquaintance; which gives to moneyed might the means abundantly of wearying out the right; which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope, so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart, that there is not an honorable man among its practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning: 'Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here!' "

Among the habitués of the court who were most constant in attendance were "a little mad old woman in a squeezed

bonnet," Miss Flite, who was always in court from its sitting to its rising, and "always expecting some incomprehensible judgment to be given in her favor"; and a ruined suitor, Mr. Gridley, known as "the man from Shropshire," who appeared periodically and broke out into "efforts to address the Chancellor at the close of the day's business, and could by no means be made to understand that the Chancellor was legally ignorant of his existence after making it desolate for a quarter of a century, but would plant himself in a good place and keep an eye on the Judge, ready to call out 'My Lord!' in a voice of sonorous complaint, on the instant of his rising." Little Miss Flite took her disappointment patiently with a cheerful "I expect a judgment. Shortly. On the Day of Judgment"; but the man from Shropshire was wearing himself out in vain rages at his helplessness to advance his cause one step and his futile attempts even to gain the attention of the court.

The case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce had become so complicated that no man alive knew what it meant. "Innumerable children had been born into the cause; innumerable young people had married into it; innumerable old people had died of it. Whole families had inherited legendary hatreds with the suit. The little plaintiff or defendant, who was promised a rocking-horse when Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be settled, had grown up, possessed himself of a real horse, and trotted away into the other world. There were not three Jarndyces left upon the earth, after old Tom Jarndyce in despair blew his brains out at a coffee-house in Chancery Lane; but Jarndyce and Jarndyce still dragged its dreary length before the court, perennially hopeless."

One of the possible three Jarndyces still left upon earth was John Jarndyce, of Bleak House, one of the kindest and sweetest of men, who steadily refused to take the slightest interest in the suit, never went near the court, expected nothing from it, and dreaded the terrible obsession for young people that were born under its shadow—especially for two "wards in Jarndyce," orphans whom he had taken to live with him—Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, distant cousins, who met for the first time on their way to Bleak House and immediately fell in love with each other.

Mr. Jarndyce had provided a companion for Ada in Esther Summerson, a beautiful girl with a sad history, in whom Mr. Jarndyce had taken an interest for some years. From her earliest childhood she had been in the care of her godmother, a stern woman, who, with her grim servant, Rachel, had kept the child in a state of repression and self-depreciation. Her one tearful entreaty to be told something of her mother had been answered by her godmother:

"Your mother, Esther, is your disgrace, and you were hers. The time will come—and soon enough—when you will understand this better, and will feel it, too, as no one save a woman can. I have forgiven her the wrong she did to me, and I say no more of it, though it was greater than you will ever know—than anyone will ever know but me, the sufferer."

When Miss Barbary, the godmother, died suddenly, Mr. Kenge, of the law firm of Kenge and Carboy, incidentally dropping the information new to Esther that Barbary was her aunt, made known to Rachel that a "highly humane but singular man" had made an offer through him to Miss Barbary two years previously, which had been rejected, but was now renewable. It was to place Esther, who was now twelve, in a first-class school where she could be fitted "to discharge her duty in that station of life unto which it has pleased—shall I say Providence?—to call her."

Esther was much impressed by the majestic manner and the grandly turned sentences, which he pronounced with obvious satisfaction, an accomplishment, she afterward learned, that had gained for him the sobriquet, "Conversation" Kenge.

The "humane but singular man" was John Jarndyce; and at the end of six years, during which, as pupil and assistant teacher, Esther had carried out her resolution "to try to be industrious, contented, and true-hearted, to do some good to someone, and win some love" if she could, she was sent for by Mr. Jarndyce and directed to meet Miss Clare and Mr. Carstone in London. There they were met by Mr. Guppy, a clerk of Kenge and Carboy, who afterward offered his very susceptible heart to Miss Summerson. Before setting out for Bleak House, in Hertfordshire, the three spent a night, according to Mr. Jarndyce's arrangement, at Mrs. Jellyby's, in Thavies Inn.

Mrs. Jellyby was a lady that devoted herself entirely to the public, and was at that time busied with a project to promote the cultivation of the coffee-berry at Borrioboola-Gha in Africa, as well as to the welfare of the natives and the settlement there of the superfluous population of England. Mr. Jellyby was best described, according to Mr. Kenge, as the husband of Mrs. Jellyby. Caroline, or Caddy, the eldest daughter, acted as secretary for her mother; she confided to Esther that she wished Africa was dead. There were other children in the dirty and disorderly house, whom Mrs. Jellyby left to their own devices, meeting all complaints and every crisis with a sweet smile and far-away look turned upon distant Africa.

Among the friends that visited Mr. Jarndyce at Bleak House was Lawrence Boythorn, a man of a ferocious tongue that was constantly contradicted by the pleasant expression of his countenance, denouncing those guilty of the slightest transgressions as deserving the extremest penalties, in fierce and merciless language, while he was really of a most genial and kindly nature. He was unmarried, having been engaged in his youth to a young woman who had gone out of his life and hidden herself away from her world in consequence of some unknown disgrace that had fallen upon her family.

Another frequent visitor was Harold Skimpole, who professed himself a perfect child, completely ignorant of money; but yet he managed to live very idly and comfortably on the money of friends who accepted his estimate of himself, paid his debts, entertained him, and provided for him. Chief among them was Mr. Jarndyce, whose habit it was to believe the best of everybody—always remarking, when a fact damaging to anyone's character came out, that the wind was in the east—though the young people sometimes suspected that he was not as blind to the reality under Mr. Skimpole's infantile exterior as he seemed, albeit the knowledge could not affect his heart or put an end to his helpfulness.

Among those having an interest in the Jarndyce cause was Lady Dedlock, the wife of Sir Leicester Dedlock of Chesney Wold, in Lincolnshire, a baronet of long descent, whom Mr. Boythorn described as carrying himself "like an eight-day clock at all times, like one of a race of eight-day clocks in gorgeous

cases that never go and never went." Sir Leicester's family was "as old as the hills and infinitely more respectable." He was "an honorable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man." He was devoted to his wife, twenty years his junior, a woman of great beauty and haughty manner, who had been raised by her marriage from an obscure position, but was none the less a leader in society and a model and object of envy to society women.

Sir Leicester's lawyer was Mr. Tulkinghorn, an imposing figure, designedly shabby in his dress, with the air of holding in his possession a vast number of the family secrets of the great, as indeed he did. On the occasion of a visit to the Dedlocks in reference to the Jarndyce suit, he received the first hint of a secret that was fated to be the last addition to his collection.

Lady Dedlock treated the discussion of Jarndyce affairs as an unnecessary bore; but, happening to glance at one of the papers the lawyer had brought, she exhibited sudden emotion, and inquired whose was the handwriting. Mr. Tulkinghorn did not know, but would try to find out. His researches led him to Mr. Snagsby, a stationer, who had given the papers to be copied by a man calling himself Nemo, a lodger in the house of one Krook, a junk-dealer, where Miss Flite also lodged. With Mr. Snagsby Mr. Tulkinghorn went to the room of the copyist, only to find him dead of an overdose of opium. The lawyer noticed an old portmanteau and stood guard over it; but on being searched it yielded no papers that could furnish a clue, Krook having been beforehand with him; nor was there anything in the wretched room to indicate the man's real name. A surgeon, Allan Woodcourt, who was called, had known the man by sight, but knew nothing of his name or connections. From his air and manner, the surgeon had received the impression that he had once been good-looking and that he had had a fall in life.

At the coroner's inquest someone said that the man had often been seen speaking to the boy Jo, the crossing-sweeper at the corner; hence Jo was called; but he was not allowed to testify, because, when put upon oath, he "couldn't exactly say" what would happen to him after death if he should tell a lie on the stand. "'Can't exactly say' will never do," said the pompous

coroner. Poor, ignorant, affectionate Jo only knew that the man had been good to him—had often given him a supper when he had money, and when he had not would say: "I am as poor as you to-day, Jo."

At night, after the "body of our dear brother here departed" had been buried a foot or two deep in a "hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene," a little figure stood outside the iron gate, looking in between the bars; then softly swept the step and made the archway clean. "Jo, is it thou? Well, well! Though a rejected witness who 'can't exactly say' what will be done to him in greater hands than men's, thou art not quite in outer darkness!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn reported what he had learned of the copyist, including the appearance of Jo at the inquest, to Lady Dedlock, who received the information with an air of languid indifference that did not deceive him.

Not long afterward, Jo was arrested for not "moving on" and two half-crowns were found upon him. His explanation was that they were what was left of a sovereign given him by a "lady in a wale as said she was a servant and as come to my crossin' one night and asked to be showed the 'ouse wot him as did the writin' died at and the berrin-ground wot he's berrid in. She ses to me: 'Are you the boy at the Inkwhich?' I ses: 'Yes.' She ses: 'Can you show me all them places?' And I ses: 'Yes.' And she ses to me: 'Do it,' and I done it, and she give me a sov'ring, and hooked it."

This story was rejected with scorn by the constable; but Mr. Guppy, who was present at Mr. Snagsby's, where the interview took place, remarked that it would beat anything that ever came in his way at Kenge and Carboy's. The name of the firm attracted the attention of Mrs. Chadband, the wife of an oily preacher, who administered spiritual nutriment to Mrs. Snagsby and received material comforts in return. She remarked that she had known of Kenge and Carboy in former years; and upon Mr. Guppy's cross-examination it came out that the firm had had charge of a child, Esther Summerson, with whose aunt Mrs. Chadband had lived. The mention of Miss Summerson naturally interested her admirer; and, pursuing his inquiries, he learned that her real name was Hawdon

and that her aunt was called Miss Barbary. Mrs. Chadband was the Rachel of Esther's childhood.

Miss Barbary, in her bitter humiliation at the disgrace that had come to her family, had dismissed her lover, Mr. Boythorn, and disappeared, taking her sister's child and Rachel and living under an assumed name. She had written to Mr. Jarndyce, an old friend, asking his care for little Esther after her death and revealing as little of the story as possible.

Mr. Tulkinghorn, learning that Miss Summerson's name was said to be Hawdon, suspected the identity of the law-writer whose handwriting had caused Lady Dedlock's emotion; and learning that one Mr. George, the proprietor of a shooting-gallery, had been a sergeant under a Captain Hawdon and his friend, tried to get from him a specimen of his Captain's handwriting; but Mr. George, suspecting that some evil use was to be made of it, refused, thus making an enemy of Mr. Tulkinghorn, who had it in his power to help George in his troubles with a money-lender.

But the lawyer heard also of Jo's story of the lady at the churchyard, and proved her identity with the help of Inspector Bucket and a French maid who had left Lady Dedlock's service in anger. Jo was taken to the lawyer's house and shown the maid dressed in the clothes her mistress had borrowed, and he at once identified "the wale, the bonnet and the gownd," but was positive the lady was not the same.

Mr. Guppy had noticed the resemblance of Esther to the portraits of Lady Dedlock; and, hoping to earn her gratitude by finding some high-born connections for her, perhaps making her a party in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, he called upon Lady Dedlock, spoke of the resemblance and the fact that Esther's real name was Hawdon, and asked if she had any connections of that name, mentioning Mrs. Chadband's disclosures and the name of Barbary.

After one strange moment of lapsing consciousness, Lady Dedlock regained her composure, denying all interest in the subject. But when Guppy told her further that a packet of letters had been found among Hawdon's effects and that they would soon be in his possession, offering to bring them to her, she said he might bring them.

"Oh, my child, my child!" she cried, when she was alone. "Not dead in the first hours of her life, as my cruel sister told me; but sternly nurtured by her, after she had renounced me and my name!"

But the night when the Hawdon letters were to be obtained from the drunken sot, Krook, that gentleman was burned up, apparently by spontaneous combustion, and, as the letters were missing, they were supposed to have been burned with him.

Meantime Esther Summerson had been very ill with a fever that robbed her of her beauty. Afterward Lady Dedlock sought her secretly and made known their relationship, to her own comfort and Esther's overflowing joy.

"I must travel my dark road alone," Lady Dedlock told her daughter. "I must keep this secret, if it can be kept; not wholly for myself—I have a husband, wretched and dishonoring creature that I am!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn's knowledge was now complete, as he let Lady Dedlock know; and a disclosure of her story to Sir Leicester, which he professed to consider his duty to his patron, the honor of whose noble house was in danger of being compromised, was hanging over her, a continual torture.

All this time there had been anxiety at Bleak House. Richard and Ada had been engaged with the consent of Mr. Jarndyce; but he had since asked them to suspend the engagement for a time, until they were older and Richard's future should be more assured. Richard, however, could not settle to any profession. He tried medicine, the law, the army; but the suit in chancery, the "family curse," had him in its grasp; and his guardian tried vainly to prevent him from becoming another of its victims.

Explaining the suit to Esther, Mr. Jarndyce had said: "A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune and made a great will. On the question how the trusts under that will are to be administered, the fortune left by the will is squandered away; the legatees are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the will itself is made a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, everything that everybody in it except one man knows

already, is referred to that only one man that doesn't know it to find out; and everybody must have copies, over and over again, of everything that has accumulated about it, and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs and fees and nonsense and corruption as was never dreamed of in the wildest visions of a witch's Sabbath. Equity sends questions to Law, Law sends questions back to Equity. And thus, through years and years, and lives and lives, everything goes on, constantly beginning over and over again, and nothing ever ends. And we can't get out of it, for we are made parties to it, and must be parties to it whether we like it or not. But it won't do to think of it. When my great-uncle, poor Tom Jarndyce, began to think of it, it was the beginning of the end."

Like other suitors, Richard fed his hopes constantly with the thought that the suit was just about to move on and was close to a decision. His small fortune, and even the proceeds from the sale of his commission, were spent on a furtive lawyer, Vholes, who encouraged him with false hopes. His continual anxiety and repeated disappointments were undermining his health, ruining his once sunny disposition, breaking him down, and turning his confiding mind to suspicion and moroseness.

One of the effects of his obsession was the conviction that Mr. Jarndyce's earnest advice to him not to meddle with the suit was due to a selfish motive; since if the will were construed in the way most favorable to Richard, it would be less so for Mr. Jarndyce; and all the arguments of Ada and Esther, and all the kindness of Mr. Jarndyce, failed to convince him of his error or bring him back from his estrangement.

Esther's loss of beauty had put an end to Mr. Guppy's admiration; he was alarmed lest she might intend to retract her former refusal, and was satisfied only when she declared before witnesses that there was nothing between them.

It was perhaps owing to the same cause that Mr. Jarndyce, with many misgivings on account of the difference in their ages, now proposed marriage to Esther; and she accepted, banishing the dream she had once had that Allan Woodcourt, the young surgeon, might some day be more to her than the friend he had

been ever since their meeting at the room of his poor little patient, Miss Flite.

Ada had come of age and had secretly married Richard, that she might be able not only to care for him in his growing weakness, but to help him with her small fortune.

In a final interview with Lady Dedlock Mr. Tulkinghorn made it plain that he intended to tell Sir Leicester her story the following day. Dreading the effect of the disclosure she left home secretly that night, and wandered away; and the same night Mr. Tulkinghorn was murdered in his own house. Suspicion at first fell upon Mr. George, who had been seen at his door that evening; but finally the murder was brought home to Hortense, the French maid, through the detective skill of Inspector Bucket and his wife, and by means of her efforts to direct his suspicions to Lady Dedlock. Hortense had demanded that the lawyer should either find her a good place in return for her services in the matter of the interview with Jo, or else employ her to hunt down and disgrace Lady Dedlock, whom she hated. When he refused to do anything but pay her in cash, she declared that she would continue to come to him with her demands until they were granted. His cool threat to have her imprisoned incited her to the crime.

Shortly after the murder Inspector Bucket revealed to Sir Leicester the early history of his wife. The terrible shock, combined with the news of Lady Dedlock's flight, prostrated the Baronet with paralysis; but he made it known that he wished his wife to be sought, assured of his forgiveness, and induced to return—his wife, "who, at the core of all the constrained formalities and conventionalities of his life, had been a stock of living tenderness and love."

Esther set out with Bucket to find her mother; and after a long search, tracing her to the country and back to London, they found her lying dead at the gate of the burial-ground where little Jo had pointed out to her the grave of the law-writer.

At a later time John Jarndyce, finding how it was with Esther and Allan Woodcourt, whose poverty had prevented him from declaring his love, renounced his own claim, and brought about their marriage.

Among the effects of the junk-dealer Krook was found a will

of the original Jarndyce, of later date than the one in Chancery —a will that settled the whole question of the inheritance unmistakably. The lawyers pronounced it a good will, correctly drawn up and attested; but Mr. Jarndyce continued skeptical of any good results from the cause.

When the case was to come on again at the next term, Allan and Esther went to the court. Arriving a little time after the opening, they were unable to get in, so great was the crowd; but there seemed to be something going on that made the professional gentlemen very merry; for they were all laughing.

An inquiry brought the answer that the cause then on was Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and that it was "over for good." Presently great bundles of papers were carried out—bundles in bags, bundles too large for any bags, bundles of all shapes and sizes, and all marked "Jarndyce and Jarndyce." At a loss to understand, the young people were waiting, when the lawyers, Kenge and Vholes, came out. After much display of his famous gift, Conversation Kenge begged Mr. Woodcourt to reflect that "on the numerous difficulties, contingencies, masterly fictions, and forms of procedure in this great cause, there have been expended study, ability, eloquence, knowledge, intellect, Mr. Woodcourt, high intellect. If the public have the benefit, and if the country have the adornment, of this great Grasp, it must be paid for, in money or money's worth, sir."

"Do I understand, Mr. Kenge, that the whole estate is found to have been absorbed in costs?" asked Allan.

"Hem! I believe so," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes, what do you say?"

"I believe so," said Mr. Vholes.

"And that thus the suit lapses and melts away?"

"Probably," returned Mr. Kenge. "Mr. Vholes?"

"Probably," said Mr. Vholes.

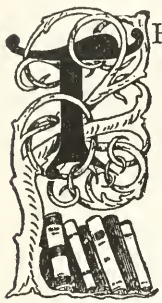
"This will break Richard's heart," said Allan.

But Richard said to his guardian, to whom he was at last reconciled, that his lesson had been hard, but he had learned it, and must now begin the world anew.

And he did begin the world that very day—"but not this world, oh, not this! The world that sets this right."

HARD TIMES (1854)

Hard Times is one of the novels that Dickens wrote for a purpose. In this he set forth the deplorable conditions of the laboring people in North-of-England manufacturing towns, and he succeeded, at least, in arousing the violent animosity of manufacturers throughout the kingdom. The book was one of the potent influences toward reform that, still in progress, has so improved the factory towns that much of the misery he painted as a background to the story proper could not now be found. The period is about the middle of the nineteenth century.



THE one thing needful, according to Mr. Gradgrind, a retired hardware merchant of Coketown, was facts. All human events were susceptible of measurement; they could be reduced to balances, so many facts on this side, so many facts on that; and such useless things as fancy, imagination, sentiment, were but disturbing factors that tended to destroy the balance, and should, therefore, be eliminated by every possible means. The chief means to this admirable end was, of course, education. Mr. Gradgrind had set up a school where, as in his own family, the principles of his hard-and-fast system were rigidly inculcated. The pupils were crammed with facts from day to day till they spilled over with them; and such as remained in the mind, pressed down upon it and deadened all the finer sensibilities.

That, precisely, was what Mr. Gradgrind wished to accomplish. He was not an unkind man. On the contrary, he believed absolutely that he was doing good. He was affectionate in his way; but, as he studiously repressed all spontaneous manifestations of affection on the part of his children, it came about, as they grew up, that he was not in sympathetic touch with them. This was especially the case with the two elder children, Louisa and Tom. The latter was morose and discontented, the former somber and hopeless. Neither of them liked their home. All forms of fiction were *taboo;* they were

bidden to divert their minds with collections of minerals, and other arrays of plain facts, which were supplied to them without stint. When they were very little, and innocently began with "I wonder," their father would shake his finger reprovingly and forbid them to wonder. "Consider the fact, children; wonder has nothing to do with facts; it is all wrong."

Louisa and Tom were still in their childhood when Mr. Sleary's circus settled for a long season in Coketown. The clown took advantage of the extended stay to put his daughter, Cecilia Jupe, in Mr. Gradgrind's school. He was not aware of her identity there until he caught his children peeping at holes in the circus-tent. He was inexpressibly shocked. How could his children, with all their superior advantages, be guilty of such trivial curiosity? It was incomprehensible until his close friend, Josiah Bounderby, a prosperous manufacturer and banker, suggested that the circus-girl had corrupted them. Mr. Gradgrind immediately perceived that the Jupe girl was an undesirable member of the school, and he went to the circus living-quarters to tell her father that he must withdraw her.

Signor Jupe was old and rickety. For some time he had been failing in the performances, and he was in despair. He was rapidly becoming a useless encumbrance. Humiliation so weighed upon him that he decided that the one thing to do was to run away, leaving his daughter to the care of his associates, knowing that it would be kindly and protecting. The unhappy clown chose to decamp on the very day that Mr. Gradgrind called on him. So they never met, but Mr. Gradgrind saw the girl's dismay and poignant anguish when she discovered what had befallen her. She was wholly alone in the world, save as Mr. Sleary would give her employment of a decidedly questionable nature. The situation appealed somehow to Mr. Gradgrind; and, despite the protests of Bounderby, he offered to adopt Cecilia, not as a daughter, but as a half-menial member of his household, on condition that she relinquish all connection with her present friends. The poor child had to decide at once; and at thought of the circus without her loving father she burst into tears and accepted.

Cecilia, or Sissy, as everybody called her, was about the same age as Louisa, but the two were never close friends in childhood.

This, if it could be ascribed to any personal fault, was due to Louisa, who quietly resisted the other's timid advances; but the newcomer was beloved by the younger children and fitted into her surroundings with docility, if not with sufficient capacity for the digestion of facts wholly to satisfy her benefactor. The time came when Tom had acquired all the facts that the school could give him; and, with the joy of an escaping prisoner, he entered Bounderby's employment at the bank. By that time Mr. Gradgrind had become a Member of Parliament. Bounderby was so rich that he had possessed himself of a large country estate some fifteen miles from Coketown. It had long been his plan to marry Louisa; and her father proposed for him. The young woman, with a stifled childhood behind her, was deprived of such shadowy satisfaction as there might have been in the personal presentation of his desires by her suitor; but probably it did not occur to her that there was anything lacking. Doubtless the satisfaction would have been small, considering who Bounderby was—a coarse, domineering individual, who gloried in his bad taste, who boasted that he had been born in the gutter, who arrogated to himself a host of powerful virtues in that he had been his own Providence and brought himself up with no other aid than his own adversity-sharpened talents.

"Father," said Louisa, "do you think I love Mr. Bounderby?"

Mr. Gradgrind, discomfited by this unexpected question, could not take it upon himself to say.

"Father," she pursued, "do you ask me to love him?"

"My dear Louisa, no. I ask nothing."

"Father, does Mr. Bounderby ask me to love him?"

Mr. Gradgrind admitted frankly that he found this hard to answer. He discoursed at length on the folly of youthful fancies which had no real existence; and he demonstrated by statistics that a large proportion of marriages took place between persons of widely differing ages. Therefore, he argued, disparity of years, as a bar to marriage, practically disappeared. Louisa could not get him to say what should take the place of love, if that were absent from the union; and at length, "While life lasts," she said wearily, "I would wish to do the little I can, the little I am fit for. What does it matter?"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed rather at a loss to understand. "How, matter?" he asked. "What matter, my dear?"

"Mr. Bounderby," she replied, "asks me to marry him. If he is content to take me thus, I am satisfied to accept him."

The political party to which Mr. Gradgrind belonged, desirous of attaching to itself additional debating and voting power, looked with favor upon Mr. James Harthouse. This was a young man who had high connections, education, knowledge of the world, and money. That he was entirely lacking in convictions was of the least consequence; he could take such as were supplied to him, an easy matter for James Harthouse; for in truth he had been insufferably bored by everything in the world; and the prospect of a political career was alluring only in that it promised a new kind of boredom. He would try it, and see. So, armed with a letter of introduction from Mr. Gradgrind, M.P., to Mr. Josiah Bounderby, he descended on Coketown with a view to making himself gradually known to the electors and eventually representing them in Parliament as Mr. Gradgrind's colleague.

Harthouse had heard of Mrs. Bounderby, and he was astonished to find her so young and good-looking. He had mentally figured a woman of such recondite accomplishments as she was credited with as being at least forty, severe of countenance, and a discomfort generally. Bounderby, with his vulgarities and egotism, amused him; Mrs. Bounderby interested him. She was reserved to a degree of frigidity such as might have been appropriate to the vision he had mistakenly formed of her; but that she had a heart was manifest in the way her face lighted when she saw her brother. The fact was that Tom was the only creature whom Louisa had ever loved. Her constant sympathy had been the one consoling feature of the lad's dreary boyhood, and her loyalty to him now was his mainstay. She never smiled except when he came into the room; she showed vital interest in him and his affairs only.

This was interesting, and in a lazy way Harthouse dipped into the matter. With his knowledge of the world, it was no difficult task to make Tom himself his chief informant without letting Tom suspect that he was betraying secrets. So Harthouse presently understood that Louisa did not love her hus-

band, and that she never had loved him; that, indeed, one reason impelling her to marry him was Tom's eagerness to have her do so, added to her own wish to be near her brother; for Tom now lived at Mr. Bounderby's. But Harthouse discovered more than this. He found that Tom was requiting his sister's devotion very badly. Somewhat relieved now of the restraints of home, he was indulging himself in various dissipations that, at their best, could only result in entangling him in difficulties too great for his own resources. It was clear that when Tom found himself in a scrape, Louisa supplied the money to extricate him. When Harthouse perceived as much as this, he began to manifest a brotherly interest in Tom, and to make Louisa aware of his interest. Thus he aroused her gratitude and so made a beginning.

Tom was in the worst scrape he ever had known at a time when a labor-union agitator was organizing the working people of the town. Louisa was unable to give him as much money as he professed to need, a matter of fully a hundred pounds. He was extremely surly with her, and Harthouse noticed it; but he was not yet well enough established in Louisa's confidence to ask her particularly about it. Bounderby, for the purpose of acquainting the politician with the perversity of the working classes, summoned one of his hands, Stephen Blackpool, to his house, and asked him questions about the grievances of which his comrades complained. Tom and Louisa were both present during the conversation.

Blackpool, for reasons of his own, was not a unionist; but he was honest and fearless, and in his homely way he gave Bounderby such staggering arguments that the employer was angered beyond endurance. He told the faithful man to finish what work he had in hand at the factory, and then leave it. This was equivalent to depriving him of any opportunity of earning his living in Coketown; it was almost equivalent to preventing him from working at his trade anywhere in the kingdom; but the edict was pronounced, and Blackpool, dazed and protesting that it was all a muddle which no human means seemed able to clear, left the house. Louisa, taking Tom as her escort, secretly followed him.

She had been impressed by his honest demeanor, and wanted

to help him. Blackpool's life was a constant tragedy. His wife was a drunkard who persisted in recovering from one debauch only to plunge into a new one. He was patiently loyal to her, though he deeply loved a working woman named Rachel; and his native sense of propriety was so keen that he seldom spoke to Rachel, and never called at her house. But on this occasion they were together, for she could not leave him friendless in his trouble; and the proprieties were conserved by the presence also of an old woman who was acquainted with both. Louisa offered Blackpool a banknote. The poor man declined to be under so great an obligation to her, but consented to take two pounds which, he said, he should regard as a debt to be paid as soon as possible after he had found work. Tom had taken no part in the conversation up to this point, but now he took Blackpool outside and made a suggestion.

"I am not sure that I can do anything for you," he said, "but it is just possible. You'll be three or four days finishing your work at the factory. Very well, hang around in the neighborhood of the bank for an hour or so each day after work. If I am able to give you a lift, I, or somebody else, will speak to you."

Blackpool gratefully said he would do so; and, in fact, he followed the suggestion to the letter; but nobody spoke to him in the vicinity of the bank, and the morning after his work at the factory was finished, he left Coketown afoot to seek work elsewhere. That day Tom reported that the strong-box in which he kept the petty cash of the bank had been broken open and the contents, about one hundred and fifty pounds, abstracted. The bank door was locked, but a key was found in the street not far distant. Bounderby was as much disturbed by this occurrence as if the amount taken had been a hundred times as great; and there was a strenuous investigation, which resulted in fixing suspicion on Stephen Blackpool, the discharged mill-hand, who had been seen loitering around the bank after hours. But Blackpool could not be found. The direction he had taken was known, but there was no other trace of him. It was as if he had vanished into the air.

Louisa, who had no knowledge of Tom's suggestion to Blackpool, nevertheless was distraught with a terrible fear. She used all her sisterly devices to wring a confession from Tom,

but he stubbornly professed not to understand what she was driving at. And so matters rested for weeks while Harthouse continued to pay court to Mr. Bounderby's wife. The difficulties of this conquest aroused in him a keener interest than he had ever felt in any previous undertaking of whatever nature, and stimulated him to the most tactful and persuasive methods. He knew that he had made progress, and victory seemed so certainly in his grasp that he hastened to take advantage of a rare opportunity to test his strength. Bounderby was called away from home by business for several days. It was summer, and the household was established at his country-place. Tom went out by train every evening, and Harthouse was a frequent and always welcome visitor.

Harthouse was electioneering at a distance, and telegraphed Tom to meet him on the arrival of a certain train in the evening, knowing well that Tom would not fail, because a good dinner and good wine would surely be his reward. Tom met the train, and, as Harthouse did not alight from it, he waited for the next train, and so on until there was no way of getting to the country-place that night. Meantime, Harthouse had ridden to Bounderby's mansion and brought his relations with Louisa to a crisis. He begged for an immediate elopement. She resisted still, but at last promised to go to Coketown early in the evening. Believing her to be won, Harthouse mounted his horse and galloped away for the purpose of arriving in town ahead of her.

Louisa took train as she had promised, but she alighted at a station near Coketown and walked the rest of the way, not to Harthouse's hotel, but to her father's house. Mr. Gradgrind fortunately was at home; and for perhaps the first time in her life his daughter talked unreservedly with him. She told him how she had discovered love to be an overlooked fact in the system of the universe; how it had come to her; and how she had fled to him for protection from herself and the man who loved her. Her father was painfully disturbed. He had no reproof for his daughter, only self-reproaches that he had so misguided her; for that he saw clearly, and he was deeply repentant. Moreover, he lost all confidence in himself as an adviser, and, while guaranteeing her the protection she sought, he left her destiny in her hands.

At this juncture Sissy, the circus-girl, came to the relief of both. Her ready sympathy won Louisa, which was a great thing; but a greater, perhaps, was the way Sissy disposed of Harthouse. Without Louisa's knowledge, she called on that gentleman and quietly told him that Mrs. Bounderby would never see him again. He was astonished but seriously impressed with her confident manner, although she confessed that she came to him of her own motion. "Moreover," she said, "you must make what atonement you can by going away at once and never returning." Impossible! he told her; he was here on public business. She interrupted that it did not matter; he must go. The upshot of their debate was that Harthouse wrote his high connections that politics bored him worse than anything in the world; and by noon of the next day he had seen the last of Coketown.

Bounderby stormed a good bit, complaining chiefly that his wife was incapable of appreciating him. He gave her twenty-four hours to return; and the moment the time was up he packed her personal belongings, sent them to Mr. Gradgrind's, and returned to his bachelor ways. Shortly afterward he published his suspicions of Stephen Blackpool and offered a reward for his apprehension. This was the first intimation Rachel had that her friend was suspected of the bank robbery. She immediately informed Bounderby that she knew where he was. The unfortunate man had had to change his name in order to obtain employment, which accounted for his strange disappearance. She would not tell where he was, for she wanted him to have the privilege of coming back voluntarily to face accusation; so she wrote to him, confident that he would appear within four days.

The four days passed, and two others, and yet there was no word from Blackpool. Rachel was bitterly cast down, for her faith in him was so implicit that she feared he had been the victim of foul play. On Sunday Sissy took her into the country for a walk, hoping that fresh air and a change of scene would revive her spirits. They discovered evidence to convince them that Blackpool, walking to Coketown and trying to shorten the distance by a cut across the fields, had fallen into a disused coal-pit. They gave an alarm that, in the course of the after-

noon, brought hundreds of persons to the edge of the pit. Among them were Bounderby, Tom, Gradgrind, and Louisa. It took workmen hours to rig a contrivance by which an exploration of the pit could be made; and after that a long time elapsed before Blackpool was brought to the surface, alive but at the point of death. He recognized Rachel, and asked for Louisa and Gradgrind. He did not accuse Tom of robbery; but he did gasp out enough information about the young man's device to get him under suspicion to leave them with no doubt as to the dreadful truth.

Sissy had watched every move; she heard a little of what Blackpool said; and, inferring the inevitable disclosure, she went to Tom and whispered to him that he must fly. After Blackpool had breathed his last Tom was nowhere to be found. Mr. Gradgrind, heart-broken, had but one wish: to avoid the ignominy of public accusation which could only result in making his son a felon. He was doubly distressed, therefore, that Tom was out of his reach. Sissy had provided for this. She had always kept track of the movements of the circus with which she had been connected, and she had sent Tom to Mr. Sleary, the proprietor, with a note asking him to hide the young man until further notice. This Sleary did; and when Mr. Gradgrind and Louisa visited him, they found Tom dressed as a supernumerary and taking humble part in the performances. With Sleary's further connivance, Tom was conveyed to Liverpool and shipped to America. This done, Mr. Gradgrind publicly proclaimed Stephen Blackpool's innocence and the guilt of his own son.

Then affairs at Coketown went on as before. Bounderby died long before he had amassed as much wealth as it lay in him to get, and Mr. Gradgrind continued to sit in Parliament. Louisa remained solitary, cheered only by the knowledge that Tom had taken his experiences to heart and become a decent man in the New World. Rachel toiled as before in the factory, and devoted such spare earnings as she had to caring for a miserable woman who had been the wife of Stephen Blackpool.

LITTLE DORRIT (1857)

The initial number of this tale made its appearance December 1, 1856, and the last in June, 1857. It was illustrated by Hablot K. Browne. Dickens's main object in this story was to expose the results of too much red tape in the governmental transaction of public business, and to call attention to the evil effect of imprisonment for debt. The author also began with the intention of emphasizing the fact that individuals brought together by chance must continue henceforth to act and react upon each other; but this intention was lost sight of as the varying interests of the story developed.

ONE Sunday morning Arthur Clennam returned to London after an absence of twenty years in China and, taking some refreshment at a coffee-house, went to see his mother. Except for a light in her window, the dingy old brick house which he called home was as dark and dismal as ever; an old servant let him in, and by the light of the single candle he saw that the paneled entry and antiquated and musty parlor, in which he was asked to sit, were also just the same. His parents had been at variance since his earliest childhood, and his father had gone to attend to the business in the far East, while his mother looked after it in London; so he did not expect a display of affection; nevertheless he felt disappointed at this cold reception.

Presently he was shown up-stairs into a dim bedchamber where, on a black, bierlike settee, propped up behind by a huge black bolster, sat his mother in a widow's dress. She gave him a glacial kiss and extended four stiff fingers muffled in worsted; this greeting and her cold gray eyes, gray hair, immovable features, stiff head-dress and stern, strong voice oppressed him; and, as his coming seemed to give her no pleasure, it was a relief to him when he was shown to his room, if such it could be called; for he was put to sleep in a musty garret full of old furniture.

The next morning, when talking over the business, he told

her it had been steadily declining for years; and that since his father's death, about twelve months before, he had given up his part of it. He asked if the money had been honestly made; for his father's last moments had been saddened by remorse; and if not he wished to make reparation.

She was highly incensed and told him he had no right to mistrust his father; and as for reparation, had there not been reparation in that very room, in which through losing the use of her limbs she had been shut up so many years? This unhappy interview was interrupted by the appearance of a lunch-tray presided over by the diminutive woman whom he had already seen twice. This was Little Dorrit, who went out to sew; she was about twenty-two years old, but being small she looked much younger.

Arthur Clennam found the house so bleak and dreary, and his mother so indifferent, that he went to lodge at the coffee-house, and only returned for a few hours each day to settle the business. He often saw Little Dorrit at these times and, becoming curious about her, he followed her home one evening. Much to his amazement she disappeared within a large enclosure; and asking the name of the place, he was told it was the Marshalsea, the debtors' prison. The person he accosted happened to be Little Dorrit's uncle; and after some persuasion he introduced Arthur to the Dorrit family.

Twenty-three years before, William Dorrit (now called the Father of the Marshalsea, and weak enough to be pleased with the title) was imprisoned for debt; his wife and two children followed him, and there six months later Amy, or, as everyone called her, "Little Dorrit," was born. Her mother died when she was eight years old; the turnkey was her godfather; and she became his pet, passing her days between his office and her father's cell. From seeing so much misery, a plaintive, pitiful expression gradually settled on her face; and though the youngest she felt herself the eldest of the children, and tried to lift her sister and brother out of their unfortunate surroundings. She got a dancing-master, one of the prisoners, to teach Fanny to dance; and her uncle, who played the clarionet at a small theater, found employment for Fanny there and took her to live with him. Amy herself learned to sew from another prisoner, a

milliner, and went out by the day. To get her brother Tip out of the prison home and away from his doubtful companions was more difficult, but by the aid of the turnkey he was finally engaged by an attorney at twelve shillings a week. Tip, however, had no ambition; he gave it up in six months, and soon tired of every one of the places that were successively found for him. Nevertheless his brave sister did not give up; she saved enough money to ship him to Canada; but he went no farther than Liverpool and was back in a month. He finally found a place for himself and disappeared for a time; but one evening he returned, announcing that he came as a prisoner, being in debt more than forty pounds. Then, for the first time in all those years, Little Dorrit sank under accumulated misfortunes and fainted at his feet.

Mrs. Clennam either could not or would not tell her son anything about Little Dorrit; but he could not rid himself of the remembrance of his father's remorse; and having noticed that she was the only person his mother was kind to, and remembering that when questioned about the money his mother in her wrath had intimated that through being shut up she had paid the penalty, showing that there was something for which a penalty was necessary, he determined to find out for himself if there was any connection between these circumstances.

His call upon the Dorrits was short, as the bell was ringing to close the gate; and in talking to Little Dorrit he lingered a moment too long and was shut in; so Tip had him taken care of for the night in a tavern at one end of the prison.

The next morning he sent a note asking Little Dorrit to meet him at her uncle's, and endeavored when he saw her to find out the names of her father's creditors; but she could tell very little, as most of their misfortunes came upon them before she was born. However, he learned about one or two of their friends and quietly paid the brother's debt through one of them; but Little Dorrit suspected him of it; and one evening after having been to see her sister at the theater, she, accompanied by a companion, stopped at Clennam's lodgings to thank him.

While Arthur Clennam was making investigations in regard to the Dorrit family, he was surprised to find that a Mr. Pancks, employed as a collector by one of his acquaintances, was doing

the same; so each agreed to give the other any information he might get. Nevertheless, he was scarcely prepared to see Mr. Pancks appear one evening when he was at the Dorrits', and, with an air of joyous excitement, request a few words in private. When in the yard Pancks showed him two bundles of papers and told him that Mr. Dorrit was heir at law to a great estate which had long lain unknown of, unclaimed, and accumulating. Later, when the proper forms had been gone through and it was in shape to announce, Arthur Clennam was deputed to tell Little Dorrit. At first she could not realize it and almost fainted; then, being told that her father would not only be free but wealthy, she thought only of him; and they hastened to the prison.

"They found him in his old gray gown, and his black cap, in the sunlight by the window, reading his newspaper. His glasses were in his hand, and he had just looked round," surprised at first, no doubt, by her step upon the stairs, not expecting her until night; surprised again by seeing Arthur Clennam in her company, "he did not rise or speak, but, noticing their exalted look, his mouth opened, his lips trembled, and he looked attentively at his daughter's face." Little Dorrit was too agitated to tell him the news; and Arthur Clennam asked what surprise would be the most unlooked for and acceptable. He mutely pointed to the prison wall. "It is down," said Clennam; "and in its place are the means to possess and enjoy to the utmost what they have so long shut out." Mr. Dorrit shook as if with cold; but when revived by some wine, he began to understand what he had heard, and starting up moved hurriedly about the room, saying what he would do for the different members of the family. Presently a loud cheer was heard from without; it was from the prisoners, who sent him later a testimonial.

When the day arrived for the Dorrits to leave, Mr. Dorrit and his brother Frederick came down to the carriage arm in arm, followed by Fanny, Edward Dorrit, Esquire (once Tip), the servant, and a porter. As they passed through to the gate the turnkeys and the prisoners assembled in the yard, gave three honest cheers, which told that the Marshalsea was an orphan. It was not until the carriage was about driving away that Amy's absence was discovered; then Arthur Clennam, who had found

her unconscious in her room, appeared with her in his arms. She had been forgotten!

When Mr. Dorrit succeeded to his fortune he engaged a Mrs. General, highly recommended, well bred, but of limited means, to form the manners of his daughters and act as their chaperon. Then he took his family on a trip to Italy. By the time they reached St. Bernard the party consisted of Mr. Dorrit, his brother, Mr. Frederick Dorrit, Mr. Edward Dorrit, his son, and the Misses Fanny and Amy Dorrit, Mrs. General, four guides, a courier, two footmen, and two maids.

Toward evening, while waiting in the guests' parlor for supper, the Dorrits met Mr. and Mrs. Gowan, who were making their honeymoon partly an artistic trip, as Mr. Gowan was an artist; also a Mr. Blandois, of Paris, who seemed to be an acquaintance of theirs.

Little Dorrit guessed at once that Mrs. Gowan was the friend of Mr. Clennam to whom he had given her a note of introduction; and when Mrs. Gowan fainted, having fallen from her horse that afternoon, and was carried to her room, Amy soon followed to inquire; finding Mrs. Gowan alone and glad of company, she presented the note, and they became fast friends from that moment.

Upon returning to Martigny, after their excursion to St. Bernard, they found one of their apartments at the hotel occupied. The proprietor's voluble excuses were drowned in Mr. Dorrit's wrath at what he took for an affront to himself and family; and he was on the point of leaving with his entire party when the lady who had caused the disturbance appeared, and, aided by her son, explained with many apologies that they had prevailed upon the proprietor to give them the use of one of the rooms to dine in. While trying to exonerate him and pacify Mr. Dorrit, preparatory to taking her departure, the lady, Mrs. Merdle, wife of a great financier, stood transfixed and speechless before the two Misses Dorrit; for in the elder she had recognized the dancer whom Mr. Sparkler, her son by a former marriage, had admired, and whose infatuation she had broken off by an appeal to Miss Fanny and some judicious gifts. Miss Fanny, in the foreground of a grand pictorial composition formed by the family, the family equipages and the family ser-

vants, held her sister tight under one arm to detain her on the spot and with the other arm fanned herself with a distinguished air, negligently surveying the lady from head to foot. Mrs. Merdle recovered herself quickly, continued her regrets, and bowing sweetly to the sisters, as young ladies of fortune whom she had never seen before, prepared to take her leave. Not so Mr. Sparkler; he remained transfixed, and stood staring at the whole group with Miss Fanny in the foreground. At this point his mother requested him to escort her to their carriage; even then he showed no signs of entering, but, being assisted by a maternal pull from within, consoled himself by looking out of the little window at the back as long as he could see. This triumph was so flattering to Fanny that she forgot to find fault with her sister and became most agreeable.

But Little Dorrit, now Miss Amy Dorrit, could not adapt herself to this life of luxury and change and often sat alone with her busy hands folded, for no one had need of them now, thinking of the musty prison and of how the sunlight so bright in Italy never reached the dark and gloomy cells. In Venice she would take a gondola or sit in the gallery outside her room, overhanging the canal, and look at the stars; in fact, she did it so often that she became known as the little English girl who was always alone. To her Venice, with its watery ways and gliding gondolas, became the dream, and the old Marshalsea prison the reality. At that time she wrote to Mr. Clennam telling him of her travels but not describing them, for he had seen the places, and of how she could never get accustomed to sightseeing; her thoughts wherever she went being in London. She also wrote him about his friend, Mrs. Gowan; and closed by saying though she was rich he must remember her as poor.

After two months spent in this way, during which the rest of the family had been assiduously cultivating society, Mr. Dorrit sent for Mrs. General to confer with her upon the difference between his two daughters. Mrs. General, a person who exacted much deference, was always perfectly dressed, had no opinions, and rarely interfered with her charges, made the astounding assertion that Miss Fanny had force of character and Miss Amy had none! No memory of Little Dorrit's years of self-sacrifice disturbed Mr. Dorrit's reply: "True, Madam."

Steeped in his own importance, he little understood the treasure he possessed in his younger daughter, and sent for her to hear the precepts Mrs. General advised for the formation of her demeanor, with his request that she observe them and accommodate herself to her changed position.

But there was one person who stoutly defended her, the uncle, Frederick Dorrit. After she had left the table one day, having expressed a wish to call upon Mrs. Gowan, the family, particularly Fanny, began to consider whether Mrs. Gowan was fashionable enough to make the acquaintance desirable. Then Frederick arose in wrath and asked her, in view of the past, and of what Amy had been to the family—their invaluable friend, devoted guardian, and more than mother—how she dared assume superiority to her sister. This protest, coming from the usually mild uncle, paralyzed the entire family; and Fanny sobbed out that she loved her sister but was only anxious for the family credit; still her uncle continued his protest so earnestly that Fanny sweetly accompanied her sister on the visit to Mrs. Gowan.

While there they were invited into the studio; upon a high platform in one corner was Blandois, in a great cloak and slouched hat, standing in the same attitude as when he bade them adieu at St. Bernard. He saluted the ladies without moving; he was posing as a model to Mr. Gowan, and his position requiring his eyes, which were peculiar, to look toward the easel, they seemed to be looking straight at Little Dorrit, and against her will held her own. She had been afraid of him at their first meeting and was now still more afraid. To hide her trembling she patted the dog and called attention to his peculiar appearance. Mr. Gowan instantly saw that the animal was crouching to spring at Blandois; and throwing his brushes away he seized it by the collar with both hands, the dog pulling with all his might, and shouted to Blandois to get out of the room or he would tear him to bits. This scene occupied perhaps less than two minutes; and Mr. Gowan, regaining his usual cool manner, turned his attention to reassuring his wife and her visitors, which was made more easy, as the dog became quiet the moment Blandois disappeared. Nevertheless, they took their departure in some trepidation, and were glad to regain

their gondola. As they were gliding toward their hotel Little Dorrit became aware that Fanny was putting on more manner than the scenery or occasion seemed to require, and soon observed they were followed by young Sparkler in a gondola. It reached the hotel first, and he was standing interrogating a servant when theirs, which had been somewhat hindered by the pursuit, slid neatly beside it and tipped him over; so that at the crucial moment his heels greeted his astounded lady-love; but his just anger was assuaged by the concern Miss Fanny showed for his mishap. He had left his mother in Rome; and, not having any occupation, became Fanny's devoted admirer and slave. In handing them to their gondola after the opera that evening, Blandois, who had appeared at the quay, told them someone had poisoned the dog.

Presently they left Venice for Rome. Mrs. Merdle elected to ignore any preliminary acquaintance and to date her knowledge of the rich Misses Dorrit from the moment they met at Martigny. Her expansive bosom expanded still more when she thought of young Sparkler, who, she well knew, was not gifted, marrying the Dorrit millions. Meanwhile Mr. Merdle had given a dinner to a number of influential gentlemen, and had laid his plans with such precision that at its close Mr. Edmund Sparkler, Esquire, his stepson, was made one of the Lords of the Circumlocution Office.

Little Dorrit wrote Arthur Clennam again from Rome, giving him news of the Gowans and telling him her father was having Mr. Gowan paint his portrait. She also mentioned Mr. Sparkler and his attentions to Fanny, adding that of course she had no lover (though Little Dorrit knew the son of the turnkey, who had succeeded her godfather, was hopelessly in love with her), and that she was homesick for England, but did not know when they would return, as the rest of the family were enjoying themselves.

Fanny told her sister that notwithstanding their money they had not really got into society; that their father, though gentlemanly and well informed, had not the ease of a gentleman of fortune through overanxiety to obliterate the past; that their uncle was unpresentable; that Edward was expensive and dissipated; and as for themselves, they had no mother, though she

had observed Mrs. General would willingly be one to them; in short, she made it clear that she was not satisfied with present conditions, and that she saw her way out of them by marrying Mr. Sparkler. So when about six weeks later they came into the drawing-room, and Mr. Sparkler stammered, "She's as beautiful as she's doted on and there's no nonsense about her; it's arranged," and dropped into fraternal relations, Little Dorrit was not much surprised. Mr. Dorrit received the news with dignity and paternal pride, assuring Fanny that she had added luster to the family name, and spared no expense in giving her a handsome wedding. Mr. Sparkler took his wife to the Merdle residence in London and began his duties at the Circumlocution Office. Three weeks later Mr. Dorrit made a trip to London, where he attended many elegant dinners and entrusted his whole fortune to Mr. Merdle for investment.

When he returned to Rome he accepted the invitation of Mrs. Merdle to her large farewell dinner two days later. Little Dorrit had noticed that he had not seemed so well since his return, but was unprepared for a penciled note handed her at the end of the long dinner, in which Mrs. Merdle called her attention to her father, who was acting strangely. She found him speaking at random of turnkeys, prisoners, and locks. His appearance and words had caused a profound silence, during which he looked confusedly around and welcomed the ladies and gentlemen to Marshalsea and introduced her as "my daughter, born there!" Before he could be quieted or Mrs. Merdle could withdraw her guests from the table, he had told of all the old troubles and surroundings he had been so careful to conceal. Even as he was taken up the broad staircase of his hotel it seemed to him the narrow stairs of his London prison. He grew weaker and weaker, and at the end of ten days sank to rest. Frederick Dorrit, overwhelmed by grief, was later found kneeling on the floor beside the bed, dead, kissing his brother's hand.

Three months later, Mr. Merdle, finding himself insolvent, cut his throat in a bath-tub at the warm baths.

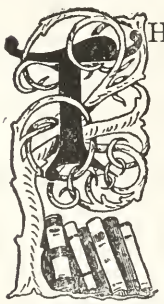
Through his robbery and forgery many persons were ruined, including the Dorrits and Mr. Clennam. The latter was sent to prison for debt, and occupied the very room in which he had

visited the Dorrits. There also was the scoundrel Rigaud, *alias* Blandois, who had intimidated Mrs. Clennam by threatening to reveal her secret, and who now wrote, saying he would disclose it unless she paid him a thousand pounds. He managed to get himself taken to her home one day and frightened her so that she ran to the prison and got a package he had left with Little Dorrit to be opened if not reclaimed by a certain hour. At her request Amy read the papers it contained, which told of her theft of money and that Arthur Clennam was not her child. Promising not to let him know while his supposed mother lived, Amy went back with her to let Blandois see that as she knew the secret there was no need to buy him off. As they neared the house it collapsed before their eyes with a noise like thunder, burying him beneath the ruins. From that hour Mrs. Clennam never uttered a word or moved, and died three years later.

When Arthur Clennam recovered his health his partner told him his old place was ready for him and had him released; and the next day he and Little Dorrit were quietly married in a church near by and went out into the world together to lead a life of usefulness and happiness.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES (1860)

The idea of this story first occurred to Charles Dickens in the summer of 1857, when with some of his friends and his children he was playing in Wilkie Collins's drama *The Frozen Deep*. But it lay in his mind and was turned over at times for nearly two years before it took definite shape. He found it very difficult to settle down to the steady work of producing another story, because he had arrived at a serious crisis in his domestic life. In 1858 a separation from his wife was arranged and carried into effect. The specific reasons for this never were published, but it was known to be simply a case of decided incompatibility. He was editor of *Household Words*, published by Bradbury and Evans, who were also publishers of *Punch*. In his own periodical he published a statement concerning the separation; and when the publishers declined to copy it in *Punch*, on the ground of inappropriateness, a breach ensued and he bought out their interest in *Household Words* and suppressed it. Then he established *All the Year Round* (weekly), and in this periodical the novel had its first publication (1859), appearing in book form in 1860. He had much trouble with the title, suggesting and rejecting many, until March 11, 1859, when he wrote: "This is merely to certify that I have got exactly the name for the story that is wanted; exactly what will fit the opening to a T—*A Tale of Two Cities*. My American ambassador pays a thousand pounds for the first year, for the privilege of republishing in America one day after we publish here." In a letter to his friend John Forster he wrote: "I set myself the little task of making a picturesque story, rising in every chapter, with characters true to nature, but whom the story should express more than they should express themselves by dialogue." Few readers have failed to observe that this novel is strikingly unlike Dickens's other work. With the exception of *Barnaby Rudge*, it is his only novel that deals with the past, and it is the only one in which humor plays but a small part. It was abundantly successful from the start, and some critical readers prefer it to all else that its brilliant author achieved. It was dramatized under the title of *The Only Way*, and was successful on the stage.



THE two cities are Paris and London. The story begins in 1775, fourteen years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the main action takes place in the first two years of that appalling carnival. Alexandre Manette, a French physician, had spent eighteen years in the Bastile, a prisoner against whom no charge was brought and who had no hope of a trial. His mind became affected by this great injustice, and he was still in that condition when his daughter and her lawyer found him in a room over Defarge's wine-shop. His daughter

Lucie, the heroine of the tale, had two lovers, one of whom, passing under the name of Charles Darnay, was in reality the Marquis St. Evrémonde, living in London as a teacher of French; the other was Sydney Carton, a natural gentleman and brave man, who had allowed his passion for strong drink to ruin his life. She preferred Darnay, whom she loved devotedly; and Carton not only accepted his fate but studied to serve his successful rival and his lost love. He pictured his own character in a final interview with Lucie:

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears: "Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home, made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward that I thought were silent forever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire—a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away."

"If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you. Oh, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you!"

Darnay, passing between Paris and London on business, became an object of suspicion in England as a spy in the interest of the revolted American colonies and their French ally. He was placed on trial for treason, in London, and appeared likely to be convicted, when Carton, who sat within the bar as clerk to Lawyer Stryver, confounded an important witness for the prosecution by calling attention to the striking likeness between himself and the prisoner. This secured an acquittal.

Tellson's Bank in London (which had a branch in Paris) appeared to be active in the work, through its old confidential clerk, named Lorry. Jerry Cruncher, the porter of the bank, occasionally spent a night in a graveyard as a resurrectionist. His pious wife, knowing this, persisted in kneeling in his presence and praying that he might be turned from the error of his ways, though her prayers were interrupted by blows and imprecations, as he considered that her "flopping" was intended to injure his profitable nocturnal business.

Charles Darnay's uncle, the Marquis addressed as Monseigneur, was haughty and heartless, a despiser of the common people. He was driving his carriage furiously through the street one day when it ran over and killed a child.

"It is extraordinary to me," he said to the throng that quickly gathered, "that you people cannot take care of yourselves and your children. One or the other of you is forever in the way. How do I know what injury you have done my horses? See! Give him that." And he threw out a gold coin for the agonized father who was mourning over his dead child.

In an interview with this uncle, Charles Darnay said:

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death I hope it would have sustained me."

"Our remote ancestors," said the uncle, "held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. In the next room (my bedroom) one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter—*his* daughter. We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode."

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time," said the nephew, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low. Repression is the only lasting philosophy."

"If this property ever becomes mine," said the nephew, "it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me."

The rumblings that proclaimed the coming of a destructive storm were now heard in France, and the organization of the proletariat for bloody work began in the wine-shops. One of these was kept by Defarge and his wife. Madame Defarge was never without her knitting-work, and into the fabric she knitted from time to time certain characters that indicated, as by a sort of phonography, who were to be held under suspicion and who were marked for slaughter. She was even more bloodthirsty than her husband; and she had among her followers a woman called the Vengeance, who was quite as savage but less discreet. Defarge's trusted lieutenants were all addressed as Jacques,

and were designated as Jacques One, Jacques Two, etc., Defarge himself being Jacques Four.

"St. Antoine had been, that morning, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets shone in the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of St. Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shriveled branches of trees in a winter wind; all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths, no matter how far off.

"Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder and balls, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could lay hold of nothing else set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in St. Antoine was one high-fever strain, and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

"As a whirlpool of boiling waters has a center point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked toward the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with gunpowder and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, disarmed one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"'Come!' cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. 'Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastile!'

"With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

"Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire, and smoke. Through

the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannoneer—Defarge of the wine-shop worked like a manful soldier, two fierce hours.

"Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! 'Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the angels or the devils, work!' Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"'To me, women!' cried Madame, his wife. 'What! We can kill as well as the men, when the place is taken!' And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooped women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

"Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw; hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions; shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint; boom, smash, and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

"A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer wall, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

"But in the ocean of faces where every fierce and furious expression was in vivid life, there were two groups of faces—each seven in number—so fixedly contrasting with the rest that never did sea roll which bore more memorable wrecks with it. Seven faces of prisoners, suddenly released by the storm that had burst their tomb, were carried high overhead: all scared, all lost, all wondering and amazed, as if the last

day were come, and those who rejoiced around them were lost spirits. Other seven faces there were, carried higher, seven dead faces, whose drooping eyelids and half-seen eyes awaited the last day. Impassive faces, yet with a suspended —not an abolished—expression on them; faces, rather, in a fearful pause, as having yet to raise the dropped lids and bear witness with the bloodless lips: 'THOU DIDST IT!'

"Seven prisoners released, seven gory heads on pikes, the keys of the accursed fortress of the eight strong towers, some discovered letters and other memorials of prisoners of old time, long dead of broken hearts—such, and suchlike, the loudly echoing footsteps of St. Antoine escort through the Paris streets in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine."

When the marriage of Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette was celebrated, no one was invited except Mr. Lorry the lawyer and Miss Pross, a gaunt woman in middle life, of very strong convictions and much determination, who was Lucie's guardian and companion. Two children were born of this marriage. The little boy, named for Carton, died very young; the daughter, named for her mother, grew up.

Darnay returned to Paris to rescue a friend, and was himself arrested and placed on trial before the self-appointed committee of revolutionists. He was acquitted through the influence of Dr. Manette, but was soon rearrested, and was tried again. At his second trial a paper was read which Defarge had discovered in the Bastile when the insurgents destroyed that prison. This paper was written by Dr. Manette when he was confined there, and hidden in a hole in the wall. It set forth that he had been treacherously arrested and thrown into prison because he knew the secret of a crime committed by a member of the St. Evrémonde family against a woman of humble birth and her relatives. His indignation at the grievous wrong that he suffered for eighteen years found expression in the closing paragraph: "If it had pleased God to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me any tidings of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that

they have no part in His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do, this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be answered for. I denounce them to heaven and to earth." The reading of this cut off all hope for Darnay, who was promptly sentenced to death.

Meanwhile Madame Defarge was bent upon the death of Darnay's wife and daughter and of Dr. Manette as well. Her husband, who had once been the doctor's servant, opposed this; and Madame then disclosed the secret of her animosity. The peasant family that had been so injured by the St. Evrémonde brothers was her own family.

Sydney Carton, who overheard her, immediately took measures to get the family out of the country. He told Lorry of the danger, placed in his hands a passport that permitted him (Carton) to leave the city, reminded him that the others had similar certificates which might be revoked next day, and made minute arrangements for a hurried flight. He had bribed a turnkey, who was a spy, to let him into the prison and into the cell where Darnay was confined. He induced Darnay, with some difficulty, to exchange garments with him, rendered him insensible by something that acted like chloroform, and then called the turnkey and had the counterfeit Carton carried out, while he remained as a counterfeit Darnay. Fifty-two prisoners had been registered for the next day's work at the guillotine, and the turnkey consented to the scheme only on condition that Carton should remain and enable him to save his own head by producing the full number called for.

Just after the whole family—including Darnay, but excepting Miss Pross—had left the city, Madame Defarge appeared at their lodgings to accuse them and have them arrested. She said to her confederates: "She [Lucie] will be at home now, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her." But in the house she was confronted by Miss Pross, who placed herself against the door that led to Lucie's room. An exciting dialogue ensued, each speaking vigorously

in her own language, and clearly understanding the purpose, though not the words, of the other. Then "Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both arms and held her tight. In the struggle that ensued, Miss Pross baffled Madame's attempt to draw her dagger; then Madame pulled a pistol from her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, produced a flash and a crash, and stood alone. All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground."

Sydney Carton went calmly to the guillotine as one of the fifty-two selected for that day's slaughter, and next to him was a simple young woman, a seamstress, who had been accused of plotting against the Republic.

"The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

"The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

"The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"'But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven.'

"'Or you to me,' says Sydney Carton. 'Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.'

"'I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.'

"'They will be rapid. Fear not!'

"The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice,

hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the universal mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to go together to rest in her bosom.

"'Brave and generous friend, I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I; and if the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old.'

"'What then, my gentle sister?'

"'Do you think that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?'

"'It cannot be, my child; there is no time there, and no trouble there.'

"'You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?'

"'Yes.'

"She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-two.

"'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

"The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three."

If Sydney Carton could have expressed his thoughts in his last moments, he would have said: "I see long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss. I see the lives for which I lay down my life peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy. I see that I hold sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants. It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1860)

With the exception of *Our Mutual Friend*, published a few years later, *Great Expectations* was the last literary work that its author completed. It appeared first as a serial on both sides of the Atlantic, and was once dramatized and acted, but with no great effect.

Y father's family name was Pirrip, as I learned in childhood from the family tombstones, and my Christian name was Philip. My infant tongue could make nothing out of the combination but "Pip," and Pip I was called. My parents and five brothers and sisters lay under the tombstones out in the marsh near the sea-mouth of the river. I had been "brought up by hand," by my termagant sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, wife of the blacksmith; and under her hysterical despotism life would have been worse than worthless to me but for the comradery and affection of Joe. Great, blond giant that he was in physique, Joe was a child, and a very gentle child, in heart and mind, uncomplaining even when his wife was in her most violent tempers, and shielding me so far as it was possible to do so, when, as he phrased it, she was "on the rampage."

One day, just before Christmas, I was sitting on my father's tombstone, when a man with irons on his ankles came to me out of the marsh, turned me upside down, shook out a piece of bread, and proceeded to devour it like a hungry dog. He demanded to know my name and I told him. He asked where I lived, and I showed him. Then, with dire threats and imprecations, he bade me come to him next day, bringing food, drink, and a file.

I went home in terror, feeling that I must obey. I invaded the pantry, stored with Christmas cheer, sequestrated a pork pie, and filled a flask from the brandy-bottle; then from the forge I stole a file.

Next day I returned to the marshes. On my way I encountered another escaped convict whose face had been badly battered by somebody's fist. When my convict came to me he seemed actually starving. He eagerly devoured the stores I had brought him and then set to work with the file to rid his leg of the irons. When I told him of the other convict I had met, and described him, he flew into a rage, but not with me.

While we sat at Christmas dinner some soldiers came to have Joe repair some handcuffs for them. They told us there were convicts in the marsh who had escaped from the hulks at the mouth of the river, and that they were going to capture them about sunset. All the male members of the dinner-party decided to go with them, and Joe carried me on his shoulders. We found the convicts, because my convict called to us and showed the way. He had severely beaten the other, and had sacrificed his own chance of escape in order to capture him and give him up to the authorities. I was afraid my convict would think I had betrayed him, but he looked at me in a way that told me he understood and was grateful. Then, at risk of adding a charge of theft to the other accusations pending over his head, he insisted upon telling the sergeant that he had robbed our pantry, thus exonerating me completely.

Mr. Wopsle was clerk of our church. He had a great-aunt who received pupils of evenings, and kept a little shop. She taught us nothing—indeed, she slept most of the time. But there was a girl with her named Biddy, and from Biddy I learned to read, write and cipher—arts that in a small way I taught to Joe Gargery.

As I was not yet old enough to be apprenticed to Joe, I was open to engagements for odd jobs. One day a summons came for me to go to Miss Havisham's and play there. Miss Havisham was a recluse and an eccentric. Her place included an old brewery, now long disused. She was rich and she lived alone, except for her servants and a sort of adopted daughter, Estella, whom I found to be very beautiful, very haughty, very cold, and very contemptuous of me. Miss Havisham's place was kept closely locked. From the rooms in which she lived she shut out every trace of daylight. Every timepiece in the place had been stopped, all at the same hour. She always sat

dressed in bridal robes; in one of her rooms was a bridal breakfast-table that had stood there for years, with its bride-cake mildewed and its tablecloth moldering. I learned afterward that Miss Havisham's affianced husband had deserted her on her wedding-day, and that she had lived like this ever since.

She made Estella play at cards with me, and urged her to break my heart. She made me wheel her about the place in an invalid's chair. She made me walk with her, leaning on my shoulder. Then she dismissed me, bidding me come back after six days, for she took pains never to know what day of the week, or month, or year it was.

Thus one visit followed another. I was all the while fascinated with Estella, and Estella was all the while cruelly contemptuous of me, except upon one occasion. Miss Havisham had some relatives who sought to fawn upon her, chief among them Sarah Pocket. There was another, Matthew Pocket, who did not fawn; but she one day showed me where he was to stand when she should lie dead on her wedding breakfast-table.

That day in the grounds I encountered a pale-faced boy, Herbert Pocket. He challenged me to fight, and I quickly knocked him into insensibility. Estella had seen the encounter, and as she let me out at the gate she bade me kiss her.

Later Miss Havisham sent for Joe and me, and insisted upon paying Joe the regular fee for apprenticing me to him. She was at pains to tell me I should receive no further benefaction.

But before this time, and while I was still a child, Joe and I encountered a queer stranger in the public-house, who inquired in a curious way concerning me and looked at me constantly. When his rum and water came he stirred it ostentatiously, still looking at me and attracting my attention. I saw that he was stirring his drink with a file—Joe's file, which I had stolen for the convict. When we parted the stranger gave me a shilling, wrapped up in two pieces of paper, which at home I found to be two one-pound notes.

Joe had a journeyman—a morose fellow named Orlick. One day he was insulting in his language to my sister; and Joe calmly thrashed him. Then Joe ordered a pot of beer and made friends, but as I had been the innocent cause of the quarrel,

and as Joe's wife had brought it about, Orlick cherished a grudge against us two. On that same day I visited Miss Havisham and learned that she had sent Estella abroad for her education. This increased my discontent with my lot in life and intensified my longing to become something socially better than a blacksmith. I was eager to be lifted in some way to Estella's level, but of that I saw no hope.

On the way home with Joe, whom I had joined in the town, I encountered Orlick. When we got home we found my sister, Mrs. Gargery, lying nearly dead. She had been struck on the head with some heavy instrument. She lay ill for a long time, and when she somewhat recovered, her mind was nearly gone, and all her temper with it. Mr. Wopsle's aunt having died about that time, Biddy was brought to take charge at our house. She and I became warm friends. She continued to teach me, and at one time I was tempted to fall in love with her, but my ambition and the thought of Estella prevented.

One Saturday night during the fourth year of my apprenticeship, I was at the public-house with Joe. There we met a rather remarkable man named Jaggers, who seemed always to have everybody around him under cross-examination, demanding Yes or No answers to every question he asked. I recognized him as a man I had met at Miss Havisham's, but he had no recollection of me. Nevertheless he had business with me. He informed me that some person unknown to me and to remain unknown until such time as that person should reveal himself or herself, had made me heir to a great property, and desired that I should be brought up as a gentleman of great expectations; that I was to make no inquiry whatever as to the identity of my benefactor, and that I was to retain the name of Pip as my surname. Did I, or did I not, accept the terms? "Yes or no, please."

Of course I accepted. We all assumed that Miss Havisham was my benefactor, that she was sending me to London to be educated in order that I might be a fit mate for Estella, for whose husband, I had not the smallest doubt, she intended me. Accordingly I visited Miss Havisham to say good-by; but while I expressed gratitude to my unknown benefactor, I made no effort to surprise any admission from her.

At the appointed time I went to London and reported to my guardian, Mr. Jaggers.

I was to have a tutor and study with him in his own house. The tutor, Mr. Matthew Pocket, lived in a suburb, but his son had lodgings in Barnard's Inn, and it was arranged that I should stay with him until Monday, before reporting to his father.

I found him to be the pale young gentleman whom I had thrashed into insensibility in the old brewery gardens. He greeted me cordially, not only bearing no malice but expressing regret for having knocked me about so badly on that occasion!

At Mr. Pocket's I found two pupils besides myself—a surly fellow named Bentley Drummle, and a far pleasanter man, named Startop. When I learned that they both kept boats on the river, I decided to set up one of my own, giving a half-interest in it to Herbert.

After a little time I decided to have my bed-room in Herbert Pocket's chambers in Barnard's Inn and visit the elder Pocket as often as might be necessary. Herbert and I became the closest of friends. He was not really engaged in any business, except in imagination. He had a place in a business house, at no salary at all, and he intended to become an insurance magnate as soon as he should accumulate capital. At present, he explained, he was very busy "looking about him."

I also became intimate with Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers's chief clerk and cashier, a man of eccentric manners and peculiar views, but of most excellent heart.

While I was dining one day with Jaggers, he called in his housekeeper, who had once been his client and was a woman of fierce passions. As Wemmick had previously explained to me, Jaggers had "tamed" her, as he seemed able to tame the most ferocious of human wild beasts. She was slender and seemingly not strong, but Jaggers made her show me her scarred and disfigured wrists; and the power they indicated astonished me. He did not explain why he made her show them or in any way apologize to her for doing so. It was not his habit to offer explanations of what he did.

About this time Joe came to London. He brought me a summons from Miss Havisham to go to her and meet Estella.

I knew that I ought on this visit to make my quarters with

my humble friends, Joe and Biddy; but I persuaded myself—to my shame—that I ought not.

When I rang the bell at Miss Havisham's it was Orlick that answered. I was surprised and not pleased. Within, it was Sarah Pocket who received me. Again I was surprised and not pleased. I had hoped to see Estella there.

I found her by Miss Havisham's side instead. She was a fine young lady now, politer but not much more gracious to me than before. She and I wandered together over the dusty premises and recalled old experiences. She was at pains to assure me that she had no "heart," no tenderness, no capacity of loving. But when we returned to Miss Havisham, that strange gentlewoman kept whispering to me: "Love her, love her, love her."

On my return to London I told Herbert of my passion for Estella and her coldness toward me. As she had at no time been mentioned as a condition of my great expectations, he urged me to give her up. When he learned that I could not or would not, he told me of his own engagement to Clara, a dear girl, the daughter of a superannuated, drunken, and invalid purser, and he took me to see her.

Presently I received a note from Estella, telling me she was coming to London and conveying Miss Havisham's orders that I should meet her at the coach-stand and escort her to her destination. Several such occasions occurred, and I escorted her back and forth, always with the condition rigidly imposed by Miss Havisham, that she should place her purse in my hands and that every penny of the expense should be paid from it.

After a while came news of my sister's death; and I went down to our village to attend the funeral. I had some tender passages with Biddy, who must now go to be a schoolmistress. I learned from her that Orlick, whom Jaggers had discharged from Miss Havisham's service at my suggestion, was in love with her, and that she did not like it. I was feeling very tender toward Biddy now.

On my birthday Mr. Jaggers gave me a banknote for five hundred pounds, and informed me that a like sum would be paid to me every year, and that I was to live upon it until my benefactor should choose to give me my whole fortune.

I decided to use half of my year's income in secretly purchasing for Herbert Pocket the commercial opportunity for which he had been so long "looking about him." To that end I consulted Wemmick and with his aid I presently purchased for Herbert Pocket—entirely without his knowledge—a partnership in the business of a young shipping broker named Clarriker.

Then came my great sorrow. Estella frankly, and with heartless indifference, informed me, in Miss Havisham's presence, that she was to marry that morose brute, Bentley Drummle. This ended the dream I had so long cherished and with so much reason, that Miss Havisham wished Estella to marry me.

I was shocked, distressed, depressed. But I soon had graver matters to occupy my mind.

We had left Barnard's Inn and taken up better quarters in the Temple, Herbert and I. Herbert was away on business at Marseilles, when one stormy night I was visited in our chambers by no less strange a person than my convict—the one I had fed out there on the marshes.

Little by little he revealed his story to me. He had been sentenced, after his recapture, to transportation for life, with some years of penal servitude at the beginning of the term. He had served out the penal part of the sentence, and then had made a great fortune as a sheep-farmer in Australia. It was his one dream in life to reward the boy who had furnished food to his starving lips, and to make me a gentleman of independent fortune. It was he who had sent me the two one-pound notes by the hand of another convict. It was he who had created my "Great Expectations." It was from him that I was to inherit wealth. It was upon his money that I was and had been living.

He had been so anxious to see me in my new estate of gentlemanhood that he had come back to England, although he knew that under the decree of the law he must pay the penalty of death for that offense, if it should be discovered.

My first thought was for his safety and for means by which to get him out of England. I soon discovered that he was secretly watched. That other convict, whom he had beaten and recaptured on the marshes, because of previous treacheries, a man named Compeyson, had received a far milder sentence, had served it out, and was now in England.

My convict's name was Magwitch. He had renamed himself Provis, and I called him my uncle. For a time I secreted him in my chambers. Then, when Herbert Pocket returned, we secured a safer refuge for him. He had placed a great sum of money in my hands, but this I refused to use, even though I had to raise necessary funds upon my personal property. I could not consent to accept fortune at a convict's hands, but I could not forget benefits already received. I simply must get him safely out of England, and meantime I must hide him.

In these endeavors Herbert Pocket joined me heartily. Foreseeing that I must go with Provis when he should leave England, I went down to see Miss Havisham and Estella. I frankly told them that my patron was a convict from whom I could receive no more benefits. Then it was that I learned that Estella was to marry Drummle.

With Herbert's aid, I found a secure hiding-place for Provis far down the river in the top of a house where Herbert's sweetheart, Clara, lived.

By way of averting suspicion I kept a boat at the Temple stairs, and Herbert and I rowed down the river and back every day. Wemmick had warned us of the spying to which we were subject, and bade us make no attempt to carry Provis away until he should give the word.

Meanwhile, however, I dined one day with Jaggers. From him and Wemmick I learned that Provis was Estella's father and that Jaggers's housekeeper, she with the strong wrists, was Estella's mother. Years ago the woman had choked another woman to death, and was supposed also to have murdered her own baby girl. Jaggers had defended her, and, by a daring piece of ingenuity, had saved her life. As his client, Miss Havisham, was at that time looking for a pretty girl baby to adopt, Jaggers had placed Estella in her hands. Miss Havisham had never known whence the child came or why. She brought her up to be cold and heartless, in the hope that with her extraordinary beauty and coldness she might break some man's heart. I had been chosen to furnish the heart.

Almost insanely eager to confirm Jaggers's revelation and complete it, I obeyed a summons from Miss Havisham which came at that time, and went down to see her. After a talk with

her I strolled about the grounds for a time. Then, before leaving, I crept up-stairs to say good-by again. As I entered the room I saw her dress in flames. Using my overcoat and snatching the decaying cloth from the bridal table, I managed to put out the fire, but not until she was terribly burned. I, too, was severely burned on the hands and arms, but I paid no attention to that while Miss Havisham, in spite of her pain, was pleading with me to forgive her for the wrong she had done me.

When there was no more that I could do I returned to London and took up again my task of saving Provis. I was ill from my burns, but Herbert nursed me tenderly, and I managed to keep myself on my feet.

At last came a guarded intimation from Wemmick that I might make the attempt on the following Wednesday, and we laid our plans to do so. At my chambers, however, I received an anonymous note bidding me come to the sluice-house near the lime-kilns on the marshes outside my native village, at nine o'clock next night. As there was an intimation that Provis's safety was involved, and as there was time enough before Wednesday, I obeyed the summons.

In the lonely sluice-house I was suddenly seized and bound, to the torture of my burned arms. My captor was Orlick. He told me he was going to brain me there and throw my body into the lime-kiln so as to leave no trace of me on earth. He told me all his reasons for hating me; it was he who had struck down my sister. At last, after gloating to his heart's content over my fate, he prepared to end the matter. I did not believe there was a human being within miles, but I shouted loudly for help, and help came. Herbert, Startop, and a lusty boy from the village rushed in. Orlick escaped, but I was saved. For explanation, I learned that I had dropped the anonymous note in my chambers, that Herbert had found it, and that he and Startop had hurried to the rescue.

My first thought was that there was still time for us to get back to London and carry out our plan for Provis's rescue.

Our plan was for Startop and Herbert to row our boat down the river, with me steering; to take Provis on board at a lonely spot, to go on down the river and overhaul one or another of two steamers that must sail on Wednesday.

Just as we were hailing them, however, a galley appeared and halted us, demanding the surrender of our escaped convict. In the galley sat a man closely wrapped. Provis leaned over and stripped off his disguise, revealing Compeyson. At that moment our boat capsized and the steamers were upon us. Provis and Compeyson went down grappling, and a steamer passed over them. Compeyson was drowned. Provis came to the surface with ribs and chest crushed in, but still alive.

He was taken to prison and presently brought to trial. All his property was confiscated and he was sentenced to death. But his crushed chest and broken ribs condemned him to death at a date much earlier than that fixed by the court. He died in peace, believing still that I was to inherit the wealth he had so labored to accumulate for me in return for the food I had given to him when he was famishing.

Herbert's firm was prospering so greatly that it must establish a branch house in the East, at Cairo. Herbert still did not know whose money had put him into the firm, or that he was in any way indebted to me for his prosperity. But his loyalty to me needed no such stimulus, no such reminder. He came to me hesitatingly—in view of my fallen fortunes—to offer me a clerkship with a partnership in prospect. I was glad to accept.

I went down to the old home, strongly disposed to sue for Biddy's hand and return to the old simple ways of living. When I got there I found that Joe and Biddy had gone to the church to be married. I loved them both and I rejoiced in their happiness.

Eleven years later I returned from the East, and lifting the latch of Joe's kitchen, found Joe and Biddy there, with a duplicate of myself sitting on my old stove in the chimney-corner—Joe's child and Biddy's. They had called him Pip in memory of me.

I went thence to Miss Havisham's—dismantled now and converted into building lots. There I met Estella. She was a widow, and greatly changed, chastened, softened—a woman who had at last found her heart.

We decided that there should never again be a parting between us.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND (1865)

This novel was first printed in twenty numbers of *All the Year Round*, of which Dickens was the editor, the first instalment appearing May 1, 1864. After three numbers were published Dickens had to write: "Although I have not been wanting in industry, I have been wanting in invention"—a singular plaint for this author, who had once declared (Lausanne, 1846): "Invention, thank God, seems the easiest thing in the world."

ONE evening in autumn, a strong, grizzled man and a dark, beautiful girl of nineteen, his daughter, were floating along the Thames, between London Bridge and Southwark Bridge, in the late afternoon. The girl rowed, while Jesse Hexam sat in the stern and kept an eager lookout. His hook nose, bright eyes, and ruffled hair made him look like a bird of prey. Suddenly he bent over and caught at something in the water. The girl averted her head. Her look at her father was full of love, but she evidently had a horror of his calling. She pulled now for shore, with the Thing in tow.

The Veneerings, newly rich people trying to get a foothold in London society, were giving a dinner that evening. A young lawyer, Mortimer Lightwood, told the guests of a singular old man named Harmon, who had made a fortune out of dust-heaps. He turned his daughter out of doors for marrying against his will, and when his son protested, banished him. In his will, however, he made him his heir, provided he married a girl named Bella Wilfer. If the son refused to do this, or died, the entire estate reverted to an old employé, to whom, in any case, Mr. Harmon, the "Golden Dustman," bequeathed one mound of the dust-hills, with a house. This Nicodemus Boffin, whom his cheery, comfortable wife, Henrietta, called "Noddy," was appointed executor of the will.

Soon after telling this story, Mr. Lightwood received a note. Having read it, he remarked impressively: "This gives the end of the story. The son is drowned!" The papers and clothes of the "floater" plucked from the river by Jesse Hexam indicated convincingly the heir. Therefore "Noddy" Boffin, of "Boffin's Bower," as he styled his house and dust-mounds, was universal legatee. He was a genial, simple soul, with bright, alert, honest gray eyes, and Mrs. Boffin was his plump, kindly counterpart. Their union of feeling was perfect.

Mr. Boffin, exalted to such high estate, bought Gibbon's work, and engaged a sly, mercenary, one-legged ballad-monger, named Silas Wegg, to improve his education—which needed improvement, by reading to him and "Henerietta" the work, which "Noddy" styled the *Decline-and-Fall-Off-the-Rooshan-Empire.* This crafty soul proceeded promptly to use the genial couple for his own profit. Eventually Mrs. Boffin's social aspirations led them to take a fine house in a fashionable quarter and to seek admission into the London "high" world. Their kindness of heart also led them to take into their home the pretty girl Mr. Harmon had selected as his son's wife, Miss Bella Wilfer. Mr. John Rokesmith, a lodger with the Wilfer family, secured a place in the Boffins' establishment as secretary.

Lizzie Hexam, old Hexam's daughter, had managed, by pinching herself, to secure an education for her brother Charlie, a boy of fourteen. He succeeded well, and was ambitious to become a teacher. He was a little prig, incapable of appreciating his noble sister's devotion and sacrifice. A smug middle-class "respectability" was his engrossing aspiration. The report had been spread by a wretched waterman, Rogue Riderhood, that Lizzie's father had killed young Harmon before finding him in the river!

An elegant but indolent young barrister, Eugene Wrayburn, who had accompanied his partner, Mortimer Lightwood, to the inquest on John Harmon, had been impressed by the beauty and charm of Lizzie Hexam, whom he saw there, while he felt disgusted with the hard and selfish character of her brother. The boy felt this disdain and conceived an instant dislike for Wrayburn. In consequence he sought, with his conceited zeal, to prejudice his sister against Wrayburn and to enlist her sym-

pathies for his schoolmaster, a severe young man, Bradley Headstone. This worthy hated Wrayburn for his contemptuous manner toward himself. This intense, narrow hatred was increased when Wrayburn undertook to educate Lizzie Hexam, whom Charlie had wished his friend and teacher to instruct. Lizzie herself felt an instinctive aversion to Mr. Headstone. Despite all this, the passion of the severe schoolmaster led him to propose to her; and when he was gently but definitely rejected, his smoldering hatred broke forth.

"I have done this with Mr. Eugene Wrayburn in my mind," he said passionately. "My self-respect lies in the dirt beneath his heel. He treads it down. I have used no threat, you understand. Remember! But you know how the case stands—so far! I hope," he added, dashing his hand against the stone wall so that it bled, "that I may never kill him!"

His sister's refusal of this admirable schoolmaster so incensed her brother that, in a sort of arrogant frenzy, he disowned her as his sister, declaring that she would disgrace him! "You drag me down when I am trying to be respectable," he complained resentfully.

Miss Bella Wilfer, after comporting herself quite bruskly toward Mr. John Rokesmith, ended by flatly refusing his love. She was frankly bent on making a better match. But, despite a decided inclination for the luxuries of life and the money which would secure them, she was distressed at a growing moneyed arrogance on the part of Mr. Boffin. He appeared intolerant and discourteous toward his dignified secretary. Good Mrs. Boffin expostulated with her husband for this marked change from his former kind, generous nature; but Boffin seemed to glory in the change.

"Our old selves," he remarked pompously, "weren't people of fortune: our new selves *are!* If you ain't uppish with servants, they think they are as good as you are. Money is the thing that counts. You feel that all right, don't you, Miss Bella? Your good looks, and the money we'll settle on you, ought to help you to something good. Live and die r-r-*ich!* That's the way to feel!"

His sentiments, and complacent representation of them as fine principles, grieved the young woman deeply. But Mr.

Boffin's deterioration through his love of gold led him to baser depths. Any book that dealt with a famous miser was eagerly bought that he might learn to take a still closer grasp of money. Bella watched the effect of these new sentiments on the secretary very closely, and was irritated at his stolid acceptance of such sordid principles. He seemed to be bartering himself for money and taking for himself Mr. Boffin's purse-proud standpoint. He had sold his principles, apparently, for material interests. Once or twice Mrs. Boffin, in her gentle, loving way, betrayed her anguish over the spectacle of her simple, generous husband hardening into selfishness and pride in money.

Silas Wegg, who had been allowed the tenancy of "Boffin's Bower" after they had left it, showed his gratitude and perspicacity by rummaging among the dust-heaps himself. His industry had its reward: for he found a later will than that which made Boffin the heir. This later one left all the money to the State. To Mr. Wegg's simple mind this meant "halves" for him, when the time came to strike and ruin his trusting patron.

Lizzie Hexam had left London, where she was exposed to the attentions of Wrayburn, who was so much her superior, and to the fierce, sullen love of the schoolmaster, and gone to a small village, in which she found a place in a mill. A poor *protégée* of Mrs. Boffin, Betty Higden, who was haunted by the dread of dying in an almshouse, had tried to escape this by peddling small articles about the country, with enough money for her funeral expenses placed in the bosom of her gown, where it could be found at once. Lizzie Hexam found her dying in the fields and smoothed her way out of the world by her sympathy.

Miss Wilfer, who had gone to Betty Higden's funeral, learned from a talk with Lizzie that she loved a man on a social plane which forbade all thought of their union. This impressed Miss Wilfer so much that she was courteous and almost caressing with Mr. Rokesmith on their return to town. Later, this new-born consideration was brought out far more strongly. Mr. Boffin accused his secretary in her presence of aspiring to Miss Wilfer's hand through mercenary motives, and so outraged Mr. John Rokesmith's honest pride that he threw up his position and left the house. Then Miss Wilfer expressed her views of Mr. Boffin's gross conduct in alternating bursts of

abhorrence for the miser he had become and of tender love for the generous man he once was, concluding with the statement that she wanted none of his money and would go home.

Mr. Boffin showed how obdurate he was by replying: "Reflect well. Go away, and you can never come back."

"I know it, and that's what I want," she returned. After embracing Mrs. Boffin and weeping with her, she said to Mr. Boffin, who sat stolidly through their affecting farewell: "I'm glad I called you names, for you deserved it. But I'm sorry I called you names, because you used to be so different. If I knew which of your hands was the least spoiled, I'd touch it."

"Try the left hand," said Mr. Boffin, helpfully extending it. "It's the least used."

She caught it, kissed it, then threw her arms around his neck and fled. She hastened to her father, Reginald Wilfer, who looked like an elderly cherub, at Veneering's, in the city. Before she had finished explaining her desperate move to him, lo! Mr. Rokesmith entered! He rushed at Bella and embraced her with ardor: "My love! My life! You *are* mine?"

"I am yours, if you think I'm worth taking," she murmured. Whereupon Mr. Rokesmith took her, then and there, so utterly that she seemed to disappear in his arms.

Then Miss Bella said they must "break it to dearest Pa," who pleasantly remarked: "You have broken so much in that first gush that I feel equal to any breakage now." The next day they were quietly married at Greenwich; and as soon as Bella was settled in a pretty cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Rokesmith called on Bella's majestic mamma to let her see what a contented pair they were despite the change in Bella's prospects.

Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, who could not define even to himself his precise attitude toward Lizzie Hexam, was so engrossed with the thought of her that he went to some pains to discover her retreat, then rowed up the river and called on her. Touched more than ever by her beautiful simple dignity, he saw how she loved him, but yielded to her request that he would not force her to fly from him to some new refuge by compromising her with his attentions. "I will try," he said gravely. They parted, and he strolled along the riverside in the early dusk of

the summer day. Pausing before turning back to his inn, he stood looking down into the river, wrapped in deep thought.

Was he struck by lightning! He turned under the blows that were rained on him and grappled with his would-be murderer, a bargeman with a red handkerchief. But the blows had crippled him, and he fell. There was another blow, a splash, and all was over.

Lizzie Hexam, who had wandered by the river slowly, heard a strange sound, then a low moan, and a fall into the river. There was no time to seek for help; and her old, free life inspired her to hasten in the direction of the sound. She came to a spot where there were some splinters, torn fragments of clothes, and blood on the bank. Following the current with her eyes, she saw a bloody face, drifting.

She fled to the boat under the willows, and was soon rowing to the floating—what? She recovered it, and got it to the inn landing, thanks to her old training. The doctor arrived. Would he let the hand fall, after he raised it? He did not, but laid it gently back. Then Lizzie fell unconscious.

Rogue Riderhood, now lock-master at Plashwater Weir-Mill Lock, had seen Mr. Wrayburn pass through three days before, and then noticed a bargeman rise up and look after him. When Bradley Headstone approached, Rogue recalled having met him one London night skulking after Wrayburn. They had talked together, and Riderhood had styled him "T'otherest Governor." He remarked that the second-hand waterside outfit Headstone was now wearing was singularly like his own.

After Headstone had gone on, saying he would be back later, Riderhood puzzled over his dress. Finally, he got a loose red handkerchief and wound it round his throat, meaning that Headstone should see it. Bradley returned the next day; Wrayburn had put up at the Anglers' Inn for two days. Headstone was off again, but returned the following afternoon and stayed the night at Riderhood's. As he slept, Rogue gently opened his coat, which was lightly buttoned round his neck, and discovered that he wore a red handkerchief about his throat!

When Headstone came back the next time, his clothes were torn and spotted. He asked Riderhood when his relief came, and Riderhood, lying, said in two days. At lunch, in cutting

something, Headstone wounded his fingers, and the blood, as if by accident, stained Riderhood's clothes. When he left the next morning, Riderhood sneaked after him until he saw him go into a small grove by the river, wash himself, and throw a bundle into the stream. He reappeared dressed in his ordinary clothes, and Riderhood decided to get the bundle that was thrown away before continuing on the schoolmaster's trail.

Wrayburn struggled back to life slowly. He prevented Lightwood from taking any measures against Bradley Headstone lest Lizzie Hexam's name should appear unpleasantly for her. His mind wandered. He struggled to say something in vain. Lightwood had brought "Jenny Wren," a dolls' dressmaker, with whom Lizzie had lived in London, to help in nursing Wrayburn. The little cripple's intuition divined what Wrayburn was trying to express: he wished to marry Lizzie. The Rev. Frank Milvey came from London and made them man and wife, to the invalid's great comfort of mind.

"You have made a poor marriage, my sweet wife," said Eugene, "with a shattered, graceless fellow, and next to nothing for you when you are a young widow."

"I have made the marriage I would have given all the world to dare to hope for, Eugene," she replied.

John Rokesmith had always carefully avoided Lightwood, who had met him on the night of the Harmon murder, when a "Julius Handford" had excitedly burst upon the scene, and had retreated after seeing the corpse. He had not been heard of again and was suspected of having committed the murder. Lightwood's discovery of him afforded an opportunity to test his wife's confidence. He told her what he was suspected of.

"Knowing this, can you trust me, Bella?"

"With all my soul, John, dear," she replied at once.

He was arrested and explained the whole situation to the satisfaction of the authorities. He said that when he was returning to England he made friends on shipboard with a third mate, George Radfoot, who resembled him greatly. They had changed clothes one day, and in the evening Rokesmith, or John Harmon, the heir, was drugged; and he had a vague consciousness that both he and Radfoot were murderously assailed. He found himself in the river when he revived, and getting out

went to a hotel where he was ill for twelve days. When he recovered he saw the posters announcing John Harmon's murder! Hastening to the place where the body was, he saw that everything pointed to his being dead. He had given the name of Julius Handford. Since then he had devoted himself to finding out what kind of girl the Miss Bella Wilfer was whom his father had destined him to marry; and to discovering whether the Boffins were the same simple, tender-hearted couple in wealth that they had always been to him when a lonely boy. The day Bella had proudly rejected him, Mrs. Boffin had come upon the secretary grieving in his room over this mercenary spirit in so young and lovely a girl, and the sad, forsaken look of the man had suddenly revealed to Mrs. Boffin's motherly soul the boy, John Harmon.

Then came the masterly plotting and acting which were to convert Miss Bella Wilfer's heart from its love of money. The genial "Noddy" became the grinding taskmaster and the rival of the worst misers known to history. Mrs. Boffin nearly ruined the scheme two or three times, when she could hardly endure the lamentable spectacle her cherished husband was making of himself. But all the results aimed at were accomplished. Mrs. John Rokesmith became the perfectly contented wife of a man of extremely modest means, and he had tested her trust in him most convincingly.

Therefore, one morning he told her he had secured better employment, and that a house went with it. He took her to the house. It was the Boffins' residence, bright with flowers; and as the bewildered Bella at last paused speechless with wonder, the Boffins appeared with the wonderful baby girl that had come to the Rokesmiths; and the whole thing was explained. Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon entered into their own, and the beaming Boffins were installed in their home permanently.

The day they thus took possession, the last wagon-load of the dust-mounds was driven through the gate of "Boffin's Bower." Mr. Silas Wegg's time for action had come; and with the will on his person the miscreant set forth for the twofold delight of humbling his generous patrons, the Boffins, and enriching himself by a sharp bargain with "Noddy." Swaggering

insolently into the house, he sprang his surprise, but reaped only the most utter discomfiture.

John Harmon gripped him, shook him till his teeth chattered, then shoved him into a corner of the room and pinned him there. "You scoundrel!" he said. "The will you have isn't worth the paper it is written on! Mr. Boffin found a later will, which left everything unconditionally to himself. This generous soul would not reveal its whereabouts to me until I had promised to take the fortune and that he should retain only his original mound. And the wonder is, you low mud-worm," continued Harmon, giving a wrench to Wegg's neck, "that when I heard you bullying him I didn't throw you out of the window."

He stepped back and raised his finger. A stalwart servant thereupon tackled the miserable Wegg, dragged him downstairs, and, as a scavenger's cart chanced to be standing near by, dumped the wretch into its contents with a great splash.

Bradley Headstone suffered several immediate consequences of his murderous attack on Eugene Wrayburn. He knew that it had brought about Lizzie Hexam's marriage to Eugene Wrayburn. Charlie Hexam, without permitting his once-revered model to say a word, had cast him off utterly as a bar to his attaining respectability. But worse retribution awaited him, when, one morning, Rogue Riderhood appeared before him and his pupils with a bundle under his arm. If the Wrayburns had taken no measures against the schoolmaster, he well knew it was only that Lizzie's name should not be lightly brought forward. But he felt what power held him helplessly now at this low rogue's pleasure.

"Beg your pardon, Governor," Riderhood said, with a leer, "what place may this be?"

"This is a school," replied Headstone, rallying from his faintness.

"Where young folks learn wot's right? And you teach them, learned Governor? Wot's that blackboard for? *Would* you be so kind as to write your name on it, learned Governor?"

Bradley hesitated, then wrote his name, large and distinct.

I ain't learned. But these young folks can read that right off, I suppose," said Riderhood wheedlingly.

"Bradley Headstone," shrilled the children proudly.

Riderhood repeated it slowly, two or three times. "Now, what do you catch in rivers, children?" Neither "Fish" nor "Weeds" were satisfactory answers. "I caught these clothes here in the river," he told them. "A bargeman's suit. I saw the man as pitched 'em in, and I got 'em out. Might you be acquainted with a man your height and weight, learned Governor, answering to a name like T'otherest? I want him!"

Quiet, desperate, his nostrils flaring, the "learned Governor" thought he did. "I'll tell him. He will come," he said.

Early in the morning of the following Saturday, he went to Plashwater Weir-Mill Lock. He learned clearly what Rogue Riderhood wanted. It was simply all the schoolmaster had. Riderhood assured him he would never leave him, not that he minded his trying to kill Wrayburn, but for coolly, deliberately, taking measures that would saddle the crime on him. When Bradley told him of his poverty, and his wretched salary, Riderhood was not moved. When Bradley started away, he followed him. Bradley doubled, Riderhood was still dogging his heels. After some time at this, Headstone passed over the wooden bridge on the lock-gate.

"That's foolish. You'll have to come back," said Riderhood. "Now I'm here," he added gruffly, "I'll change my gates." He closed the open gates, before opening the others, so that both gates were for the moment closed.

"You'd better be reasonable, Master Bradley Headstone, or I'll drain you drier when we do settle, and—ah! you *would*, would you?"

Bradley had caught him round the body with an iron grip, and worked him now toward the edge.

"Let go! Stop! You *can't* drown me," gasped Riderhood. "A man as has come through drowning can't be drowned."

"*I* can be!" returned Bradley, in a desperate, choking voice. "I am resolved to be. I'll hold you living, and I'll hold you dead. Come down!"

Riderhood went over backward into the smooth pit, and Bradley Headstone upon him. When the two were found, Riderhood's hold had relaxed, probably in falling, and his eyes were staring upward. But he was girdled with the schoolmaster's iron ring, and the rivets of the iron ring held tight.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD (1870)

Dickens died with *Edwin Drood* an unfinished story, and he left no notes by which it might have been completed by another writer according to his plan. Not long after the publication of the unfinished fragment, an edition was published with an ending that purported to have been written by a Vermont spiritualistic medium writing under the "control" of Dickens's spirit. This edition is never heard of now, and much the same fate seems to have befallen the attempt of Wilkie Collins to work out a satisfactory solution of the mystery, the clues to which are undoubtedly to be found in so much of the story as Dickens completed. It has been said many times recently that the story was suggested by the mystery attaching to the life of the eccentric fifth Duke of Portland. In the course of the trial in London, in 1907, when the claims of the Druces to the Portland title and estates were laid bare fully, a witness stated that Dickens was familiar with the alleged identity of the Duke and T. C. Druce, the Baker Street merchant. Perhaps he was, though the Duke's double life was not fully established; but certain it is that no shadow of similarity between *Edwin Drood* and the romantic Druce story can be found in the chapters written by Dickens himself. A dramatization of *Edwin Drood*, by Comyns Carr, with a "happy ending" as a solution of the mystery, was produced in London in January, 1908.

JOHN JASPER, twenty-six years old, struggled rather painfully to consciousness in a Whitechapel opium-den shortly before dawn; John Jasper, beloved guardian of his nephew, Edwin Drood; John Jasper, chief chorister and music-master attached to the Cathedral at Cloisterham; he clung weak and trembling to a bed-post and looked loathingly at his companions, a Lascar and a Chinese, and at the haggard woman who kept the place. In vain she prepared a fresh pipe, and wheedled him to yield to its comforts. He shook each of his companions in turn and listened to what they muttered when half aroused. Evidently what they said had no connection with their opium-induced visions, or with their normal life, for he snarled "Unintelligible," and let them drop. Then he paid the bill for the night's dissipation and hastened to Cloisterham, where he arrived in time to take his customary part in the vesper service.

On that evening Edwin Drood came to Cloisterham to visit his guardian and the fair Rose, to whom it was decreed that he should be married before the passing of another twelve months. It was an unusual arrangement, for Edwin and Rose had been betrothed in childhood. There were tragic circumstances that inclined their respective parents to decree the ultimate union of the children, who therefore had grown up with the understanding that they were destined for each other. Rose was an inmate of Miss Twinkleton's school, in the Nuns' House, which stood near the heart of Cloisterham, and she was also a special pupil of John Jasper's in music. A rude portrait of Rose, drawn by Edwin Drood, adorned the chimney-shelf of Jasper's sitting-room.

The greetings exchanged by nephew and guardian were exceedingly cordial. There was not much difference in their years; and the affectionate nature of their relations was manifest in the fact that Edwin addressed his guardian as Jack. Their conversation had much to do with Rose. It seemed that her progress in music was not as satisfactory as it might be. She could learn if she would, but she was given to wilfulness. The pretty orphan had been subjected to so much kindness that she was just a bit spoiled. Edwin grumbled good-humoredly that their engagement was comparatively barren of joy because it had been prearranged; but he expressed perfect confidence that their relations would right themselves happily when they were married and far from England; for he intended to go to Egypt on some engineering work immediately after the ceremony.

It was quite true that Rose and Edwin, considered as an engaged couple, did not "hit it off," as the saying is. Her status was, of course, the choicest talk of the school, and Edwin's periodical visits were occasions of much gossiping and manifestations of well-meant interest which were embarrassing to Rose. She could not be frank or natural with her testamentary lover, so to call him. It seemed such a farce to try to talk as lovers talk; and his rather clumsy attempts to make their meetings agreeable to her she interpreted as assumption on his part of a depth of romantic interest that he did not feel. And yet, though their conversations were invariably petty quarrels, she, too,

accepted the situation philosophically and looked with hope, if not confidence, to the future.

While Edwin was on this visit to Cloisterham, two strangers arrived, Neville and Helena Landless, twins and orphans. They had been brought up in Ceylon without much regard to the conventions of European civilization, and were therefore sadly in need of education. The sister joined Miss Twinkleton's school, and Neville was taken in hand for private instruction by Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon of the Cathedral. Mr. Crisparkle had a dinner-party in honor of the new arrivals, at which there were present Jasper, Edwin, and Rose. The latter attempted to sing for the company, Jasper accompanying her at the piano. He watched her steadily, as if ready to put her on the key if she should lose it; and the closer he watched, the more difficult it became for her to go on. At last she broke down altogether and cried in a rather frantic way that she could not sing again. This episode passed without much remark, for Rose quickly recovered; but another thing happened that had a lasting influence. Neville fell deeply in love with Rose. If it had not been for his established status as an engaged man, it is to be suspected that Edwin would have lost his heart to Helena.

After escorting the girls to the school, the young men dropped in on Jasper at his rooms in the postern gate-house. Neville recognized Rose's portrait and declared it a pity that so beautiful a girl should not be represented by a better picture. Drood confessed that the portrait had been done by his hand, whereupon Neville was embarrassed and stammered an apology while he clung to his first opinion. His manner put Drood's nerves on edge, and there was a rather sharp exchange of ironical remarks that would probably not have led to an actual quarrel, if Neville had been of the cold-blooded habit of the northern people to whose ways he was yet a stranger. He was, on the contrary, of a quick temper, and, most unfortunately, in the habit of chastising any who opposed him, his previous life having been spent mainly among servile people. So hot words had their worst consequence, and so far as blows were concerned, Neville was the aggressor. Jasper came in in the nick of time and parted the belligerents. From that time Jasper was an almost open enemy of Neville. He warned Mr. Crisparkle that

the young man was dangerous, and he spoke to others in such a way that word of the encounter, with its cause, went all over the city; but nothing further occurred at the time, for Edwin Drood's brief visit came to end and he returned to London. Mr. Crisparkle took Neville kindly but firmly to task for his violence of temper, and strove in every possible way to bring about a reconciliation between the young men. Neville took the rebuke in a manifestly penitential spirit, but, under cover of the strictest confidence, he confessed to his tutor that his heart had been so taken by Rose that he could not endure tranquilly the thought of her marriage to a man so indifferent to her as Drood seemed to be. Mr. Crisparkle assured him that it was wholly wrong to hold such a view under the circumstances, and asked Neville to promise that he would never make his love known to Rose, and that he would shake hands with Drood and never under any provocation renew the quarrel. Neville gave these promises, and Mr. Crisparkle was confident that he meant to keep them. The clergyman went further, and wrote Drood, asking him to meet Neville half-way; and it was arranged that the young men should dine with Jasper on Christmas eve with a view to making up their quarrel, Drood assenting to this plan with the utmost readiness.

About this time, while Mr. Crisparkle was trying to negotiate as peacemaker, Jasper began to cultivate the acquaintance of Durdles, a besotted old fellow who carried on a business of cutting monuments and gravestones. Durdles kept the keys to the Cathedral crypt and to many of the tombs, and he was reputed to know more about the ancient burial vaults of Cloisterham than all the archeologists of the kingdom together. He was willing enough to be Jasper's guide through the usually unseen precincts of the Cathedral, the chief consideration being that Jasper should supply plenty of liquor. It was generally believed by the clergy attached to the Cathedral that Jasper was an amateur archeologist, though the musician modestly disclaimed any intention of writing a monograph. He prowled about the crypt and vaults on several occasions by daylight with Durdles, and at length arranged to make a night visit to the Cathedral tower. Durdles always carried a bundle which was supposed to contain his dinner, and which he never let out of his

hands. On the occasion of the night visit he had the dinner bundle as usual, as well as some heavy keys to the several doors that would have to be unlocked.

Jasper had a capacious bottle of strong liquor from which Durdles refreshed himself frequently while they were climbing the tower. He did not cease to apply himself to it on the way down, and by the time they were in the crypt, on the way out, he was so overcome with drunkenness that he begged for the privilege of forty winks before proceeding farther. Jasper agreed to wait for him, and Durdles sank down on the pavement with his bundle and keys beside him. In his stupor he imagined that he felt something lifted, that he heard his companion's footsteps go trailing away out of hearing, that a long silence followed, and that then the footsteps returned and hands were laid on him. He awoke in a half-fright to see Jasper bending over him and rallying him on having slept so soundly and long. The Cathedral bells rang two o'clock, and Durdles was startled at the lateness of the hour. "Why didn't you wake me?" he asked; and Jasper replied that he tried to repeatedly and could not; and Durdles noticed that Jasper eyed him sharply. They went forth then, and Durdles staggered homeward, indignantly rejecting Jasper's offer of assistance.

Just before Christmas, Rose was visited by her guardian, Mr. Grewgious. He told her, among other things, that the decree of the wills that she should marry Edwin Drood was not and could not be legally binding. If they should choose to disregard it, there would be no penalty. Their respective property interests would be undisturbed. He had also made this phase of the situation known to Drood, and the result was that, when Drood next called on Rose, these testamentary lovers decided thenceforth to be friends. Their agreement was reached with the utmost amicability, but Drood could not bring himself to tell Jasper about it. He was sure that Jasper would be bitterly disappointed, and rather than cast a damper on the Christmas Eve dinner, at which Neville and he were to make up their quarrel, it was arranged that the disclosure should be left to Mr. Grewgious.

Early on Christmas morning Jasper rushed from the gatehouse demanding of everybody he met if he had seen Edwin

Drood. It seemed that the dinner had passed pleasantly, and the long evening following, so far at least as appearances went. The little party broke up at about midnight. A tempestuous wind was blowing at the time; and Drood and Neville set out together for the river to watch the effect of the storm. Drood had not been seen since. Neville also had gone, but there was no mystery in his departure. He had started before sunrise on a two weeks' pedestrian tour that had been planned openly. Jasper was frantic with anxiety. He was sure there had been foul play, and recounted Neville's manifestations of quick temper, and his reason for being jealous of Drood. The little city was so excited over the matter that Neville was pursued, overtaken a few miles from town, and brought back. Mr. Crisparkle agreed to answer for Neville's appearance when wanted, and the whole community joined in searching the country and dragging the river for some trace of Drood. The only trace was found by Mr. Crisparkle himself. He recovered a watch and pin, known to belong to Drood, from the weir some two miles upstream from the spot where the young men had stood watching the effects of the storm. In view of this discovery Mr. Crisparkle could do naught but deliver Neville into custody.

Matters were in this way when Mr. Grewgious called on Jasper and informed him of the decision reached by Rose and Edwin Drood. The moment he became possessed of this intelligence, Jasper fainted away and was revived only with the greatest difficulty.

Search for evidence against Neville continued for some time, though Jasper was constrained to admit that there was really nothing to hang an accusation on; and eventually the young man was released. He left Cloisterham and went to London where, still under Mr. Crisparkle's general guidance, he continued his reading, studying with a special view to the law.

About six months after the disappearance of Edwin Drood, there came to Cloisterham a white-haired man of somewhat eccentric demeanor who said that his name was Datcherly. He described himself as a "single buffer" of independent means in search of a quiet lodging where he could pass the rest of his life. He expressed a preference for something architecturally quaint, even inconvenient, about his lodgings; and as the pre-

cincts of the Cathedral had much quaintness, and doubtless plenty of inconvenience, he was advised to search there. The result was that he took two rooms three steps below the level of the pavement just across the entrance from Jasper's quarters in the postern gate. There Datcherly used to sit, hour after hour, with his street-door open, reading, or idly watching the passers-by. He was always an attentive listener whenever anybody spoke about Jasper, and he had an odd way, after such conversations, of opening a closet-door and making a chalk mark on the inside. Sometimes he made a long mark, sometimes a very short one. If these were records, only himself could interpret them.

Miss Twinkleton's school was closed for the long vacation, but Rose remained there, as usual, for she had no other home. She had ceased to take music-lessons from Jasper at Christmastime, and since then had kept resolutely out of his way. One day when she was alone in the Nuns' House, except for the servants, Jasper called upon her. She was frightened, but she could not deny her presence there, and so sent word that she would see him in the garden. Many windows looked down on them, and Jasper, while he spoke, leaned negligently against a sun-dial, evincing his portentous earnestness only by looks and tones, or the clenching of his fingers, manifestations all that could not attract outside attention. He told Rose that he loved her madly, that he always had loved her; but that while Edwin Drood was alive he had loyally kept his love secret.

Rose bravely called him a bad man. She told him he had made his obnoxious passion known in subtle ways that prevented her from speaking of it; and she turned to leave him. Jasper stayed her with a terrible threat. He recalled her love for Helena, Neville's sister. "I have sworn," he said, "to devote my life to the conviction of Edwin's murderer. I have gathered much evidence that looks toward Neville. A little more, or the clever shaping of what I now have, and he can be convicted. Be mine, and I will give up my deadly search. Refuse, and I will bring destruction on those you love best."

Rose heard him in terrified silence. She heard him repeat his threat to convict Neville, even though he were surely innocent; heard him swear that if she refused him he would pursue

her to death. Then she walked silently into the house, and Jasper, apparently calm, went his way. Before that day was done, Rose had gone to London to seek the protection of her guardian. Mr. Grewgious heard her story with less amazement than perhaps she expected, for Neville had taken rooms in Staples Inn, where also were the rooms of Mr. Grewgious; and the latter, sitting at his window, could see not only Neville's windows across a court, but other windows where from time to time he had caught glimpses of the face of Jasper. Before Rose came to him he had discovered that Jasper was spying personally on Neville, and he had no doubt that during his necessary absences in Cloisterham, Jasper had hired agents on the ground to continue the espionage for him.

Mr. Grewgious, indeed, had conceived a strong dislike for Jasper, dating apparently from the day when the decision of Edwin and Rose not to marry had been made known to him. At all events he undertook gladly to protect Rose and do everything possible to counteract Jasper's moves against Neville. Mr. Crisparkle was summoned to London for a consultation, the result of which was an arrangement whereby Rose and Miss Twinkleton took lodgings in Bloomsbury for a month to await developments.

The Cathedral doors had closed for the night when Jasper, having obtained a short leave of absence, went to London. He deposited his bag in a lodging-house near Aldersgate, and went on to the east end, arriving eventually at the old woman's opium-den where we first discovered him. He was her only patron that night, for which reason alone she would have been glad to see him, but she had an extraordinary interest in him quite apart from the money he brought to her till. She plied him with shrewd questions, harping ever on the subject of his visions; and as he gradually fell under the poisonous influence she listened to his maunderings with frightful eagerness. So eager was she that all through the night she resisted her own desire for the numbing weed, and watched him; and when, in the early dawn, he left her, she secretly followed him. He, unsuspicious, led her to the Aldersgate lodging-house. There shrewd inquiries addressed to a servant elicited the fact that "the gentleman from Cloisterham" was to go home in the evening.

The haggard woman went to Cloisterham at once and waited for hours at the corner where the omnibus from the distant railway-station set down its passengers. Jasper alighted at nine in the evening, and she tracked him to the postern gate, where he disappeared so abruptly that she halted in confusion. Then she saw Datcherly sitting in his open door across the entrance, and from him she learned who Jasper was and how he lived in the gate-house itself.

Datcherly was much interested in the haggard woman. He accompanied her part way to a hotel, and when she begged money with which to buy opium, he gave it to her. "I was here once before," she told him, "trying to find that gentleman, but he slipped me just as he did now, and there was nobody to tell me he went up that narrow stairway to the gate-house. That was Christmas Eve. I met a young gentleman then who gave me money, and I asked his name, his Christian name. It was Edwin. Strange that it shouldn't have been Ned. I asked him if he had a sweetheart, and he said no, he hadn't."

She went on to her cheap hotel, and Datcherly, returning to his room, made a short chalk-mark on the inside of his closet-door. Later he visited the haggard woman's hotel and paid a servant there a shilling to find out where she lived.

Next morning the woman attended service in the Cathedral. She stationed herself where she could see the choir without danger of being seen by the music-master. Datcherly was there, too, and after service he put himself in the woman's way.

"Good morning, mistress," said he. "You have seen him?"

"I've seen him," she replied exultingly.

"And you know him?"

"Better than all the reverend parsons put together know him."

Before Mr. Datcherly sat down to breakfast, he opened his cupboard door, took his bit of chalk from its shelf, added one thick line to the score, extending from the top of the door to the bottom, and then he fell to with an appetite.

[It is at this point that Mr. Dickens's manuscript ended.]

SYLVIO DINARTE

(Portugal, 1812–1875)

INNOCENCIA (1838)

The scene of this tale is on the road from the town of Sant' Anno do Paranahiba to the pass of Camapuan, along the southeast part of the province of Matto Grosso, Brazil, and about five hundred miles from the capital, Rio Janeiro. The solitude of this semi-arid region is that of the desert. The houses or ranches are few and far apart; and it is to their hospitality that the lone wayfarer looks for food and lodging. If there be none at hand, the traveler unloads and turns his animals loose, and flies for repose to some neighboring clump of palms during the great heat of midday or the vast loneliness of midnight.

IT was the fifteenth of July, being midwinter in Brazil. Following the road from Sant' Anna to Camapuan, a traveler was seen mounted on a strongly built, pacing, flea-bitten brown mule. His physiognomy and garb indicated a man of the neighborhood returning to his home. He wore a broad-brimmed Chili hat, a poncho of varied colors and riding-boots of yellow leather. He was about five-and-twenty; his face showed clear, black eyes, and a dark beard and hair, closely trimmed.

He traveled alone, and was traversing the best part of the road between the house of Albina Lata and that of Leal. Immersed in his thoughts, and gaping occasionally with *ennui*, he was not aware, until almost overtaken, that another traveler was following at a gallop on a small, knock-kneed, but powerful horse.

The new arrival was a man of middle age, stout, full-faced, rubicund, and jovial.

"Hello there! are you going to Camapuan?"

Looking at him suspiciously, the other replied evasively.

Thereupon the stranger, with great volubility, apologized for so rudely accosting him, and introduced himself as Martinho

dos Santos Pereira. The first traveler then announced himself as Cyrino Ferreira de Campos, and the two horsemen rode along together after this brief introduction.

Learning that his new acquaintance intended to ask a lodging at the fazenda, or ranch, of Leal, Pereira urged him warmly to go two miles farther and lodge with him instead. Cyrino gladly accepted; and hence, when they reached a fork in the highway, a branch of a tree was laid across the main road to serve as a signal to a man who was conducting Cyrino's mules and luggage in the rear to turn aside to the Pereira fazenda.

The conversation of the two travelers became more familiar as they proceeded, and gradually it came out that the younger traveler was an itinerant physician, almost the only sort required in that scattered population. Having questioned his companion closely as to his studies and experience, Pereira expressed his satisfaction, because his little girl, as he called her, was seriously ill with fever and ague; and he was, at this very time, on the way home from Sant' Anna, where he had just gone expressly to buy some quinine; but he had failed to get a grain of the drug either for love or money. It was therefore a godsend that a live, experienced practitioner, with a mule-load of drugs, had been so unexpectedly and happily intercepted. Cyrino was only too glad to find himself anticipating such a hopeful chance of adding to his slender funds. Though Cyrino's medical education might not have passed muster among the universities of Europe, it was far better than nothing in a region where fatalities were confined mostly to local fevers and knife and gunshot wounds, produced by hot passions and usually so effective as to be beyond medical aid.

On arriving at the fazenda of Pereira, the young doctor was made welcome to a spacious room lighted by one large door and having a floor of earth. Here a plain meal was served to him, while the host, making his apologies, disappeared. When he returned he reported his little motherless girl as suffering severely. The emphasis laid on the way he spoke of her had some special significance, as if intended to mislead one's expectations. Cyrino suggested the importance of seeing her without delay, while remedies might still be of use. But on one pretext and another Pereira put off the visit of the doctor until

it was nearly dark. Then he conducted him behind the main building to the other part of the dwelling, which was concealed from view by the front of the house and by dense shrubbery.

Cyrino perceived at once the cause of all this mystery, when he entered the sick-chamber and discovered, in the dusky light, lying on the bed, not a little girl but an extremely beautiful young woman, whose charms not even the gloom could wholly conceal. It was so dark that against his inclinations Pereira was obliged to order a candle to be brought in order to allow the physician to see the patient well. The effect was to increase her attractions, which were further enhanced when Cyrino recommended that her wonderful wealth of dark tresses should be loosened and allowed to flow over her shoulders in order to cool the feverish head. Secluded as each was from the society of the other sex, being unmarried, according to the intense jealousy of the people and the low opinion of women, the effect of meeting under such circumstances was almost instantaneous. Through half-closed eyes doctor and patient exchanged a lightning glance that pierced to their very souls, revealing a mutual understanding and new phases of life affecting their destiny. Without knowing why or wherefore, she shivered as if some cold rigor had seized her.

"Have you fever?" inquired Cyrino, in a low voice.

"I don't know," she responded.

"Let me examine the pulse"; and taking her hand as he leaned over her, he tenderly pressed it in his own, and retained it there in spite of the faint efforts she occasionally made to withdraw it.

Pereira, who had stepped out a moment, now entered. Innocencia quickly closed her eyes, and Cyrino regained his former position, pressing a finger to his lips, and whispering: "Hush-sh! she is sleeping."

"Dear, dear!" replied Pereira, also in a low tone. "That stupid Maria Conga upset the coffee, and more had to be made to mix with her quinine. Did I delay very long?"

"No," responded Cyrino, in all sincerity.

"But now we must wake the little one," observed Pereira.

"There is no alternative but to do so."

Innocencia played her part well. It required several shakings before she opened her eyes with a startled glance. After some coaxing, she was induced to take the disagreeable potion; and giving her full instructions as to the treatment, the physician retired, Pereira exclaiming, "These doctors know everything," and crossing himself. But before leaving the room, Cyrino, on the plea of feeling her pulse, failed not to take her hand again in his and grasp it with a warm pressure that did not seem to cause the invalid displeasure. He had entered the room to cure a patient, but he left it with the newly acquired infirmity of love-sickness, which drove away sleep and kept him tossing restlessly until dawn.

Cyrino incautiously stated that he had not slept well, and was liberally chaffed by Pereira and a certain long-legged and bespectacled German globe-trotter and naturalist, Dr. Meyer, who had arrived in the night with his mules and attendants, and had settled himself at the ranch, bringing a letter to Pereira from the latter's brother. This circumstance led the host to exclaim that Meyer, while he stayed there, should take the place of his brother, and receive the same courtesy and confidence. He showed the sincerity of these sentiments very soon. Cyrino was so overcome with the situation in which he now found himself that, as soon as his patient showed signs of recovery, he announced his intention to depart. Pereira and Meyer accused him of being in love, little suspecting how close they struck home and how near was the object of his affection. But to show how great was his confidence in both his guests, Pereira insisted that they should dine *en famille* with himself and the Doña Innocencia, a compliment than which there can be none greater among the Portuguese, and especially those of Brazil.

The meal was to be in a spacious tiled apartment adjoining that of Innocencia. She was seated on a bamboo sofa. Her feet rested on the skin of a huge ant-eater, on which squatted the dusky dwarf Tico, who was a sort of page, faithful to his master as a dog, but with a malevolent look suggesting Caliban.

Cyrino quickly approached the lady, disguising his eagerness by exclaiming: "She is still very weak."

But the father approached her with Meyer, and gently tak-

ing her hands in his, inquired in a tender voice: "Do you feel any worse, my child?"

"*Nhar—nao*" ("No, sir"), she replied.

"Well, then, you must not yield to such weakness. Look! Here is this gentleman, a German, who has a letter from your Uncle Chico. I wish to show him that he is now one of our own people, and to present him to you."

She made no reply, but accepted Meyer's great hand. On the recommendation of wine for her by the physician, Meyer good-naturedly offered some excellent port in his own trunk. Pereira thanked him effusively.

"Oh, no! not at all, no obligation whatever," exclaimed Dr. Meyer, with German enthusiasm. "No, Senhor, your daughter is really lovely, and appears to be an equally good girl. She must naturally have such a beautiful color that I would give anything to see her in good health. What a maiden! what loveliness!"

This innocent Saxon effusiveness produced extraordinary commotion in the persons who heard it. Pereira turned pale, and frowned as he threw a glance of astonished horror at one who had so imprudently, and, as he thought, impudently, praised to her face the beauty of his daughter, thus violating the conventions of Brazilian society; while Innocencia herself blushed scarlet. As if to make matters worse, Meyer, unconscious of the mistake he had made on an occasion intended to be an especial compliment to him, began to speak very unfavorably of the Portuguese custom of secluding the women.

"Shall we go?" interrupted Pereira testily.

"Certainly," replied the simple German, tendering his hand and bowing low as he followed his host, who left the room livid with rage.

In a low voice the latter said to Cyrino: "I hardly know how to contain myself; I am blinded with wrath, and this is the friend my brother has sent me! He is a pestilent fellow. He must be a knave, a *vaux rien*; I'll keep an eye on him!"

"You will do well," replied Cyrino briefly, but probably inclined privately to encourage a modification of some Portuguese customs.

Allowing Meyer to walk well ahead, Pereira continued in a

more violent tone: "If it were not for my brother's letter, I swear that ruffian would dance to a sound thrashing. I might have known he was silly over women. And women are so easily influenced by any nonsense that these idiots talk to them."

"He will soon be going away," said Cyrino consolingly.

"The scamp! just imagine! a woman who expects a husband in two or three days! Let us only hope that Menecão will hear nothing of this, or otherwise his knife will be into this rascal."

Cyrino listened in silence but with a severe shock when he heard the word husband; such a shock, indeed, that he could not trust himself to open his mouth.

And here a word is in order as to the use of the term husband as applied to one who is as yet only betrothed. In Brazil, as every Brazilian knows, betrothal is equivalent to marriage, so far as concerns the sacredness of the agreement of the contracting parties. The girl has absolutely no voice in the matter; she is merely a dummy. The parents select whom they will; and when they have accepted an offer her word is not necessary, but the agreement is nevertheless binding on her forever; the church ceremony is simply a ratification. And if in the mean time she loves another, or finds her *fiancé* repulsive, and hence refuses to marry him, the family name is dishonored, and she risks a very great probability of being murdered by the *fiancé* or even her own father or brother. Now Menacão, who was expected in two days, a coarse, rough fellow but with property, was the hated betrothed of the fair, warm-hearted Innocencia. Consider then what material there was for a tragedy in the elements now converging around the fazenda of Pereira, especially as Meyer had invited himself, to the disgust of Pereira, to remain two weeks longer, such was the richness of that region in rare butterflies; while Cyrino, anxious to tear himself away, broken-hearted at the news of the betrothal of Innocencia, was as good as forced by Pereira to remain to treat her. Pereira had taken a fancy to the young man, having not the slightest suspicion of the nature of Cyrino's sentiments. The situation was aggravated by the expected visit of the godfather of Innocencia. Among Portuguese the responsibility of a godfather is no perfunctory matter; it is scarcely less binding and responsible than that of the parent. The honor of the godfather is

involved in the firmness with which he maintains the engagements by which he is bound. To Cyrino the situation had reached a stage that was beyond endurance. He felt already that Innocencia shared his love, though as yet no distinct declaration had been exchanged, and of course no plan had been devised by which she could escape the bond that prevented hope of their union.

At last, in his desperation, he arose one morning before dawn and stole under her window. To his joy and amazement the wooden shutter of her window was open, glass being rarely needed in that serene climate, and in the dim light he could discern her shadowy form, as if from a subtle premonition she were waiting for him.

Words fail to describe the rapture of this hazardous interview, which meant death if discovered. All doubt was now dispelled; and the aim of the lovers was to break the terrible engagement by which Innocencia was bound, and to unite their lives for time and eternity. But of the utmost importance was the additional fact that Cyrino learned the name and residence of the godfather of Innocencia, and that he was a man of kindly disposition, who might, possibly, be led to throw his influence in their favor. It was their only hope. Both from her father and Menacão, her betrothed, only the worst, even death, was to be expected for both, if once suspicion were aroused. But as her father owed considerable money to Antonio Cesario, the godfather, who lived sixty-five miles away, he might be forced to listen to reason. It was expedient, therefore, that Cyrino hasten to see the godfather without delay.

Two or three more stolen interviews—the last one in a dark thicket away from the house, since suspicious signs, including a stone hurled at Cyrino, had been noticed about the dwelling, of which Tico the dwarf was suspected—and the lovers parted with streaming eyes and hearts wrung by hope and despair.

When passing through Sant' Anna, his native town, Cyrino had difficulty in escaping from the group of gossips who daily congregated at the village store and harassed every newcomer with a multitude of questions. They seemed to suspect something from Cyrino's hurry to go, and were bound to know his secret. And then and there the two rivals met, Cyrino and

Menecão, the former knowing what he had to dread from the gloomy, fierce-looking, powerful owner of horses and mules, and the latter scowling contemptuously at the pale, well-bred physician, not because he knew aught to his prejudice, but merely on general principles.

Cyrino at last arrived at the house of Cesario, and was cordially welcomed as a guest. What agonies he endured before he was able to bring the matter before the godfather are beyond description. He had to brave his wrath and so to present the matter as to win a friend and ally instead of making another enemy to his cause. At last he managed to get the consent of Cesario to meet him at a secluded spot, where he had a great secret to divulge. After beating around the bush, Cyrino made a clear confession. The horror of Cesario was intense. That anyone should urge him in behalf of a total stranger, and a poor witling of a girl, to sacrifice his honor, was so intolerable that on the first impulse Cesario raised the gun he carried as protection against the jaguars and threatened to shoot Cyrino.

Baring his breast, Cyrino begged him to fire, as life under such conditions was no longer endurable. Cesario was not without heart, and recoiled when he saw how nearly he had committed murder. Sympathy, pity, gradually took the place of rage. The passionate appeal of Cyrino, begging his help on his knees, was too much to resist. He recalled a similar incident in his own youthful experience, and when Cyrino swore by the grave of his own mother that it was Innocencia herself who had recommended resorting to her godfather for aid, he no longer hesitated. He agreed to reflect on the matter and to do what he could. But one tremendous condition he required from Cyrino on his solemn oath before God and the Virgin. This was that if, at the end of ten days, Cesario did not come to meet him at that spot, he, Cyrino, should agree never to seek Innocencia again, and to drop her from his life. Cyrino readily agreed to this, for he well knew that death for one or both of the lovers was near at hand if Cesario brought not the hoped-for aid.

In the mean time Menecão had arrived at the homestead of Pereira, who informed him that the marriage forms were under preparation as well as the details for the wedding-festivities.

The next day Pereira entered Innocencia's room and told her of the arrival of her betrothed. She expressed no interest and no desire to see him, but said that the idea of marrying him was utterly impossible and repulsive. Pereira showed the greatest consternation and rage, but contented himself with no ruder demonstration of his sentiments. When he informed Menacão of what had passed, the latter looked like a thunder-cloud, but only said: "Depend upon it, there is another man in the case."

The next day Pereira from the adjoining room summoned Innocencia to appear before him and Menacão. Rising from before the shrine of the Virgin Mary, with a firm step she proceeded to the room where both the men sat close to the table. "I am here, my father," she said, in clear but slightly tremulous voice.

"Sit yourself down here, close to us. Menacão wants to talk with you about something particular," said he.

"Ha! ha! she knows what it is," laughingly observed the muleteer.

"I do not know," Innocencia replied in unmistakable tone.

"Well, then, you are trying to be funny. Have you forgotten what I arranged with your father?"

She calmly replied: "I do not remember."

Moving nearer to the girl, Menacão said: "Our marriage—"

"Your marriage?" she inquired, in assumed surprise.

"Yes."

"But with whom?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Menacão, much surprised. "Who else but you?"

Pereira turned livid with rage, while at the reply of Menacão Innocencia instinctively moved swiftly away for refuge behind a chair, exclaiming: "I? I marry the Senhor? Never! rather would I welcome death. Never! Never can it be!"

Menacão shivered as with cold. Pereira sprang to his feet, for some moments almost paralyzed, stammering: "You are mad! Then will you not marry him?" his very teeth chattering.

"No! rather would I die," shrieked the poor victim of conventions that made of two otherwise respectable men diabolical persecutors and bullies.

Pereira with his utmost strength flung her against the wall,

where she lay helpless, with the blood oozing from her forehead, while tears of rage ran from his eyes. As for Menacão, he neither said nor did anything, but in his breast raged a volcano.

Tico, the dwarf, came in, and assisting her to rise, led her with tottering steps away from the presence of her persecutors.

The two men decided that whatever man was in this business must be found and killed at once. The honor of both required it. As for the poor girl, she was no longer an object of sympathy or thought to either of them. Pereira surmised that it must be the great, long-legged, bespectacled Meyer, the German. But Tico, the dwarf, who sympathized with Innocencia and yet stood up as strongly for the family honor, assured them that it was Cyrino, the doctor, and furnished proofs that they considered sufficient.

"I'll take care of him!" yelled Pereira.

"No, Senhor," said Menacão with significant tone. "Leave him to me; it is my duty, and I shall go at once to accomplish it," and he did set off to trace the fated Cyrino.

The tenth day had come, the day when Cesario, the godfather, was to make his final answer to Cyrino. The latter had reached the spot where the two were to meet, and was abiding the time, when Menacão, the last man he wanted to see, galloped up, and after a few insulting words fired point blank into Cyrino's body. As the poor man lay dying he moaned: "I forgive you!" "I want none of your forgiveness," growled the assassin with fiendish spite. At that moment the hoofs of a horse were heard. Menacão took one glance, sprang on his horse and fled. It was Cesario, who came with good news for the lovers, but, alas! too late! "Let her never marry Menacão!" were Cyrino's last words as he passed away, supported by the friendly arm of Cesario.

"I swear that never shall he have Innocencia," replied Cesario, while tears streamed from his eyes.

But a few months passed after the death of Cyrino, and Innocencia, poor girl, was also delivered to Mother Earth to sleep the long slumber of eternity, while we who still linger in the world wonder why such sorrows must needs be the portion of suffering humanity.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

(England, 1804–1881)

VIVIAN GREY (1826)

The story of *Vivian Grey* was Benjamin Disraeli's first step in that path of greatness which he pursued to such lofty heights. When it appeared, with its half-veiled hits at well-known public men, its clever satires on society, its almost too florid descriptive passages, and its keen analysis of human actions, it became at once the talk of fashionable and political London. When the great folk found that the book had not been written by one of themselves, they were amazed, and when it proved to be the production of a boy of twenty-two, studying law in an attorney's office—the son of a well-known Hebrew writer, Isaac d'Israeli—they took the youth up at once and made a lion of him. This was the opening Benjamin Disraeli wanted, and he improved his opportunity. From that time he went straightforward to his goal, and he died an English earl and the greatest statesman in Europe. A key to the principal personages portrayed has been given by the late Lord Rowton, who, as Montagu Curry, was Disraeli's private secretary throughout his tempestuous and significant political career, and until his death. In this novel Vivian Grey is the portrait of Disraeli himself; the Duke of Waterloo is the Duke of Wellington; Prince Hungary represents Prince Esterhazy; Mrs. Million, the rich Mrs. Coutts; Lady Blessington is Lady Doubtful; and Prince Gortschakoff is called Prince Xtmnpqrtosklw. The wicked Marquess of Hertford is described under the title of the Marquess of Grandgoût. This nobleman, whom Thackeray immortalized as the Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*, appears under various names in several of Disraeli's books. Theodore Hook appears as Stanislaus Hoax and Lord Brougham as Foaming Fudge.

R. VIVIAN GREY was a young gentleman of good family and considerable expectations. He moped in college halls, thinking that the great game of life was open before him to play, and he felt genius burning within him. He knew he was able to grapple with all great problems. He sat down to think just what path he should choose to wealth and greatness, and he decided on Politics.

As he approached his majority he went to work. There was a certain noble Marquis—the Most Noble Sydney, Marquis

of Carabas, an old gentleman who had held office and been turned out for incompetence in spite of his "interests." The Marquis was vain and weak, still imagined himself a great man and longed to play a part once more on the stage of the world. Vivian met him and decided to "use him." What he needed at first, he said, was the name of some great noble, and that nobleman's "interests."

His keen, confident, but ill-trained mind soon made itself master of the weak intellect of the Marquis and he received an invitation to the nobleman's seat, Château Desir, where a large company was assembled.

"I consider it remarkably fortunate that we have met," his lordship said of Vivian; "especially just at this time when so many important political changes are impending. Really his advice is of the utmost importance." Thus did the Marquis vapor while some of his guests wondered; and Mrs. Felix Lorraine, his lordship's sister-in-law, looked keenly at the young man and saw through him.

Mrs. Lorraine's husband was absent on a foreign mission. He was the black sheep of the family. The lady was under the especial protection of the Marquis, over whom she exercised a powerful sway.

Vivian bewildered and fascinated the company assembled at the castle. He flattered openly and shamelessly, and talked brilliantly, inventing quotations from the classics and from political speeches, and recklessly manufacturing historical precedents.

"Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Lorraine, "I congratulate you on your reception here. You see we make you quite one of the family. Come, it is a fine evening, let us enjoy the moonlight from the terrace. Do you know," she continued as they walked along, "I am glad you came down here. I feel that we shall be great friends. Have you a friend, Mr. Grey?" Vivian tried to keep pace with the wily woman in fine phrases, but soon was floundering in the tangle of her apparent sentimentality, frankness, and changing moods. In ten minutes she had brought the boy to the verge of a declaration. Then she checked him and, turning serious, said: "Do you know, I think your plan excellent."

"My plan, Madam?"

"Yes. The Marquis has told me all. I have no head for politics, but if I cannot assist you in managing the nation, perhaps I can assist you in managing the family. My services are at your command. There, I pledge my troth. Do you think it a pretty hand?"

After two weeks at Château Desir it was all arranged. The lords and gentlemen out of office were to form a third party. In solemn conclave they pledged themselves to each other. "And who is to be the leader?" asked one. It was a crisis.

"Frederick Cleveland," said Vivian decidedly.

The silence of a great astonishment fell upon the company. Mr. Cleveland was an ex-Minister of State who once had swayed the destinies of the nation. Soured with public life, he had retired to a sinecure in Wales. Almost his last public act had been to score the Marquis of Carabas and his fellow-incompetents most mercilessly in the House.

"Now I have done it," thought Vivian, "but I suppose this Cleveland is but a man after all." And he posted away for the statesman's Welsh retreat.

Vivian succeeded. The mature and experienced statesman fell a prey to the wiles of the daring and brilliant boy. Power once tasted, the taste is never entirely out of the mouth. Cleveland came back with Vivian to Château Desir.

There was reconciliation all around. Cleveland gave up his Welsh sinecure, and one of the lords of the cabal pledged himself that a member owned by him should resign and the ex-statesman go in his place to Parliament.

Busy weeks passed in planning and plotting. Mrs. Felix Lorraine joyfully played the cat-and-mouse game with Vivian and remarked that "Mr. Cleveland had such handsome eyes." One night Vivian retired to meditate in the conservatory. Down one of the palm alleys a curious sight met his gaze. Mrs. Felix Lorraine was at the feet of Frederick Cleveland, beseeching, in tears apparently, while he regarded her with a cold and distant look.

A few days later a sudden change came over the relations of Vivian Grey to his noble patron. The Marquis no longer consulted with him, but seemed to look suspiciously on the preco-

cious youth, and turned a remarkably cold shoulder to his advances. He seemed ready to break with Cleveland also. "I little thought, sir," said the Marquis pompously, "that I—I—was to be made use of—I had understood that I was to—to lead."

Vivian sought Mrs. Felix Lorraine and had a serious conversation with her. He saw what influence was at work. He ended by saying: "I can contemplate no situation which can justify your conduct toward Mr. Cleveland, even though he had spurned you—kneeling at his feet." Mrs. Lorraine shrieked and fainted.

When she had revived she confessed all—she had, indeed, tried to break up the cabal. She asked Vivian to enter her parlor, where she offered him a glass of hock and seltzer. "Let me prepare it for you," said the lady, quite recovered in spirits.

Vivian, gazing at a mirror, saw Mrs. Felix mix the drink and pour a white powder into it. A sickness came over him. "Here, drink while it effervesces," said the woman.

"I am not thirsty—I am too hot—I am too anything," replied Vivian.

"If you will not drink, then here it goes forever," said Mrs. Lorraine, emptying the drink into a globe of gold and silver fish. Later in the day Vivian saw a servant carrying out the globe, in which the fish were dead.

Vivian gave Mrs. Felix to understand that she must undo her work or he would have a tale to tell that would drive her an outcast from Château Desir—and the lady undid her work. All was harmony again.

The conspirators went up to London. The time was approaching when they were to strike. One morning the Marquis sent for Vivian. "Egad, I am in great spirits this morning," said the nobleman. "We are sure to win."

Just then the morning's letters were brought in. "Hah! What's this?" cried his lordship, as he read the first letter. It was from Lord Courtown, and it spoke of premature conduct, the betrayal of private communication and "the dishonorable conduct of Mr. Vivian Grey." In short, Lord Courtown had deserted. The second letter was from another member of the cabal and to the same effect—it might have been written by the same person. Letter after letter told the same story. The

whole crew had deserted and told his lordship that Mr. Vivian Grey could no longer use them for his own purpose.

"What is the matter?" cried Vivian.

"The matter!" shrieked the Marquis. "The matter is that I have been a poor, weak fool." And he flung over to Vivian the last letter, which was a dismissal of the Marquis from some little post of honor in which his Majesty had no further use for him. "That I should have been the victim of the arts of such a young scoundrel as you!" cried the Marquis. "I will not hear you! Go away! I, the Marquis of Carabas, to be made a tool of!"

Vivian left the room. He recognized the work of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. "I will seek her," he thought, "and will stretch her out on a rack of mental suffering at least. I am ruined, but I will have revenge."

He found Mrs. Felix at her house, smiling and gay. Solemnly he told her a story made up for the occasion. He said that Mrs. Cleveland was dead; that he had spoken to Cleveland about Mrs. Lorraine and that Cleveland had scorned her and vilified her. He piled up the agony, racking the woman with fiendish ingenuity. At last she lost her self-possession. When he had ended she sprang from the sofa in a rage and, giving one loud shriek, fell forward to the floor. She had burst a blood-vessel.

Vivian turned his victim over to a physician and left the house. He sought Cleveland in his club. Cleveland at first would not speak to him. Then he insulted him. There was no way out of it—the insult had been public. Vivian "sent a friend" to the ex-Minister. "I will not kill him," said Vivian, shuddering, as he drove to the place of meeting. "No, no! And if he kills me, so much the better."

Cleveland fired and missed. Vivian fired wildly, but his bullet found the heart of Cleveland.

When Vivian Grey recovered from the fever from which his physician had thought he would never rally, he went abroad. He was an exile. The first phase of his life, that phase on which he had started out so confidently, was done. With a bright intellect, a lack of principle, and an untrained mind, he had grappled with the world; and now, at an age when his career should have just begun, it was ended in disaster, defeat, and shame.

Vivian's travels brought him to a German watering-place where there was much good company, and he entered once more into society. Among those he met was a certain Baron von Konigstein, the envoy of one of the "first-class" Powers to the Diet of Frankfort, with whom Vivian struck up a particular intimacy. Gay, serious, learned, trifling, the Baron was a perfect man of the world and a most pleasant companion.

"Prince, I have great pleasure in introducing to you my friend, Mr. Grey—Mr. Grey, the Prince Salvinski, my particular friend. Mr. Grey, my particular friend Count von Altenburgh. And the Chevalier de Bœffleurs, Mr. Grey, my most particular friend." This was the Baron's introduction when Vivian breakfasted with him, and thus under the patronage of the Baron, the Polish Prince, the Austrian Count and the French Chevalier, he entered for a second time into the great world. The Baron, the Prince, the Count, and the Chevalier were inseparable.

At the fair of Frankfort Vivian had rescued from the mob a traveling conjuror, Essper George, who had fallen into trouble by offending some of the nationalities present. Essper had been sailor and soldier, and now insisted upon giving up his conjuring and becoming the servant of the young Englishman. With considerable reluctance, and only after the conjurer had placed himself for a while under the tutelage of the Baron's stately servant, Vivian took George on as his valet—and no small part in the affairs of his master did the servant afterward play.

As Vivian walked with the Baron and his particular friends in the great saloon of the "Princely Bath House" at Ems, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a party of three persons, apparently new arrivals. The group consisted of a very good-looking young Englishman who supported a lady on either arm. The lady on his right was about twenty-five years old, of majestic stature and with a complexion of untinged purity. Her features were Grecian and her expression was dignified without pride, and reserved without austerity. Her companion was younger, not so tall and of slender form. Though exquisitely beautiful, there was about her a delicacy that spoke of ill health.

Yet, magnificent as was the style of the widowed Lady Mad-

eline Trevor, there were few who preferred her commanding graces to the softer beauties of Violet Fane. The young man who accompanied the two beauties was Mr. St. George, Lady Madeline's brother. From the little start the Baron gave, Vivian saw that he knew the party. The diplomat admitted it with reluctance, saying that he had known them once in London—long ago.

As they passed the Baron bowed; but the bow was returned in a cold and distant manner, which showed plainly that the envoy's attempt to renew the acquaintance would not be looked on with favor. But Vivian speedily procured an introduction for himself and promptly fell in love with Violet Fane.

He was of the world again, and new hope sprang up within him. Perhaps the past was not to blight him forever. He found that Lady Trevor and her companions knew his family—felt sure that they knew something of his own history—but their companionship comforted him and in the presence of Violet his wasted, disastrous youth seemed like an evil dream.

"Suppose we throw away a dollar or two," said the Baron, as he and Vivian strolled in the gambling-hall of the *Redoute*. "Come, shall I put down a couple of napoleons on joint account? I don't care for play myself, but at Ems I suppose we must make up our minds to risk a little."

The joint account grew and grew. There was a steady run on the red. At last the bank was broken, and Vivian and the Baron vastly the richer thereby. After that, against his will, he found himself often at the gaming-table.

There was a Russian Imperial Grand Duke stopping at Ems, and his house was the scene of high play every night. The Baron played heavily, as did his friends. St. George soon became one of this gay company, and Vivian saw that Madeline and Violet were troubled. The Baron affected the company of the youth, and it was easy to see that this increased their uneasiness. But neither Violet nor Lady Madeline would speak of the Baron.

At last, however, Lady Trevor spoke alone and at length with Vivian concerning Konigstein. She confessed that the intimacy between him and her brother deeply grieved her. Six years before, when the Baron had been residing as a diplomat

in London, he had been intimate with her late husband. Mr. Trevor had a ward living with him, a young man given to wildness, and the Baron had been asked to keep a watchful eye over the young man. One day a messenger came to tell Mr. Trevor that his ward was lying dead in a hotel where he had gone after losing his last shilling to a party of gamblers of which the Baron had made one. In despair the youth had cut his throat.

The affair took wind, and Baron von Konigstein left England suddenly, after vainly protesting his innocence. Lady Trevor begged Vivian to watch over her brother that he might not meet the fate of her husband's ward. The boy had heard the story, of course, but he thought that women always exaggerated, and he was infatuated with the Baron. "And this ward of your husband's," asked Vivian, "who was he?"

"Violet Fane's brother, my cousin," answered Lady Trevor.

"Come and dine with me to-night," said the Baron a few hours after as he met Vivian. "A quiet party—only Saint George and De Bœffleurs."

"Will Saint George be there?"

"Most certainly."

"I will come," replied Vivian.

They had dinner at the Baron's apartment; and then they talked and drank a little. Young St. George was all animation and Vivian was grave and watchful. The Chevalier told a story of card-playing—one that Salvinski had told him. "The story is true. If you have a pack of cards I will illustrate to you," said the Frenchman.

"There is not such a thing in the house," replied the Baron. But it was found that Konigstein's servant had a pack, and the Chevalier "illustrated." What more natural than that they should drift into a little game of *rouge-et-noir?* St. George's luck, which was good at first, deserted him and he lost heavily. Grey also had a run of bad luck. De Bœffleurs won mightily; the Baron greatly.

The servant, about midnight, brought in refreshments. After these the Chevalier proposed to resume the game. Vivian decided that it was time to act. He arose, locked the door on the inside, and turning to St. George, said: "You owe the Chevalier about four thousand napoleons and to the Baron about

half that sum. I have to inform you that you have to satisfy the claims of neither of these gentlemen, as they are founded neither upon law nor honor."

"What am I to understand?" cried the Chevalier.

"You are to understand that I will not be bullied by a blackleg," replied Vivian. "I have in my pocket the marked cards with which you have been playing."

The Chevalier began to get ugly, and Vivian unlocked the door and hurled him half down the corridor. Then he returned to the Baron and the astonished St. George.

It was Essper George who warned Vivian of the trick of the marked cards. He had seen the pack in the possession of the Baron's servant and knew that Vivian was to be at the Baron's house that night. The marking was done in a manner known generally only to conjurers, and had Essper George not explained it to his master, Vivian would not have been able to detect the trick. Weeks of happiness succeeded for Vivian Grey. In the company of Violet Fane he wandered about the picturesque country and loved and lived once more.

One night as they walked alone by the banks of the stream he spoke to her of his early hopes and follies, his miseries and his now matured views and his new hopes. Violet in reply said a few words which made him the happiest of human beings. As he bent down and kissed her, the frail girl suddenly clung to him with a strong grasp.

"Violet, my dearest, my own!" he cried, "you are overcome. Speak to me."

She spoke not, but, still clinging to her lover with a fearful strength, her head fell on his breast and her eyes closed. He laid her down by the riverside and sprinkled her face with water, calling madly upon her to speak. A great horror came over him. Her body grew cold, her limbs stiff.

She was dead. Vivian Grey screamed and fell senseless over her form. The second period in the life of Vivian Grey had ended, like the first, in sorrow and disaster, though it was an untoward fate and not his own overweening self-confidence which had this time brought about the result.

The summer had passed away before Vivian was sufficiently recovered from the illness that seized him after the tragic death

of Violet Fane to be able to travel. Accompanied by the faithful Essper George, he made his way now toward Vienna, and after escaping from the rude hospitality of a hard-drinking German Baron he stayed for a while as the guest of the Prince of Little Lilliput, a mediatized Prince whose ancestral sovereignty was now merged in that of the Grand Duke of Reisenburg. They had been equal once, Little Lilliput and Reisenburg, but Reisenburg had played the game better and won the stakes.

Vivian had come on the Prince in a forest where his suite had lost him and where a wild boar held him at bay. As Vivian had saved the Prince's life, the Prince naturally took him to the castle as his guest, and soon became so fascinated by the intelligence and bearing of the young Englishman that he not only induced him to prolong his stay, but made him a confidant as to the plots brewing among the mediatized princes for a restoration of their former power.

To find himself a counselor of princes would once have filled Vivian with exultation; but that time was past, and he gave his advice with little enthusiasm for the matter in hand. The question was whether the Prince should be reconciled to the Grand Duke of Reisenburg and accept an important office in his household or should persevere in his attempt to unite the mediatized princes. After much cogitation and negotiation the latter course was decided upon and Vivian found himself at the court of the Grand Duke, whither he had gone with the Prince.

It was a gay court as German courts go in these modern days, and a formal court as German courts have been in all days. The Grand Duke reigned, but his Prime Minister ruled —one Mr. Beckendorff, a man of peasant extraction but of astute mind.

The Prime Minister lived as much of the time as he could at his country-house, at a distance from the city, where one old woman sufficed for his interior household and a single man servant for his outdoor work.

It was a prosperous court, and the Crown Prince was about to be married to an Austrian archduchess, for whose arrival in the capital great preparations were making. The Crown Prince was deformed and half-witted; but such little matters do not

count in state marriages. At the grand ducal court was a young lady of great beauty, a recent arrival, whom everybody called "the Baroness," but about whom nobody seemed to know anything. Some said she was the niece, some the daughter, of Beckendorff. The Grand Duke paid her much attention, Beckendorff was almost obsequious to her, and the Grand Duke's morganatic wife, Madame Carolina, found her interesting.

A week's acquaintance between the Baroness and Vivian ripened into what promised to be a stronger sentiment, though Vivian reproached himself for daring to love again so soon after the death of Violet. But, truth to say, most of the advances were made by the Baroness, who had a frank and slightly imperious way with her, and was, from her scorn of conventions, voted by the court dandies and over-refined ladies "a savage."

"Do you admire Byron?" asked Vivian of the fair "savage." "I think he is very handsome," replied the Baroness; "I saw him at the carnival at Venice."

"But his works, his grand works, my dear!" exclaimed the literally inclined Madame Carolina. "I never read them, never saw them," answered the Baroness. "I never read. I like poetry and romance well enough, but I like somebody to read them to me."

"Quite right," said the morganatic lady. "We get through the human voice so much more of the—the essence, the soul, the invisible and indivisible. I adore Byron. He wrote so wonderfully of the East—the romantic, the incomparable East from which we get so much—ah—everything!"

"I thought we only got cashmere shawls from there," said the matter-of-fact "savage."

A review of the grand ducal army was given for the benefit of the Austrians of high rank who had arrived to herald the coming of the Archduchess and prepare the way for her. After the review there was a state dinner in an immense tent. "In the tent keep by my side," said the Baroness to Vivian. "Although I like heroes, these of Reisenburg are not to my taste. I do not know why I flatter you so by my notice, for I suppose that, like all Englishmen, you are not a soldier. Never mind; you ride well enough for a field-marshal. I think I could give you a commission without much straining my conscience. No

—I should like you nearer me. I will make you master of the horse—when I am entitled to have one."

That evening, escaping from a court ball, Vivian and the Baroness strolled out into the moonlight. "You are sad to-night," said Vivian. "Am I?" answered the Baroness, "I ought not to be more dispirited than I always am. But I am sad. Do you think happiness is ever sad? I think it must be so, for it is only within these few days that I have ever known either grief or joy."

"It must then be counted an eventful period in your existence," ventured Vivian.

"Yes, an eventful period," replied the Baroness with a thoughtful air. Then quickly she turned to her companion and asked: "But are you not unhappy?"

"Not now," said Vivian, drawing her closer to him. They sat on the edge of a fountain and were silent for a while. Then in an agitated voice the Baroness said: "O friend too lately found! why have we met to part?"

"To part, dearest?" answered Vivian. "Why should we part?"

"Ask not the question," she replied; "it is agony." His arm was around her now and his kisses on her lips. "Ah, we are happy," she said, "but I have no right to happiness. Forgive me—we have been too long away. Come, let us return."

The next day Vivian received this note from the lovely Baroness:

"I leave court to-night. Much I wish to see you, much I have to say to you. Beckendorff is to have an interview with the Grand Duke to-morrow morning. Dare you come to his house in his absence? I shall be there. For Heaven's sake, let me see you. Dare everything. Come by the private road. He will travel by the other. God bless you.

"SYBILLA."

Vivian read the note a thousand times. The next morning he set out with Essper George by the private road to the Prime Minister's country-house. Leaving his steed in a clump of trees he ran across the flower-beds, and entering the library by one of the low windows, found the Baroness awaiting him.

"Sybilla, dearest Sybilla," cried he, as he took her in his

arms, "say that you are mine." She neither resisted nor returned his caresses, but sobbed upon his breast.

"This is very weak," she said at last, recovering her composure. "Come, let us walk a little."

At this moment Vivian was seized by the throat with a strong grasp. He turned—it was Mr. Beckendorff with a face deadly white, his full eyes darting from their sockets like a hungry snake's and a dagger in his right hand. "Villain!" he said, in a low voice full of passion, "is this your destiny?"

Easily throwing off Beckendorff, Vivian turned to look at the Baroness. Instead of fainting or being overwhelmed by this terrible interruption, she seemed suddenly to have regained her natural spirit and self-possession. The blood had returned to her pale cheek and the fire to her eye.

"Stand off, sir," she said with an air of inexpressible dignity to the Prime Minister. "Stand off! I command you." Beckendorff threw the dagger away and, bowing, said with choking voice: "Well, Madam, you are obeyed."

"Mr. Grey," continued she, "I regret that this outrage should have been experienced by you because you have dared to serve me. My presence should have preserved you from this contumely; but what are we to expect from those who pride themselves on being the sons of slaves? You shall hear further from me."

"Mr. Beckendorff," said Vivian in a calm voice when the two were alone, "considering the peculiar circumstances under which you found me in your house I can pardon much; but you have given me a blow. I expect an immediate apology."

"An apology!" cried Beckendorff. "Shall it be made to you or to the Archduchess?"

"The Archduchess!" exclaimed Vivian. "What do you mean? Did I hear aright?"

"I said the Archduchess, a princess of the house of Austria and betrothed to the Crown Prince of these realms," replied Beckendorff.

Vivian stared at the Prime Minister thunder-struck. He began to stammer excuses. "Stop," said the Minister. "This is no time for idle words. When the marriage between the Crown Prince and her Imperial Highness was arranged, the

Archduchess agreed to it if she might be allowed to visit the court of Reisenburg in advance and *incognito*. The request was unusual, but was agreed to, as her likes or dislikes could not affect the match—that had been fixed upon irrevocably. This incident—must be forgotten. It is now within an hour of noon. By sunset you must be twenty miles from court. The power of an empire will deal with you if you are not. But, for her sake, as well as your own, I know that you will be reasonable. An important and secret mission will be the ostensible reason for your sudden departure. An official, who will be an envoy's courier, will attend you to the frontier. Your passports for Vienna will be made out at once. You will be well received at the Austrian capital and will, I trust, enjoy yourself. Farewell!"

Vivian departed for Vienna and it is upon the road to that delightful city that we shall take leave of him, closing the story of the adventures of Vivian Grey with his reflection: "The Disappointments of Manhood succeed to the Delusions of Youth: let us hope that the heritage of Old Age is not Despair."

THE YOUNG DUKE (1831)

This was the second of Disraeli's novels, written in his early twenties, and strangely prophetic of his own marvelous career. An amusing anecdote is told of the author's father, who, when informed that the brilliant and dashing youth had written a novel entitled *The Young Duke*, made the brief comment: "Has he, indeed? He never knew a duke in his life!"

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of St. James, at twenty-one came into possession of the largest estates in England, with a rent-roll of two hundred thousand pounds, and with a half-million in the Funds. The Earl of Fitzpompey, who had married the late Duke's sister, was chagrined to know that he had not been appointed guardian by the will of the father, who died when the son was but a child, but that a Mr. Dacre, a friend of the father, was selected for the office.

The young Duke passed his childhood at Castle Dacre until he was seven years of age, when he entered a preparatory school, and later went to Eton. The Earl, however, made it so pleasant for the young Duke, when the latter visited him, that the boy spent most of his vacations with his uncle. After the death of Mrs. Dacre, who died abroad, the widower and his daughter returned to England. His absence had weaned the young Duke from him, while the aim of Lord Fitzpompey was to alienate the boy completely from his guardian by any means available.

After years at school, the young Duke, now well in his teens, found study burdensome. He appeared at Christ Church for a few terms, changed his tutor for one more indulgent, joined with others at the university in committing indiscretions, cut Oxford, traveled, gambled at Paris, feasted in Vienna, studied art in Italy, and paid homage everywhere to the fair sex. He returned from his travels accompanied by a French cook, an

Italian valet, a German *jaeger* and a Greek page. Having seen the world, he felt less attracted by his uncle's assiduous patronage, rating it at its true value. The simple ingenuousness noticeable in his earlier youth had disappeared, for he was now conscious of his own distinction; yet his polished manners and shrewd sense prevented his conceit from being contemptible.

Our hero's return gave the Countess Fitzpompey an opportunity to play her part in arranging his initiation into the social circle which she affected. An entertainment was given at her house, at which many distinguished persons were present; not the least of whom was Mr. Charles Annesley, a young man of thirty, heir to a wealthy earldom, feared by all, admired by many, and hated by none; to him, later, the young Duke became much attached. His Grace possessed the family mansion, Hauteville House, in London, situated in the family square. Affecting a love of art, he looked with horror on this antiquated house, and sent for Sir Carte Blanche, successor to Sir Christopher Wren, whose plans, including the extension and embellishment of the old home at the expense of half a million, were finally adopted.

Meantime, Mr. Dacre wrote, offering to resign his guardianship. In acknowledgment, his Grace accepted, for some future time, the invitation extended to visit Castle Dacre, when they could consult together.

Endless entertainments were now in order. The social régime, however, was not all to the liking of the young man. He found that he was only a member of society, while he had returned to England imagining that he would be society itself. Soon tiring of society, he departed for Hauteville Castle in Yorkshire, a noble piece of architecture. Sir Carte Blanche was sent for, and soon a thousand men were at work with the design of imitating Windsor. Tiring, in turn, of the country, he sent his card only to Castle Dacre, and in ten days returned to town.

Easter was now over, and the world was mad again. The young Duke, susceptible to a degree, met a remarkable woman at a dance one night, and all the world was his! She was tall, without color, and, as her tiara betokened, married. He inquired her name and learned that she was the wife of Sir Lucius

Grafton. "What, Lucy Grafton?" asked the Duke. He had known the husband at Eton. The lady received him graciously, remarking that Sir Lucius would be happy to renew the acquaintance. Sir Lucius was a few years the senior of his Grace. Before he was five-and-twenty he had a reputation as a *roué* whom all women dreaded, and some men shunned. A certain Lady Aphrodite was the loving daughter of a powerful nobleman. The adventurer, Grafton, laid siege to her and finally won, she knowing his character, but hoping to reform him. She was, however, soon cured of her delusion. The young Duke's accomplishments and gentle manners captivated her, and her stately dignity and purity appealed to him. He called on her the next day: she was alone. Her passion for music and flowers inspired him. She sang a romance and gave him a rose. He left her, fascinated. The Graftons were friends of the Fitzpompeys, and hardly a day passed in which Lady Grafton did not meet the Duke at their house, where his devoted attentions were marked.

Not long after a bazaar, where he had spent much of the day at Lady Grafton's stall, he met her at a jeweler's, where she was having her diamonds reset. He commissioned the shopman to substitute diamonds of much higher brilliancy, though of the same size and appearance. The trick was, indeed, that of a lover, and a youthful one.

The crafty Lord Fitzpompey brought his diplomacy into play and, at last, succeeded in separating the young Duke from his Lady Aphrodite; for he had designs on the young man in connection with his youngest daughter, Caroline. He invited his Grace to spend the season in the country, at his house, with the understanding that Lady Aphrodite was to be of the party; but when he had the young Duke fairly trapped, no lady appeared, the invitation never having been sent to her. In her place was his daughter Caroline. Following and concluding the season, came the carnival of the North, during which Lady Aphrodite and the young Duke, on his splendid charger, were often together. 'Mid all this pageantry, May Dacre, of Castle Dacre, the peerless beauty of the county, dawned for the first time on his vision. He had not seen her before since his early childhood. For this neglect he could only blame himself.

Whom could he ask to introduce him to his own guardian's daughter! How he mentally berated his uncle!

Mr. Dacre was gratified at meeting his ward; but when the young Duke was introduced to Miss Dacre he met with a rebuff that he would rather not have encountered. He was reminded that when he called, as he told her he had, at Castle Dacre, he had indulged in brutal rudeness. The person who had really called at the castle was a servant with the Duke's card, and this he had to explain to her, though contradicting his own words uttered a few moments before in doing so. May Dacre was a novice in the subtle arts of polite society; her simplicity and truthfulness forbade them; yet she was as witty and vivacious as she was beautiful, and captivated all who met her.

A Mrs. Darlington Vere, a widow with money and social prestige, and a favorite with gentlemen, gave a ball soon after, at which Sir Lucius Grafton revealed to her his determination to obtain a divorce from Lady Aphrodite by implicating the young Duke. His amenities exercised toward his Grace, it seems, were in behalf of a scheme to compromise her ladyship through this affluent lover. Mrs. Darlington Vere, as his confidante, pledged her aid, proposing as a first step to eliminate May Dacre from the aspirations of his Grace, and keep him loyal to Lady Aphrodite.

The young Duke found himself, a few days later, at the gates of Castle Dacre—a visit he had promised himself with lively anticipations. The rooms were filled with many guests, enlivened by the brilliant social qualities of the host's daughter, which were capable of making a dull company bright. The chase was a pastime with which our hero was little familiar, but his enlightenment was a pleasure to him, received through the teachings of Miss Dacre. Her vivacity never flagged. As for our Duke, she was now his queen whom he would deck with priceless jewels if he might; alas, IF! The morrow was devoted to a visit to Hauteville Castle, his Grace's ancestral home, still in process of extensive renovation. The return of the party to Castle Dacre was made in the evening, by moonlight. The next morning his Grace, rising late, entered the music-room to find himself alone with Miss Dacre. The occasion seemed fortunate and he took advantage of it. He pleaded his

love passionately; and she, with characteristic candor and directness reminded him of his indignities toward her father in the past, which debarred her from feelings other than those of indifference for him. She assured him that further urging would be in vain. The blow to his pride was a staggering one. When all was over he stole to the ancient abbey, not far from the castle, and vented his misery in tears. His prestige had met with a rebuff new to him, and he at once prepared to leave the castle. The departure of the young Duke from the Dacres' house was promptly followed by a letter from Mrs. Darlington Vere to Sir Lucius Grafton, advising him of the episode and of the reason as she imagined it, with further comments and gossip.

The young Duke found himself at Cleve Park, Newmarket, where the racing and betting drew a strange crowd, including only a few women. Our hero was partially reconciled, since his horse, "Sanspareil," won. He easily affected the tone of the races, which made him popular with the sporting men, now more than ready to welcome him and eat his dinners. Sir Lucius, also, in his assumed rôle, was premeditatedly cordial. The admiration of Lady Aphrodite, especially, melted his soul, since it proved that he was loved by at least one exquisite being.

And now another season in town had arrived; yet the young Duke appeared lacking in eagerness for the old fascinations. Homage, at first dazzling, now palled. His mansion, "The Alhambra," was finished at fabulous cost, but its splendor was reserved for the few. Then came a "Bird of Paradise," a new opera-singer. She was fair and bright, and sang marvelously. Within a week this Bird of Paradise was caged in The Alhambra. His Grace became a public character, whose fame had spread from the few to millions. The journals exploited him, first annoying, then amusing him; and the publicity drew to him multitudes of petitioners. He won the reputation of an unrivaled *roué;* yet he was not heartless enough for that.

Arundel Dacre was the nephew and heir of Mr. Dacre—a son of an older brother of the latter not now living. There seemed little in common between the uncle and nephew, but Arundel and May were much together at Castle Dacre, and it was surmised that they were destined for each other.

The compact between Mrs. Darlington Vere and Sir Lucius

Grafton was now more clearly defined. An interview held between them unveiled designs which they had been separately harboring. Mrs. Darlington Vere confided to Sir Lucius her love for Arundel Dacre; and Sir Lucius, in return, confided to her his passion for Miss Dacre. Mrs. Darlington Vere properly reminded him that he was still a married man, at which he intimated that Lady Aphrodite and the young Duke were contemplating an elopement.

The young Duke, mortified at the peremptory rejection of his proposal by Miss Dacre, further entangled himself in his illicit relations with the Bird of Paradise, at the same time openly maintaining his intimacy with Lady Aphrodite, for whom, however, his passion had cooled; but her kindness and devotion to him were balm to his stricken pride.

And now a new adventure must be recorded, which changed the destiny of our hero. A coterie of young bachelors, dining at Mr. Annesley's house, arranged a water-party, placing, necessarily, a limit to the number of invitations; the ladies to be selected from the choicest of their set. Annesley was chosen secretary. The title given to the event was "The Fête at the Pavilion," which Twickenham Villa was called—an estate (belonging to his Grace) on the water, and some distance from town. The banquet was in four pavilions, representing the four projectors of the event. Music, dancing, and out-of-door sports were the order of the day. A Dutch fair, where costly gifts were distributed, was one of the features; and at the conclusion, as a special favor, the Bird of Paradise sang a new song. Miss Dacre was present and seemed never to have known happiness before. During the events the Duke strolled far over the grounds with Lady Aphrodite, who opened her heart, with its fears, its love, and its solicitude to him, to whom she had given her all. In response he kissed away her tears and pledged his faith; and Lady Aphrodite was his betrothed. When, later, he was alone, he was unhappy and anticipated the dénouement with gloomy forebodings. Suddenly a cry reached his ears, and in an arbor he discovered Sir Lucius kneeling and grasping the hand of the terrified Miss Dacre. "This young lady is under my protection," exclaimed his Grace, as she ran in her fright to meet him. She finally succeeded in repressing her

fears, enjoined secrecy, was taken to the Duchess of Shropshire's carriage, and rode to her home. In due time Sir Lucius sent a challenge to the Duke and he accepted. The meeting was arranged to take place at Kensington Gardens at half-past six the next morning; Arundel Dacre was the Duke's second. The meeting took place; the young Duke was slightly wounded after discharging his weapon in the air. A note from his Grace apprised Miss Dacre of the affair. Sir Lucius had committed a blunder fatal to his hopes. The cause of the duel was promptly guessed to be the relations between Lady Aphrodite and the young Duke; yet Sir Lucius, without evidence implicating either, was balked in his desire. His Grace, seeing a ray of hope, because of his chivalrous conduct in behalf of Miss Dacre, regretted the weakness which had permitted his pledge to Lady Aphrodite. His anxiety and nervous strain resulted in illness and delirium, during which he revealed his state of feeling toward Miss Dacre at a time when Arundel Dacre was watching at his bedside. When Arundel left the Duke he called on his cousin and repeated what he had overheard. Miss Dacre, greatly agitated, confided to him, in return, the cause of the duel. The allurements of Mrs. Darlington Vere were quite lost on young Dacre; on the contrary, he especially warned his cousin against her.

At the end of the week his Grace had so far recovered as to venture out, and later called on Miss Dacre. Encouraged by the esteem shown him, both by father and daughter, he dared to make a second proposal, couched in the most temperate yet devoted pleadings. He found the young lady heartily friendly, but she was constrained again to reject his proposal. Deeply affected, now that his fate seemed unalterable, he was returning to his home, when he was reminded by his valet of the dinner appointed for that night. He would have deferred it, but, meeting some foreign magnates by whom he had been entertained when on the Continent, he added them to his list of guests, and in the society of a coterie of boon companions and gay women there was feasting and dancing until late in the night; after which they all repaired to the theater, where, behind the scenes, they disported in costume, finishing with a breakfast in the early morning on the stage.

Pen Brennock Palace, a vast pile in Cornwall belonging to the young Duke's estate, was the next scene of lavish entertainment by him. A large circle of friends, including the foreign magnates, was invited to join in the festivities. Sir Carte Blanche was sent for, and three weeks were spent in preparing the palace for this event. It was arranged that the festivities should be continuous. When acting, dancing, feasting, masquerading, sporting, and sailing began to pall, they called in the élite of the countryside; and this additional contingent furnished fresh diversions. Lady Aphrodite and the young Duke, at the close of the *fête*, parted with regret, though there had seemed a hardly perceptible coolness during the event. The Duke's mind was less distracted while the dissipations lasted, but now that these were ending he felt a recurrence of his misery. He was wearied again with the emptiness of his life. He sickened of this pleasure-seeking, and dreamed of the achievements he ought, with his unparalleled means, to accomplish.

While he was entertaining these gloomy thoughts, he received a letter from his bankers that startled him. His half million in the funds was gone, and they had also sold out his stocks. The proceeds from these, in addition, were gone. They had advanced, besides, other sums, and were ready to advance more at five per cent. He investigated, and found that his funds had gone into his castles and palaces, and his stocks into his extravagances and pleasures. Sir Carte Blanche was still spending, and large additional sums were needed for these great estates. The Bird of Paradise was costly; he tired of her. He began to think of pounds, shillings, and pence, which put him quite out of harmony with his boon companions and their orgies. At this critical time he was tempted to the gaming-table. He lost, the first night, just sufficient to pique him. He was at first ashamed of his company, but finding many noted men among the gamblers he became reconciled. At the end of the week he found himself the loser, in all, of only a matter of five thousand; but his appetite had been whetted, and more was to go. The birds of prey had captured him; a little later, when they had heated his gaming blood, they spent two nights and a day plucking him. Casting up his accounts, he discovered that he had lost one hundred thousand pounds. He rose from the table, stepped

to the desk, drew his check-book from his pocket and settled his losses. Then, bidding his quondam friends good morning, he departed. This was his birthday; and what a celebration! "I may never know what happiness is," he soliloquized, "but I think I know what happiness is not." After reaching home he sent for his banker. On the table was a packet. It contained the estimates of Sir Carte Blanche for the completion of his Hauteville palace. He started with a shriek. The figures called for a sum equal to that already expended. Again he was staggered. His confidential agent came; his Brighton gambling-checks must be met. The reports from his estates were dismal. Distress was prevailing, and the rents were in arrears. His income would be diminished twenty-five per cent. A projected railroad, if built, would ruin his canal property. Coals were lower; town duties higher. His Irish estates were in confusion. His Grace's obligations were called in, and were far beyond his anticipations, heavily swelled by his jeweler's account. Engagements incurred amounted to nearly eight hundred thousand pounds. He was astounded! "I want a counselor!" he exclaimed to himself. But who? He went over his list of friends. No, he could not choose anyone from these. Oh, for the old counselor whom he once had! "But no more of that!" What would his world of fashion think of him when all was known? He turned to read his letters. Lo, one of the foreign magnates, Monsieur de Whiskerburg, had eloped with Lady Aphrodite; and Count Frill, the other, had flown away with the Bird of Paradise. This last news was a relief, though costing him a pang. He was saved a harrowing interview with Lady Aphrodite. These events, however, were overshadowed by the baneful turn of his fortunes. To whom could he turn?

At his desk he impulsively wrote the story to his old guardian, acknowledging his sin of ingratitude, and begging his counsel in his affairs. To this letter a prompt and generous reply came, promising aid, and inviting him to visit Castle Dacre. He was met with a welcome which put him entirely at his ease; initiating him into a home atmosphere, a life to which he was a stranger. The following morning he furnished Mr. Dacre with a full account of his embarrassed affairs, including his architect's estimates and his solicitor's views, which were

frankly discussed. After this, each morning was devoted to business, and each afternoon he spent chiefly with Miss Dacre in out-of-door recreation. The host insisted that his Grace should remain at the castle for the present, as he observed that the strain through which he was passing imperatively demanded rest. In his stay at the castle the Duke underwent various moods of feeling concerning his relations with Miss Dacre. That he loved her devotedly even Miss Dacre herself could hardly fail to realize. At times he was jealously bitter as he observed the intimacy between her and her cousin, Arundel.

When returns came in from the county in which Arundel was running for election to the House, the young Duke saw the disappointment felt by Mr. Dacre at the news of his nephew's defeat. When he witnessed, also, the dejection in the face of Miss Dacre, he arranged for the cousin's return from one of his Cornish boroughs in time for him to take his seat at the coming meeting of Parliament. For this act he was more than rewarded by the gratitude of the father and daughter. Arundel's success with his maiden speech aroused the Duke. The next morning he rose early, left a line for Mr. Dacre saying he would return in a few days, and took the London coach at the Hauteville Arms, arriving in the evening. He rose late, stole to St. James Park, where he spent an hour collecting his thoughts. Later he took his seat in the House of Lords and spoke on the pending bill, which so much interested Mr. Dacre and his daughter. At first he distrusted himself, but in a few moments he was absorbed in the subject, with which he was familiar. He spoke for an hour. When he resumed his seat he received congratulations on every side; he had made the speech of the session. Finally, he broke away from his friends, and returned to "The Dragon" just in time to take the coach to the Hauteville Arms. The next morning early found him at Castle Dacre. Entering the house unseen, he paused at the door of the music-room, where he heard a familiar voice and recognized his own speech which Miss Dacre was reading to her father. She paused; again he heard; it was the father's voice expressing admiration for the speech.

That morning May Dacre and the young Duke set out for a walk. They strayed to the venerable abbey where, on a former

occasion, he had taken refuge after that first rash proposal to Miss Dacre. She had been very kind to him in this visit to Castle Dacre, and now for the third time he ventured to plead his love for her, notwithstanding his previous failures. When he had finished he anticipated the same hopeless denial. She turned; her arm fell over his shoulder; she buried her face in his breast. When they returned to the castle after a delay of hours, on the pretext that they had lost their way, they found the father at home. With modest hesitation the Duke told the story of his love for the daughter, which only awaited the sanction of the father to complete the happiness of two lives. "My dear, dear boy," cried Mr. Dacre, rising from his chair and embracing the Duke, "it is out of the power of man to impart to me any intelligence that could afford me such exquisite happiness."

Four years after the marriage of his Grace to May Dacre found them making their home at delightful yet simple "Rosemount." Hauteville Castle is still proceeding in the course of improvement by instalments, as Mr. Dacre had advised. There is a little Marquess of Hauteville, and also a tiny sister, not yet escaped from her beautiful mother's arms. Her title is Lady May.

CONTARINI FLEMING (1832)

This romance was the outcome of three years (1828–1832) spent by the author in visiting the Mediterranean countries and the Orient. Its autobiographical form enabled the writer, in depicting "the development of a poetic soul," to exhibit prominently the pride of race which this descendant of a Spanish Hebrew family, exiled to Venice, and later transferred to England, felt in Spain, in Venice, and in the Holy Land, visited by his hero. Despite its romantic extravagances and its psychological mysteries of dreams and visions, the tale was highly praised by Goethe, by Heine, and the English Beckford, author of the Oriental *Vathek*. It did more for the literary than for the political fortunes of its young author.

MY father, Baron Fleming, was a Saxon nobleman of ancient family, who quitted his country, and, after some years of a wandering life, entered the service of a northern court. At Venice, still a youth, he had married a daughter of the noble house of Contarini. My mother died in giving me birth, and I, the only child, was christened with the name of her illustrious race. I learned this in early youth, and also that Venice was a name to be shunned in my father's hearing, as it caused him bitter sorrow.

In his adopted country he married a beautiful and wealthy lady; their two sons were utterly unlike me in look and temperament. I was an alien, and alone. I loved my father, but seldom saw him; he was buried in public affairs. My stepmother was kind and just; but she was cold and I repellent—there was no sympathy between us. Being unhappy, I was sedentary and silent, except when roused to anger, and then my father's kind smile was the only thing that could restrain my passion, because he loved me.

An aunt of the Baroness owned a lovely place near the city, and when we were taken thither I always strolled in the beautiful garden, which in my imagination expanded to a world, where I sought and found adventure. In the shade I

lay, and, shutting my eyes, wandered in afar, with knights and princesses.

One day they called me, ending my visions, and I sullenly returned to the house to find them all gathered about a fair girl expanding into womanhood, at least eight years my senior. I was entranced. But the excitement was too much; I could not eat or speak, and broke away, rushing again to the garden, where the lovely girl found me, and, to my plaint that no one loved me, exclaimed:

"Ah, I love you, dearest! I love you"; and she kissed me with a thousand kisses. That visit of Christiana was the first great incident of my life, and day by day I grew happy with her, confided to her my woes and my secret enjoyments, turning common places into enchanted regions. By her advice I became more amiable to my brothers, and the others in my little society. It was whispered that Contarini had improved.

When I was eight years old a tutor was engaged. But, while I loved knowledge, I wished to acquire it my own way. I had but little credit from our instructor, but read every book I could get hold of. I loved the theater, and by my father's permission, with my tutor I exchanged knights for heroes, and enchanted castles for great deeds. Still, with my uncertain temper I often sank into solitariness and fits of gloom. I was sent with my tutor to my father's castle, and here, in a secluded dell of the park, I had a marvelous vision of "Egeria"—like and yet unlike Christiana—a vision that returned to me day by day, and filled me with a passionate love, so that when I returned to the city and left her it was a day of despair.

But now I was sent, at twelve, to a college, in preparation for the university. My experience had made me feel inferior to others—certainly different from them: but when I found myself amidst a throng of lively, curious boys, I suddenly determined to control them. I found new powers of wit and tongue, and I was accepted as not only a good fellow but an original. In a word, I was popular. Ambition began to ferment in my little heart. But after vacation I became gloomy at the thought of the years that must elapse before manhood. My companions undertook to call me to account, but I passionately thrashed their leader and they let me alone. The immediate

result of my exhausting encounter was a long, dramatic reverie; and, wild with the loves and hates, struggles and triumphs, of the beings of my imagination, I exclaimed: "I am a poet! I will release these beautiful beings from the prison-house of my brain." Never before had the idea of literary creation occurred to me: but alas! repeated experiments only brought repeated failures. I could not express what I felt. My spirit was broken; I could not even study. It was a wretched year.

In one of my rambles I entered a small Catholic church; and, with vague fancies about my Venetian mother, I there fell under the spell of music, incense, and a wonderful painting of the Magdalen, which seized my soul with rapture. I became a Catholic. The Magdalen succeeded to Christiana and Egeria. Meditation, prayer, penances, and fasts were my occupations, and out of it all came a longing for Italy—Venice—Rome!

One day I met in the forest a tall, blue-eyed, cheerful man, painting the ruins of a Gothic abbey, who was pleased that I wished to see his sketches. He drew from me my confidences of unhappiness, reverie, dramatic scenes, and of devotion to the Magdalen as my consolation in failure to express my fancies and dreams. He understood: showed me that the poet, like the artist, must learn expression by study and practise, and on parting gave me a book.

It was an illustrated history of Venice, which transfused my soul with the wildest desires to see that ancient city, of which the Contarini were among the oldest and noblest races. I resolved to set out for Venice: and putting a few clothes and a hundred and six dollars into my knapsack, with a prayer to the blessed Magdalen, I set off on foot, on a road that led away from home, and so must lead to the nearest seaport.

Toward night I encountered a group of strolling players, one of whom was a gay young fellow, who fell in with my travel-humor and vowed he would go with me. He led me off into the forest until I was weary, and we lay down to sleep: but when I woke he was gone, with my knapsack and my money. Maddened and mortified, I was most miserable, but met an old forester who took me to his cottage, where he and his kind old wife refreshed and rested me. Peter Winter was his name, and we were all startled, and they exceedingly rejoiced, when my

artist friend came in—another Peter Winter, their son, who was a great wanderer but often sent them money. The next morning he took me to the vicinity of my home, and I returned there, feeling very flat.

To escape the reproaches of the Baroness, I sought my father in the city; at that time he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. While awaiting his leisure I read in a newspaper an account of the great artist, Chevalier de Winter, the son of a peasant, but now an honor to his country, some of whose grand pictures were exhibiting in the Royal Academy. It was evidently my friend of the forest.

My father was but a score of years my senior, a tall, handsome, elegant gentleman, of about four-and-thirty years of age, talented and successful. In debate and diplomacy most skilful, he had converted the second-rate kingdom he served into a mediator between the most powerful. I loved him for his kindness, but feared him, and did not know him well. His geniality opened my heart, and I told my unhappy story of lonely childhood, passionate youth, and mortifying failure. He made me feel that he loved me, and I became responsive to his every wish. That evening he drew me into a reception at his house, where again I met the Chevalier de Winter, and became after that a daily visitor in his studio, and an eager student of his portfolios, where I learned Venice by heart. My father now set me at riding, fencing, dancing, the reading of history and of French authors like Rochefoucauld, conversation with women, and other matters of social accomplishment. In all this I was delighted and proficient, soon becoming one of the most affected, conceited, and intolerable atoms that ever peopled the sunbeam of society.

At last I was sent to the university, where my extravagant expenditures made me a center of the convivial and the gay. But the arrival of a German lecturer on Grecian history fascinated me so that I became devoted to the study of Greek language and literature, finally winning the prize for an essay on the Dorians. I returned to my father in glory. He suggested my reading Voltaire. I eagerly consumed the hundred volumes, and became a democrat and a hater of shams, forms, churches, and governments. In the university I inspired my

companions with Voltairian zeal; and when our extravagances drew the reproof of the authorities, I proposed that we should fly to the simple life. We dwelt in an abandoned castle in the forest of Josterna, whence we sallied in groups, and robbed travelers. Learning that the police and military were after us, we disbanded, leaving the forest singly—and, happily, uncaught.

On my way out I encountered a carriage in which was a beautiful woman. It was Christiana, now the Countess Norberg. She took me to her castle, where I spent three sweet weeks, partly in her presence, partly in writing a tragedy founded on our forest adventure (of which the household and guests knew much by report, but not of my part in it). I read it to Christiana, and after the rhapsodical address of the hero to his beloved, I declared to her that I was the leader of that daring band, and she the star of my life, begging her to flee with me.

Christiana was astonished; then alarmed; then she ran out of the room.

I was enraged, confused, and mortified. I rushed out, jumped on my horse, and sped a hundred miles to the city. The family were away. I sent my tragedy to a publisher, who promptly returned it unaccepted. My father, on his return, had a quiet talk with me, making not much of my expulsion from the university, but advising me as to the control of my imagination and myself, if I wished to influence others. I placed myself at his disposition, and he appointed me his private secretary, a post which I accepted with enthusiasm. Foreign policy opened a vista of splendid incident. A year passed with more satisfaction than at any period of my former life. My facility for composition was of service to him, and I learned much of men and affairs. I now made ambition my constant aim, considering myself an important personage.

The death of the prime minister resulted in my father's appointment to his place, as Count Fleming, while his own successor was a nonentity; and I managed the foreign office under my father's instructions. I was really a person of popularity and power, but heartless and selfish. The Norbergs returned to the capital, and Christiana received me with such amiability and apparent unconsciousness of my outrageous folly that I was ashamed of myself. Her innocence aroused afresh my

dreams of the ideal, and I reverted to a project for portraying the growth of a poetic soul. But, in depicting the society in which she moved, I suddenly dashed into satire and malignant personality with all the bitterness of my heart. Everybody I knew figured, and all alike suffered. It was crude, faulty, but vigorous, witty, and fresh—that story of "Maustein." It was published anonymously, and created a tremendous sensation—of laughter and of rage. After multitudinous guesses as to the authorship, the secret escaped—I knew not how—and my position was very uncomfortable until the storm passed, and the book was accepted as merely a witty satire. But a savage criticism of it in a German review so jeered at and stung and ridiculed me that I could not endure it, and determined to travel.

My father sent me to France, with letters to influential people, and turned over to me Lausanne, a Swiss valet, who had been with him many years. I remained in Paris only a few days, and then started for Venice by way of Switzerland. I had thought of this country only as a rude barrier between me and Italy; but here I first felt the inspiration of the sublime; here I began to study nature, in little and in great. Wherever I moved I was appalled or enchanted; but, whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up, new feelings crowded on my fancy.

When once I consented to leave Switzerland my desire for Venice returned. At the foot of the Simplon I was detained by a wild storm and a raging torrent. At night I dreamed that I was in a vast palace-hall, full of revered men in rich dresses, sitting around a council-table. Suddenly the president beckoned to me, extended his hand and said, smiling: "*You have been long expected.*"

Left alone, I walked to a window, but all was darkness. I knelt and prayed, when the window was illuminated by a lovely seraphic figure clasping a crucifix; and as I recognized the blessed Magdalen, she smiled and said: "*Sunshine succeeds storm. You have been long expected.*"

By sunrise we set forth and had a fearful transit; but the storm declined as we ascended, and at last from the farther side I beheld the smiling plains of Italy! Milan, Verona, Padua, Vicenza—I tore myself from their attractions and sped away. On the river Brenta a spring of the carriage broke; and while

they were repairing it I strolled past those beautiful villas, entering one, celebrated for its architecture.

In the garden I came upon a pretty chapel, and over its altar the original of that famous Magdalen I had been impressed by so long before. Crossing the lawn, I came to a temple—a banqueting-house—and over its portal was the inscription: "*Enter: you have been long expected!*"

I hesitated, but entered, and for a half-hour sat in the chair at the head of the table. When I departed I wrote upon the wall: "*If I have been long expected, I have at length arrived. Be you also obedient to the call.*"

That afternoon I came to Venice. As our gondola glided over the great Lagoon, I excitedly recognized one after another of its historic monuments—I knew them all. Leaving my luggage in my apartments at my hotel—an ancient palace—I hastened to the Place of St. Mark, alive with varied nationalities. I was spellbound by the golden sunset; I lingered on amid the enchanted moonlight, and took a gondola on the Grand Canal; I saw the thick black arch of the Rialto, and mounted that famous bridge, beholding on all sides stately palaces, when, amid my dreaming, the tramp of a multitude aroused me, and a crowd of priests and people approached, bearing the figure of a saint, with innumerable lights; and as they passed they sang:

"*Wave your banners! Sound your voices! For he has come! Our saint and our lord! In pride and glory, to greet with love his Adrian bride.*"

Strangely, these words seemed applicable to myself: the Simplon dream, the Brenta inscription, the chapel picture—all rose in my mind: I was a child of destiny, come for some great object. When, on returning to my hotel, I learned that its spacious halls and galleries were those of the Palazzo Contarini—the original palace of our race—I was sure that I had arrived at my home. For a year I lived in that enchanted city, and forgot my plan of travel.

In an obscure quarter there is a small but beautiful church built by the Contarini, and full of their tombs, where masses are still sung for their souls. Two marble doges repose, one on either side of the altar. One afternoon I sat dreamily by one of them, listening to the solemn music, when suddenly

I saw a woman kneeling before the altar. Struck—enraptured—by the exquisite cast of her pale beauty, I was unable to move, and sank into a seeming slumber, with visions of saluting Venetian nobles, the two doges, my father looking very severe, and the lady of the altar clinging to the crucifix of the Brenta chapel and bitterly weeping. When I awoke the church was empty, and I could learn nothing of the lady.

A month later, during the Carnival, I was persuaded to attend a reception at the Countess Malbrizzi's, and noted a group of gentlemen surrounding a lady, whom I instantly recognized as the worshiper at the altar. She turned, our eyes met; she grew pale and sank into a chair. I learned that she was the Signorina Alcesté Contarini, the last of her race. I was presented. I found her most responsive to my Venetian enthusiasms and family pride. One evening I learned that she was betrothed to the Count Grimani Delfini, son of her maternal uncle, Count Delfini, with whom she resided. This threw me into a fever of rage. Was she not mine? Assuredly, I have been long expected; she is not my *betrothed* merely, she is my *bride*—my *Adrian bride!* And I calmly sought her in the Malbrizzi Palace, where in the throng I found her, and ere long had her to myself. I claimed her old acquaintance—if not in the world, in dreams and visions, and was amazed when she told me the temple on the Brenta was hers, and that she had seen my writing on the wall. For some days after this she came no more to the Malbrizzi. I took a melodious gondolier and serenaded her at the Delfini Palace, for I saw her form through the window. At length I clambered up and, leaping through the balcony, seized her in my arms, avowing my love and my determination to save her from a detested marriage. She yielded to my embraces and responded to my passionate avowals. I left her abruptly, forgetting the future in the joy of the present.

For days I lost her; she was no longer at the Palazzo Delfini; but Lausanne brought me a letter, beginning:

"I renounce our vows; I retract our sacred pledge; I deliver to the winds our sacred love. Pity me, Contarini, hate me, despise me, and forget me."

It was a long letter, full of love and passionate regret. She had already, before seeing me, avoided the Delfini marriage by

devoting herself to the cloister, in promise although not yet in vows. She had gone to the Brenta chapel to pray and had seen a stranger crossing the lawn. She had afterward gone to the temple and, sitting in the great chair, had seen his writing. She fell asleep and dreamed of entering the cloister, but being rescued by the stranger; and when afterward she saw me in the Contarini church she recognized the stranger and felt herself to belong to him. But her fate was fixed, and she bade me farewell.

I instantly departed, telling Lausanne to get me a priest, and to provide money and a ship; and speeding to the Brenta I found my Alcesté in the chapel. I claimed my bride; she screamed, and, as in my vision, clung to the great crucifix, but I tore her away into the moonlight, and when she recovered from her swoon she resigned herself to me.

We were married, my two servants the only witnesses; we sailed from Venice in a ship bound for Candia, and amid the hills and groves of ancient Crete, in a lovely villa, we spent eight happy months of perfect contentment. Not only was I blessed, but bountiful Heaven was about to bestow upon me the new and fruitful joy of fatherhood. Alas! the day came unexpectedly, the child was not living, and Alcesté—my Alcesté—left me forever!

My despair was unfathomable. My brain lost its balance. I rushed from the house, and for hours ran, leaped, sped across chasms, precipices, and falling waters until I found myself on a peak of Mount Ida. There I cursed the earth, the sea, and all mankind, and sprang into the air.

For six weeks I lay at home, with bandaged head and broken arm, but gradually recovered, and, at first with the faithful Lausanne, but later alone, walked forth, dimly enjoying the sun and staring vacantly at sky and ocean.

The shock of one day coming upon Alcesté's stone-marked grave aroused vague recollection, succeeded by a passion of remembrance, which ended in my recovery of mental balance.

Lausanne and I left Candia, and as with the voyage to Leghorn my strength returned, I reviewed my year of happiness, and gathered my energies for what I now saw before me—the study of men and manners in travel.

For two years I lived amid the churches and palaces and art-galleries of charming Florence, that famous memorial of the Italian middle ages, when the human mind was in one of its spring tides, producing not only great men but the greatest. I fell into a tumult of invention and desire to write. I engaged the Villa Capponi near the tower of Galileo, where for months I gave myself to regular, systematic work, finished my second novel, and sent it to the publishers. The critics pronounced it fine, but unequal: they were right. Yet I had gone beyond much care for them. My hardly recovered health had now been depressed by long labor, and I fell into a troubled, sleepless condition. For a full year I stagnated, conscious but moody, and fearing only a continued life of helplessness. One sweet day my old friend Winter came in. He roused me and sent me off upon my long-postponed travels.

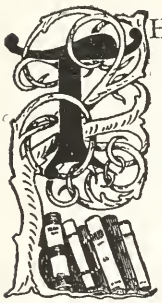
I traversed Spain, the sunny! Spain—with its exquisite Alhambra, its unequaled Seville Cathedral, its Moorish palaces and Christian churches, its barbarous but magnificent bull-fights, its picturesque women; Greece—with its azure mountains and sparkling seas, its fair Athens with the supreme Doric fane, and all its classic shrines; Constantinople—where I enjoyed an interview with the Sultan, who received me graciously and gave me splendid gifts, while I reveled in the unrivaled beauty, splendor, and strange interest of the ancient Stamboul and its environment; Asia Minor; Syria; the Holy Land of Palestine; the Mesopotamian desert and the banks of the Euphrates—lands populous with memories of antiquity, the most striking remembrance of which remains the superb view of the Holy City, Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives; and Egypt, with the beneficent Nile, its cataracts, its pyramids, sphinxes, solitary monuments, and vast temples. Cairo the charmer—a capital in a desert—where I took solitary rides, and wanderings amid the tombs of the Sultans, had about laid upon me the idea of permanent residence, when letters from my father conveyed tidings of his approaching death that shocked me. He told the tale of his own youthful adventures in Venice, the passionate winning of my glorious mother, and her death—leaving me, his only memorial of her; his wanderings, his becoming the secretary of Metternich in Vienna, his removal to the

northern capital where I had known him, and his earnest desire once more to press me in his arms.

Alas! in Rome I learned of his death. My friend Winter here again intervened with his wholesome counsels. My father had left me his large property, the Countess and her children having her own estate; he had also secured for me the Contarini estates of my mother in Italy. As I was now wearied with wandering, I purchased a large estate near Naples, with a palace and beautiful gardens, and there I shall erect a Saracenic palace for my Oriental collections, with many masterpieces of Christian art. Lausanne has married but will never leave me. Winter has a studio under my roof, and spends much time with me. And here, amid the loveliness of nature and the possibilities of adding features of varied charm, let me pass my life in the study and the creation of the beautiful!

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY (1833)

In the author's introduction to this story he says that it was suggested to him during a visit to Jerusalem in 1831, when he made a special study of the tombs of the kings of Israel. In the twelfth century the Caliphate was rapidly losing its power in the East. The Seljukian sultans, called to the aid of the Commanders of the Faithful, had become the real sovereigns of the Empire. They had created four kingdoms from the dominions of the successors of the Prophet, which conferred titles on four Seljukian princes. These princes, given up to luxury and self-indulgence, watched with fear the growing strength of the kings of Karasmé. The Hebrew people, though they acknowledged the supremacy of their conquerors, gathered for all purposes of jurisdiction under a native ruler, a reputed descendant of David, whom they called "The Prince of the Captivity." These Hebrew princes are given, by the Hebrew annalists, a position only a little lower than that of the ancient kings of Judah. Allowing for the ardor of these writers, it is yet a fact that these princes attained considerable local power. Their principal residence was Bagdad. It is on the imaginary adventures of one of these princes that the story of *Alroy* is founded.



THE old Prince of the Captivity, Bostenay, dismounted from his mule, and amidst jeers and missiles from the Moslem bystanders entered his house. He had just paid to the Caliph the tribute in behalf of Israel, which became due on this day. He commanded Caleb, his servant, to call young David Alroy, his grandson, and say that he would like to speak with him.

"You want me, uncle?" asked the nephew, as he entered the old man's apartment.

"I sent for you to know wherefore you joined me not to-day in offering our—our—"

"Tribute?" the nephew added.

"Be it so, tribute. Why were you absent?"

"Because it was a tribute; I pay none."

The spirit of the grandsire had descended to the grandson.

"Better pay tributes like princes than have them exacted with the scourge and offered in chains," the uncle answered. "This day you complete your eighteenth year and assume

the attributes of manhood. To-day your reign begins." With these words the uncle bowed and left the chamber.

The nephew felt the weight of this new burden resting on his young shoulders. He paced the chamber. Existence without hope, it seemed to him; and yet the royal blood of twice two thousand years—it must not die, die like a dream! He felt it all the more because his people did not suffer; they endured and did not feel. He brooded on the coming fate as if it were a prophecy. And now, since this office must fall to him, what ought to be his course? If the heritage could not be redeemed—"If we cannot flourish, why, then, we will die!" he said.

"Oh! say not so, my brother!" He heard the voice of Miriam. She came to plead with him to join in their festival, made for him on this accession to his princely office.

"A prince without a kingdom!" he muttered.

"God has willed; let us bow and tremble," she rejoined.

"I will not bow; I cannot tremble," he answered.

She urged him, with tears and words, to hope.

"Caleb, go tell my uncle I will soon join in the banquet."

After the banquet he repaired to the traditional tomb of Esther and Mordecai—just without the gates of Hamadan. While there, the Governor of the city, Alschiroch, rode hastily behind him, commanding him to open the gates. His footman parleyed with David, then rejoined his master, informing him who it was. The Governor turned away after threatening the young Prince, and called: "Dog, remember thy tribute!"

Alroy had retired to this spot for reverie, but now he was disquieted. He threw himself beneath the pine-trees, and the tranquil scene subdued him. Again he recalled the history of his people and their fall, and his heart sank within him. Then he rehearsed the promises and was comforted. Gazing into the distance he saw a fair procession of young girls clothed in somber drapery and led by Miriam. They reached the fountain and were gathering and twining flowers into garlands, when suddenly a shriek was heard. From out of the wood a turbaned man rushed and seized their leader. The maidens ran in terror, and Miriam was left in the embrace of Alschiroch. Alroy leaped, ran forward, and smote him lifeless. Miriam fainted in her brother's arms; the maidens returned and

bathed her face. When she revived she pleaded with her brother to fly. But he assured her that Alschiroch was dead. As he spoke, warning came that men were approaching. The horse of Alschiroch, a fiery steed, was in the grove beyond. Alroy caught it, mounted, and fled to the desert. On the left were the mountains bordering it, where alone he could find water. All day he rode the noble animal, both suffering from thirst. At last a well on the mountainside was reached. The horse saw it, hastened forward, stood for a moment by its side, then fell dead at Alroy's feet. Waking from a sleep of exhaustion, Alroy found himself gazing into the eyes of a lion, which, meeting his gaze, finally slunk away, leaving him unscathed. A bird brought a bunch of fresh figs, and seeing him, dropped them and flew away. He pursued his flight with fresh courage. Soon he came to a cavern, which he entered. A brazen table stood in the center. On a long couch lay several volumes. Shields and weapons decked the walls. As Alroy knelt by the couch a figure came forward.

"Jabaster, I have slain an Ishmaelite!" David exclaimed. The cabalist had read of him in the stars that night, for Alroy had been his pupil.

The young Prince, exhausted, fell asleep on Jabaster's couch and slept long. When he awoke they sat together in Jabaster's court, and Alroy related the dream he had just dreamed. It was of himself as a proud warrior, the chieftain of hosts with spears and banners, while the prophets foreshadowed his triumphant future. Then the cabalist cried: "David, my heart is full!" And he bade David pray. On the third day the cabalist and the Prince of the Captivity parted; the latter beginning his perilous search for the scepter of Solomon. Jabaster gave the Prince an emerald ring, the signet of a brother's love, and said: "The hour may come when thou mayest need his aid."

The Prince directed his course into the heart of the great desert. From thence he was to make his way to Babylon or Bagdad. The trials of his mission, and the dangers he must encounter, were ever in his mind. The days passed, until, as he was slowly traveling on his way, he saw far beyond the outlines of an ancient regal city. As he approached the gran-

deur of an unknown architecture rose before him, and he found himself among the ruins of former greatness. As he gazed, he was seized suddenly from behind. Four ferocious bandits bound him and hurried him through the streets and over the ruins, to a vast amphitheater, where there were groups of men, horses, and camels. At a distance was a large assembly, banqueting. "A spy!" exclaimed the captors, as they dragged Alroy before the leader of the band. Brutal treatment by the robbers was checked by their leader, who, hearing from Alroy that he was a Hebrew, spared his life, and pledged his troth with blood drawn from his own arm. When the robbers were sleeping, Alroy clambered over the ruins, descended to the streets, and fled to the desert. Days passed as he hastened on. The poisonous air enervated him; his limbs ached; his energy failed; hope and faith faded away. In his loneliness he poured out a passionate farewell to all who loved him; then dropped unconscious in the way. Mecca pilgrims thought him dead as he lay motionless. An Armenian physician felt his pulse and bled him. He opened his eyes. "He will live," the physician said. At last the desert ended, and the sick were well again. They beheld the great Euphrates. Alroy was in Bagdad. The bazaars and dancing-girls captivated the happy pilgrims.

Here, in Bagdad, Alroy met a stranger, Lord Honain, who was none other than Jabaster's brother. When he saw the emerald ring he recognized it as one he had given his brother Jabaster. He took the Hebrew youth to his palace and there revealed himself to him, who in turn declared his own identity and heard that a price was offered for his head for killing Alschiroch. Lord Honain had once been a Jew, despised and persecuted; and his sympathies were with the Prince of the Captivity, though he had renounced his own faith. He asked Alroy to become his son and to abandon an adventure which could only mean misery, promising that he should revel in luxury, that war and women should be at his command. "But—I am a believer," exclaimed the Prince.

"Gain the scepter of Solomon," Lord Honain replied, "and I will be your subject." A few days later he asked the Prince to follow him, enjoining him to strict silence wherever they went. They entered a covered boat on the Tigris, and were rowed for

an hour. Debarking, they passed through the portal of a great building, whose marble pillars supported a roof of purple, scarlet and gold; then through a court of roses, and on through chambers with priceless tapestries of silk and silver, and a fountain like a tree of gold and silver with birds in its branches whose plumage was of precious stones. After these they passed into the palace and entered a chamber where a lady reclined on a divan—the Princess. Her expression was haughty, but the fairness of her face was dazzling, and the dimples in her cheeks were fascinating. Honain held light converse with her. Her mother was the daughter of a bandit. Honain passed Alroy off to her as his slave—deaf and a mute. But the beautiful eyes of the Prince had captivated her. She would purchase him. Lord Honain had to dissemble. When they parted she called the Prince to her side and gave him a rosary "for thy master's sake, and those dark eyes of thine."

"Who was that lady?" questioned Alroy, as they were returning by the river.

"The Princess Schirene, the favorite daughter of the Caliph," Honain replied. When they parted, Alroy was alone in his rooms. "Schirene! O beautiful! Mighty Solomon! He wedded Pharaoh's daughter! Hah, what a future dawns on my hope! But the daughter of the Caliph and a Jew! Alas, my trials are not yet begun! Thou saidest well, Honain, most subtle Sadducee! Jabaster warned me! I fly from this dangerous city upon His business, which I have too much neglected."

Alroy beheld at last the Holy City. He had hastened from Bagdad, gained the pathway up the mountain, thence to the ravine below, and looking upward, on a gentle slope he saw the city. He descended into the valley of Jehoshaphat, then went up the opposite height and entered Jerusalem by the gate of Zion. An old man beckoned to him; and after questioning him, revealed himself as the chief rabbi, Zimri. The Prince found his people poor and weak. With the rabbi he visited the chief temple of the Hebrews, and bowed in silence during the service, then went forth and wandered among the hills, beholding Jerusalem from different points. He stole to the valley below, entered a tomb, and, wearied by his wanderings, fell

asleep. After hours he wakened, fancying that he had heard voices. Suddenly voices in discourse, the spirits of the tomb, startled him. He resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Genthesma, in which, one of the spirits had said, "there is a river none has reached." He groped through the gallery. Twice his torch was extinguished by the spray from the hidden waters. Now he was in darkness. His courage failed him: when, lo, a bright red cloud sailed toward him and discharged a silvery star, then dissolved, leaving the star, which threw a ray of light on a raging rapid. A boat was there; an afrit took the oars and Alroy embarked. They entered the waters of a beautiful lake and reached the opposite shore, when Alroy beheld Jerusalem for an instant; then the scene faded, and in its place was a moonlit plain, and beyond, mountains. Another scene! The Prince of the Captivity entered a vast hall. He stood trembling. On either side was ranged a line of kings who saluted him: "All hail, Alroy! The crown awaits thee!" At the head of fifty ivory steps sat a radiant monarch. In one hand he held a seal, in the other a scepter. Alroy, trembling still, ascended the steps, reached out his arm, and with gentle firmness grasped the unresisting scepter. When he returned to consciousness he was lying in the cavern of Genthesma, his hand still grasping a scepter. By his side he saw Jabaster.

Bostenay and Miriam were in a cell at Hamadan, cast there when Alroy fled. Caleb entered and informed them that a messenger had arrived from Alroy, who had captured the harem of the Governor as they journeyed from Bagdad and had offered to exchange them for Bostenay and his household.

The ruined city of the desert was now a scene of activity. Alroy and Jabaster had sought Scherirah, captain of the robbers, and he had joined with them. Hosts of young Hebrews had gathered to their standard. The Governor of Hamadan, Hassan Subah, received orders to suppress the rebels and to send David Alroy, dead or alive, to the capital. Alroy sat in council in the amphitheater of the ruined city, when the faithful messenger returned from Hamadan, bringing Hassan Subah's message: "My harem shall owe their freedom to nothing but the sword." Then Alroy gave orders for the army to march to Hamadan on the morrow. Esther, the prophetess, appeared on the solitary

arch of the upper tier. All were mute while she foretold the destruction of Hassan Subah; then the whole assemblage went wild with enthusiasm. Meantime Hassan Subah arrived, and encamped about the ruined city. He reconnoitered in the interior of the ruins, then marched his army through its solitary streets. When he was near the Temple, Esther appeared at its portal and repeated her prophecy. Instantly, at a signal from the prophetess, Alroy and his army rushed from hiding and fell fiercely upon the foe. Confusion and destruction followed. The Governor's auxiliaries, hastening to his aid, made greater confusion. News came that the gates had been closed; escape was hopeless, and death was before them. Alroy met Hassan Subah in personal encounter and conquered him; and before midnight the massacre was complete.

A fortnight passed. The captain and sentinels of the gate at Hamadan were predicting the early return of Hassan Subah in triumph, when they saw an armed force approaching. Now the captain and his men were exulting when, suddenly, a trumpet sounded. "Open the gates to the King of Israel!" Alroy and his army entered in triumph. The people, on their knees, shouted: "Long live Alroy!" David clasped his sister in his arms. Jabaster was appointed high priest of Israel. After celebrating the triumph, Alroy mounted his charger and at the head of twenty thousand men, departed to conquer Media. This he achieved in a single battle and in a month every city of the province had fallen. The imperial city of Rhey was surprised in a night, sacked and burned. The Sultan of Persia gathered a motley multitude of warriors and rushed to battle at Irak. At the first onset his cavalry was routed; the wild tribes discharged their arrows and fled; the Turks fought desperately. Togrul, the Turkish Sultan of Persia, was slain, and the capital, Nishapur, surrendered.

Alroy issued a decree creating the new kingdom of the Medes and Persians, of which Hamadan was declared the capital. The reconquest of the Land of Promise was planned. Jabaster had collected a hundred thousand warriors and the city of Hamadan was alive with preparations for war.

On the Tigris a great array of opposing warriors was gathered. Alroy prepared to meet this enemy in battle at the head of one

hundred and twenty thousand men. Malek, the Grand Sultan of the Seljuks, was chief commander of the Caliph's army on the Tigris. Before nightfall the camp of the invaders was pitched near Malek's. In the morning Alroy's army attacked the Caliph's. The battle lasted only three hours, but the result was a great victory for the Israelites. Thirty thousand Turks were slain, among them the sultans of Bagdad and Syria, with many chieftains. The troops that escaped made no attempts to rally.

David Alroy was now master of the East. The next day came a deputation from Bagdad bringing rich gifts for the conqueror. Its orator was Honain. Humbly and gracefully he bowed before the conqueror of the East and in his address pleaded for safety, toleration, and justice. These Alroy readily granted. When the King returned to his tent he heard a voice and Esther, the prophetess, stood before him. "Alroy," she said, "as I live, the Lord hath spoken it. Enter not into Babylon."

The King answered: "I am the Lord's anointed. His warning has not reached me." "Ah me! He will not listen. All is lost!" she cried.

The city of Bagdad was now occupied by the Israelites. Alroy took possession of the palace, with his counselor Jabaster. The latter commended Abidan to him for office. "A dreamer, a dreamer," Alroy said. "Dreams are the oracles of God," Jabaster reminded him. "When God sends them," Alroy rejoined; and added: "I'll have no dreamers in authority." The high priest withdrew in silence.

Alroy mused on his fortunes and his empire. "The world is mine, and shall I yield the prize? Shall these be my annals: 'He conquered Asia and he built the temple'?" He would find Honain and make him chamberlain. "Something must be done to bind the conquered to our fortunes," he told himself.

Alroy bethought him to search the palace in disguise. He donned a robe and a Cachemire girdle, and at twilight went by boat to the archway, debarked and ascended the steps. Entering a saloon, he threw himself on a silver couch. A soft whisper uttered the name "Honain!" He looked; a figure enveloped in a veil came forward. "Honain!" A lovely woman beheld an unexpected guest. While they gazed at each other,

a man with a light entered and approached. "Alroy!" exclaimed the astonished Honain. "Alroy!" the lady exclaimed; and turned pale. The King bent the knee to her, bade her express her wish, that it might be fulfilled, and making his adieu, departed. The next day Alroy sought the Princess Schirene in her gardens, by the fountain, and bent the knee to her; offering her his heart and his throne. The Princess turned her hitherto hidden countenance, and bowed it on his heart. "O Alroy! I have no creed, no country, no life, but thee!" Alroy returned to his council, gave his order to Scherirah to march to Jerusalem, then presented Lord Honain to his own brother, Jabaster—"the pillar of my empire." After salutations, Jabaster offered Alroy a scroll—a Hebrew's formula of government. But Alroy put it aside, declaring, in a few words, the inadequacy of the old theocracy. They disputed gravely on the kingdom of Judah, and the meaning of God's victories. When they parted it was in sorrow.

The nobility and the chief officers of state, save Jabaster, made lavish preparations to celebrate the union of the King and the Princess Schirene. The carnival was of universal interest. In the midst of the festivities a messenger from the army announced a great victory by Scherirah over the Sultan of Roum. When the royal couple entered the nuptial chamber, the city, the river, and surrounding plains were a blaze of light. For seven days and nights did this scene of rejoicing continue, and David Alroy was lord of the mightiest empire in the world.

Jabaster's spirit was broken. The young King Alroy, he felt, was feasting his harlot 'mid the thunderbolts. A foul Belshazzar! "Is there no hand to write upon the wall?" he asked himself.

A boat arrived on the river, and Esther, and Abidan, the dreamer, entered to Jabaster bringing news: "Alroy has proclaimed himself Caliph. Four Moslem nobles are sworn in as councilmen. The Princess goes to Mosque in state next Friday. 'Tis rumored that Alroy will go with her."

"No, no, no, never! Is he not the Lord's anointed?" exclaimed Jabaster.

"Wo, wo! Unutterable wo!" cried the prophetess Esther.

Jabaster paced the gallery with agitated steps. "I know thy thoughts, Abidan; 'tis not compunction that stays my arm!"

"Why stays it?" asked Abidan.

"Because with him we fall. He is the last of all his sacred line." Jabaster quitted the gallery and entered his closet. He clasped his hands in his agony: "Down, tempting devil, down! Let me die, let me die; the torture of existence is too great!"

Alroy abandoned himself to the soft caresses of his sultana; her beauty captivated his soul.

The night after Abidan was at Jabaster's palace, the high priest went to meet him with others, for counsel. The prophetess Esther spoke, unfolding a plot she had formed. She knew of a secret way in the palace by which she could enter and fire the building, while others could steal into the royal chamber and do the deed. The plot was approved; the gathering arranged to meet the next night and prepare for its execution. On the night appointed the prophetess stole into the palace and fired it. Then she searched for Alroy's chamber, saw him sleeping, and half repented. But hearing him, in his dreams, call for Schirene twice, she hardened her heart, attempted his life, shivered a dagger against the talisman Jabaster had given him, and was seized and imprisoned. The King, suspecting treachery, called the guards. Asriel's and Ithamar's columns were ordered to the palace; thence David Alroy, at the head of these troops, met the traitors. Terrible carnage ensued, but the King was triumphant. Abidan escaped in disguise, and Jabaster was captured. The King at once appointed a commission to investigate the affair. But, alas, Jabaster was a prisoner; he must meet his doom. Alroy asked Schirene what that doom should be, and she, hesitating, pronounced his death. The King pleaded for banishment, but she was relentless: "He must die." She slipped his signet ring from his finger and fled to give the order for Jabaster's execution. Alroy discovered the absence of the ring; but Jabaster, it was rumored, had already taken his own life. A message came from Abner, in Hamadan, that the great Alp Arslan had overrun all Persia. Abner asked for reënforcements. Again, a message from Mozul—Abidan had rebelled and proclaimed war against the King. "Go summon Honain," Alroy ordered. Alas, a third messenger from

the Syrian frontier: Lord Medad reported that the Sultan of Roum and the old Arabian Caliph had joined, and were marching on Bagdad. A council of war was summoned, and it was decided that these several forces must be attacked separately. Alroy appointed Honain Regent. He himself would command in Persia; Ithamar must throw his forces between the Sultan and Abidan, Medad fall back on Ithamar, while Scherirah should guard the capital. At daybreak he went to his Queen. She knew the ill tidings, and would go with him to the field. And so it was settled. Benaich, entering to the King, announced that the scepter of Solomon could not be found. With this news added, the shadow of doom rested on his spirit. "Say nothing. Let none enter the armory," the King ordered.

"O my God, I have deserted Thee, and now Thou hast deserted me!" cried David. The trumpet of dawn sounded to arms; and the King took his place as commander, and hastened on by forced marches. They passed again the mountains of Kerrund and joined Abner and the army of Media. Resting one night, they pushed on to the Persian frontier, and attacked the advanced posts of Alp Arslan, beating them back; but Alroy avoided a general engagement. Meantime, he was saved from death in an ambush by an officer, who interposed and received the fatal thrust. When dying, this officer confessed that Jabaster was slain by Honain's orders, confirmed by the signet ring of the King. This news grieved and angered the King. When Schirene reached camp he met her coldly; but her beauty won at last; reason was abandoned with honor, and passion ruled. In the morning Alroy and Abner attacked Alp Arslan with great fury, but the enemy was continually reënforced. Scherirah, who had been sent for, was to strengthen the King's columns; and when his banners were seen from the heights, the enthusiasm in Alroy's army knew no bounds. But a messenger, hurrying, announced that Scherirah had turned traitor, joined Abidan, and had attacked Alroy's rear. The terrible news demoralized the King's army. The officers threw away their swords; even Abner fled toward Hamadan. Asiel was slain; and Alroy, losing hope, took three hundred men, rushed to his pavilion, seized the fainting Schirene, and pushed for the desert.

With only eighty men left, they reached the ruined city,

entered the old amphitheater, made a couch for Schirene, and stretched around camp-fires for the night. Next day they found ample stores left by the banditti of former days. With Benaiah's aid, order prevailed in camp. This accomplished, Alroy despatched spies to communicate with Ithamar and Medad. Deserters soon joined them, who said it was rumored that Alroy had died in battle. Old Bostenay and Miriam were prisoners in Bagdad. Lord Honain was in high favor with the conquerors. Abner was dead, and Medad had fled with Ithamar. Alroy now meditated flight into Egypt; but, alas, one morning he wakened to find himself bound hand and foot. He looked; Schirene was gone! The amphitheater was filled with Karasmian troops. Our hero was flung on a camel, and they all set out across the desert. Alroy kept no account of time until he was conscious that they had quitted the desert. Then he was placed in a boat on the Euphrates and hours after they disembarked, at last reaching Bagdad.

In the citadel of Bagdad—down in its dungeon! Was this to be the end of all of his dreaming? For days he lay in a stupor. On the fourth day he ate a little food; then the jailers left him in darkness. Serpents, scorpions, and rats infested the cell. His mind seemed to be deserting him.

The seventh day a guard entered and announced that a person wished to speak with him. The visitor was Honain. He told the prisoner that Miriam was there and free; that Schirene was thinking of him. Honain had come to urge Alroy to make terms with his conquerors. By renouncing his faith publicly, pleading guilty to the use of magic, and denying his divine mission, he could win life and freedom. From these humiliations Alroy turned away in scorn.

"Never, never! No more of this! Say what they will, I am the Lord's anointed."

"And Miriam?" asked Honain.

"The Lord will not desert her; she never deserted Him."

"Schirene?"

"Schirene! Why! for her sake alone I will die a hero."

Schirene was at the gate. She entered. She joined Honain in pleading with him. Then, suddenly, he sprang to his feet, and denounced them both as the murderers of Jabaster. Schirene,

at this outburst, fled to Honain in terror. Alroy accused Honain and called him a fratricide; at which the latter turned pale. The Princess fell into the arms of Honain and was borne from the dungeon. Caleb, by permission, visited Alroy and informed him of a coming visit from Miriam. She was at the gate; and, as she entered, her brother received her with calmness. She ran and embraced him. They assured each other of their love and devotion, and trusted that the Lord was with them in their great trial. Then with endearing embraces and brave words, brother and sister bade a last farewell. But when Miriam returned to her apartment, and heard the trumpet sound the signal for Alroy's trial and execution, she raised her arms to heaven, bowed her head, and died.

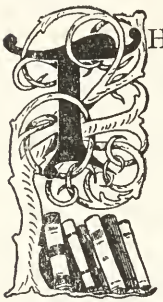
The Square of the Grand Mosque was the scene of the pretended trial of Alroy. When he was brought from his dungeon his garments were soiled and tattered, his head bare, and his long locks drawn off his forehead; but, still unsubdued, he threw around him an imperial glance.

Alp Arslan, sovereign of Karasmé, seated on his throne, raised his voice. "David Alroy, captured in arms against your rightful sovereign, you are prepared, like other rebels, for your doom." The trial was a mockery. Alroy defied the King, Alp Arslan; denied the false charges, even though Schirene had held up her right hand as witness that he had a talisman on his breast that had drawn her to him by resistless magic.

Alroy, in answer, proclaimed his princely race, and his mission for the Lord. While they were preparing the tortures that were to precede his death, the King, enraged at his obstinacy, stepped from his throne, drew his blade, and took off the head of the Prince of the Captivity. It fell; and as it fell, a smile of triumphant derision seemed to play upon the dying features of the hero, and to ask of his enemies: "Where now are all your tortures?"

HENRIETTA TEMPLE (1836)

In this story the author showed a side of his character unsuspected by his political and literary friends and opponents; and his apparently earnest conviction that no real love exists save that which springs into being at first sight, and that disparity of age is no bar to a perfect union between man and woman, aroused no little wonder and amusement in English society.



HE family of Armine had entered England with William the Conqueror and had always maintained a close connection with the crown, increasing their estates and revenues as their services deserved. Being stanch Roman Catholics, they no longer figured so conspicuously in the history of their country as in former times, yet abroad their blood and creed insured a flattering reception.

Thus Sir Ferdinand Armine, finding the scope for his brilliant talents somewhat narrowed at home, left England in his eighteenth year, entered the Imperial service, where he distinguished himself for his romantic bravery, and finally sought to be elected King of Poland. Having failed in this ambition, and also in the suit which he proffered to no less a person than the Empress of Austria herself, he betook himself to Constantinople and became a leader of the Turkish army.

Upon his return to England he married a lady whose divorce he had occasioned, and after less than a year of wedded life separated from her and went to Rome, where he endeavored to have himself made a cardinal. When his Holiness failed to make the desired appointment, Sir Ferdinand again betook himself to England, where he was occupying himself in writing memoirs, building a castle, and prosecuting certain claims before the House of Lords, when the French Revolution broke out. Here he saw a new field for his activities; but he was hurried to the guillotine soon after the execution of the King,

with the question undecided whether he was a Jacobin or a Royalist.

Sir Ferdinand left a son whom he had never seen, now Sir Ratcliffe. He had just become of age at his father's death, and succeeded to large estates heavily encumbered, which, though not entailed, he determined to hand down undiminished, as his forefathers had done. Leaving his mother and his affairs in the hands of Glastonbury, his tutor and devoted friend and at the same time confessor to his mother, he embarked for Cadiz and obtained a commission in the Spanish service. After he had been absent three years his mother died; and Sir Ratcliffe returned, now for the first time possessed of a small income. Thus fortified, he asked for the hand of Constance, eldest daughter of Lord Grandison, a Catholic nobleman, and was not refused.

Sir Ratcliffe and his bride withdrew for their future home to Armine Place, a fragment of the old Elizabethan pile, which Sir Ferdinand had left when tearing down the major part to make way for the uncompleted Armine Castle. The large park extending over about a hundred acres was let as grazing ground; but the young couple were hopeful of again restoring their fortunes and the home. After some pleasant weeks of the honeymoon were over Sir Ratcliffe suggested to his wife that Glastonbury be invited to visit them. She readily acquiesced; and no sooner was he among them than they felt his rare accomplishments in music and art, as well as in the more practical science of gardening, to be indispensable to their future happiness. Though Glastonbury, upon the death of Sir Ratcliffe's mother, had been bent upon taking the cowl, he yielded to their wishes and chose for his abode a chamber over the turreted gate, intended by Sir Ferdinand as one of the principal entrances to his castle.

In the second year of their marriage their first and only child was born to Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine, and soon all their hopes were centered in the education of little Ferdinand. With the exception of an annual visit to his grandfather, Lord Grandison, the child lived in extreme seclusion; yet so gifted were the three persons with whom his life was passed that it would have been difficult to provide a youth with greater advantages. The

finances of the family became ever more involved; and Sir Ratcliffe could not conceal his difficulties from his affectionate wife and the faithful Glastonbury. He also became anxious for the future of his son, until one day Glastonbury informed his friend that it was necessary for him to visit London and proposed taking Ferdinand with him. Lord Ratcliffe and Lady Armine readily consented, and the child was overjoyed at his prospective trip.

After showing the boy some of the sights of the great city, Glastonbury took him to call upon an old friend, a nobleman with whom he had been connected early in life. Their reception was most cordial; and the Duke was interested in securing a commission in the army for the boy. A vacancy had occurred in a regiment just ordered to Malta; and Glastonbury sacrificed a quarter of his modest property in the purchase of the commission and the outfit of his young friend. Before three weeks had elapsed, he forwarded a gazette to Armine announcing the appointment of Ferdinand Armine as Ensign in the Royal Fusileers.

It was difficult for Sir Ratcliffe to accept this sacrifice on the part of his friend; but considering his own disability, he could not do other than yield when Glastonbury begged he would not deprive him of the greatest gratification of his remaining years.

The departure of Ferdinand occasioned deep affliction in the little household, but all saw in it a brilliant future for the lad. His father accompanied him to Falmouth, where he was to embark, visiting Lord Grandison on the way. The grandfather was delighted at the prospects of his grandson and could not lavish enough upon his entertainment. When Ferdinand took his leave the old gentleman, after reminding all about him again and again that this was his favorite grandson, handed him a hundred-pound note along with excellent advice.

On the night before Sir Ratcliffe separated from his son he told him frankly of the serious financial condition in which their affairs stood; and Ferdinand resolved never to become a burden to his parents.

At the end of five years the regiment in which Captain Armine commanded a company was recalled to England. During this time Ferdinand made a brief visit to his home and was accorded

such treatment by his grandfather as to justify his wildest hopes. His cousin, the presumptive heir of Lord Grandison, had died; and the general opinion was that the absolute property of the old man would go to Ferdinand. This belief spread also to Malta, and money-lenders fairly forced their loans upon the brilliant youth, who needed small encouragement to satisfy his extravagant tastes. Consequently when his regiment was recalled he was forced to leave behind a large score of debts, which would have been made more oppressive had his creditors known of the grandfather's death and final disposition of property. Except for a few minor bequests, Lord Grandison had left everything to his granddaughter, Katherine Grandison.

Of course it was an "unjust will"; but his mother, in conveying the sad intelligence to Ferdinand, hinted at a means of escape not at all distasteful to the young spendthrift. Katherine was young and pretty, and a most suitable bride for Ferdinand Armine. Accordingly, upon his arrival in England Captain Armine went at once to Bath, where his parents were then visiting the maiden aunt with whom Katherine resided. Matters progressed rapidly with the young people. Though Ferdinand found it quite impossible to fall in love with his cousin, yet her adoration was not distasteful to him. She was easily captivated and his proposals met with a result satisfactory to all concerned.

On account of the grandfather's recent death, it was decided that the marriage must be postponed for a year; but the announcement of the coming event was sufficient guaranty to the creditors to render them less importunate, and Ferdinand did not regret the reprieve. After two months of courtship, the young man went on to Armine in advance of the party, to meet Glastonbury and to have all in readiness for the coming of his parents and his *fiancée*. Glastonbury, with the true ardor of an antiquarian, began at once to contemplate the restoration of Armine Castle, which the prospective fortune now made possible.

The morning after his arrival at his home, Ferdinand was sauntering in the surrounding wilderness, when he suddenly came upon a lady in a riding-habit, standing before a large cedar-tree, evidently admiring its proportions. She was soon joined by a man of middle age, who came forward saying:

"Henrietta, I cannot find the gardener anywhere, I think we had better remount." "Ah me! What a pity!" was the young lady's reply, when Ferdinand, stepping forward, said gallantly: "Let me be your guide."

The gentleman courteously accepted the service, and Ferdinand, without disclosing his identity, conducted the pair about the place. While looking at the portrait of the famous Sir Ferdinand, the lady, struck with the resemblance, started, looked at him, and said: "I think we are indebted to his descendant for this courtesy."

Ferdinand gracefully acknowledged this tribute, and the gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Temple, begging Ferdinand to visit his daughter and himself at Ducie Bower, a modest dwelling not many miles distant.

Mr. Temple, the younger son of a noble family, had spent his life in the diplomatic circle, winning distinction in the German cities where he had passed his time with his daughter before retiring to the sylvan pavilion known as Ducie Bower. Here Ferdinand came the day following the meeting in the park; and at once the most friendly relations were established. With the young people it was clearly a case of love at first sight. They sang, walked and talked together, till bright days seemed made for them alone. Ferdinand was beside himself, and rejoiced at the delay which prevented his family from coming to Armine Place as soon as they had planned. At last he determined to sever the relation with his cousin. He could not bear to be away from his beloved. He slept at a farmhouse to be near her, he forgot Glastonbury and narrowly escaped detection by that faithful friend, who came upon the two in the gallery engaged in copying the portrait of Sir Ferdinand. One day when Ferdinand called, he found himself alone with Henrietta. Her father was away upon some business in a distant town. The young man could contain himself no longer and declared his love, which was joyously reciprocated. On account of the equivocal position in which he now found himself, he enjoined the strictest secrecy upon Henrietta and went at once to Bath, prepared to convey the news of his recent decision to his family.

About three weeks after Ferdinand Armine had quitted Ducie, Mr. Temple and his daughter received a visit from a

very old friend, Lady Bellair. This eccentric old person, in spite of advanced years, possessed much energy and held a conspicuous position in London society. She regaled the little household with all the gossip of her set, and incidentally referred to Ferdinand Armine's engagement to his wealthy cousin, substantiating her statement by the frequency with which the two were seen together at Bath. This intelligence was too much for Henrietta, who at once went to her room and there confessed all to her father. Mr. Temple was greatly distressed at the blow which had come to his daughter and wept long.

Ferdinand, oppressed by creditors and the urgent demand of his family, found it impossible to make the necessary confession. Just as he had made up his mind to quit Bath, leaving a letter for Katherine to explain all, letters from his Henrietta ceased to arrive. Driven mad by her silence, the youth rushed back to Ducie Bower to find the place deserted and no clue to its occupants left behind. On a wild, stormy night he went to Glastonbury and confessed everything. His old friend told of visitors who had come to inquire concerning his engagement to Miss Grandison. Believing the matter known to the world in general, the tutor had concealed nothing.

The next morning the old man found his young charge seriously ill and sent for a physician. The parents upon hearing the sad news came at once, and Miss Grandison with true devotion insisted upon accompanying them. For three days the family lived in fearful suspense. At the end of that time Ferdinand began to mend and soon after inquired for Glastonbury, who immediately attended him. The old man promised his good offices in repairing the injury Ferdinand felt he had done his cousin; and shortly after Ferdinand had reason to thank him. During his convalescence, he broached the subject to Miss Grandison and found her fully prepared for his communication.

"Glastonbury has told you?" said Ferdinand.

"That communication is among the other good offices we owe him," replied Miss Grandison.

"He told you?" again inquired Ferdinand.

"All that it was necessary I should know for your honor, or, as some would think, for my happiness; no more. I had

no idle curiosity to gratify. It is enough that your heart is another's; I seek not, I wish not, to know that person's name."

In their future intercourse they resolved to let nothing appear which for the present could lead Sir Ratcliffe and Lady Armine to suspect the change; and each felt a new admiration for the other in the bond of kinship. Ferdinand found his feelings toward Henrietta Temple unchanged by his illness; but in spite of all inquiries he could make sure only that she had quitted England. He almost regretted his recovery when his fancy reverted to her, believing herself betrayed and deserted.

When Mr. Temple saw the danger that threatened his daughter's health, consequent upon her great grief, he repaired with her to Pisa and sought every opportunity to divert and help her. At Pisa Mr. Temple and his daughter made the acquaintance of Lord Montfort, who had a beautiful villa in that vicinity and endeavored to do all in his power to entertain the charming invalid. His tender attention and gentlemanly bearing finally won the regard of Henrietta. She found it a consolation to be thus cherished by one who seemed to think only of her gratification; and at length, to the great joy of her father, consented to marry him. At this time, when the world was going particularly well with Mr. Temple, further good fortune came to him in an immense estate left him by an aged baronet.

Mr. Temple and his daughter at once returned to England, and the same month that witnessed their arrival welcomed also Miss Grandison and her aunt and uncle, who were to be her guests at a house she had taken in London. Ferdinand, accompanied by the faithful Glastonbury, settled in a small hotel close by. His mind was thrown into wild chaos when he read in the paper of the return to England of the Marquis of Montfort, whose engagement to the wealthy Miss Temple was at the same time announced.

The Marquis of Montfort was the son of the kind Duke through whom Glastonbury had obtained Ferdinand's commission so many years ago. Therefore, it was not surprising that the aged tutor and the beautiful Miss Temple met shortly in Lord Montfort's home. The young lady inquired whether Ferdinand's marriage had taken place.

"It has not occurred," said Glastonbury; "he came to Ducie

to claim his bride and she was gone. His mind sank under the terrible bereavement. For weeks he was a maniac; and though his mind, thanks to God, is again whole, he is the victim of a profound melancholy, that defies alike medical skill and worldly vicissitudes."

At this intelligence Henrietta fainted and was carried from the room by Lord Montfort.

Captain Armine was deeply agitated when Glastonbury told him of this meeting, but, worried and distraught as he was, his constant occupation seemed to be seeing lawyers and standing off creditors. While making one of these calls he came upon Lady Bellair, who insisted upon being taken to his family and included them in all her future social affairs.

Since she was on equally good terms with the Temples, it was not remarkable that Ferdinand, upon going into Lady Bellair's house, found himself face to face with Henrietta. In the few moments granted them, Henrietta begged him: "Oh, Ferdinand, why cannot we be friends!"

"Because we are more than friends," he replied. "Little did I suppose that we should have met again. I go nowhere; I enter no single house." Just then a page summoned Miss Temple and Ferdinand left.

Between Henrietta and Katherine there soon sprang up a warm friendship; and Lord Montfort frequently escorted the two ladies about on pleasant excursions, which now and then Ferdinand was persuaded to join, though his misery was so great that he absented himself whenever possible.

Lord Montfort was not ignorant of the past relations of Henrietta and Ferdinand, and felt a profound pity for the young man. Katherine soon perceived that Henrietta was the one whose name she had refused to hear; and she bent all her energies to bringing about happiness and an understanding. At this crisis Sir Ratcliffe began to urge upon his son that his marriage with his cousin take place without further delay. Then Ferdinand, who could bear the deception no longer, told his father that the engagement was dissolved.

"Boy, boy! you know not what you say," replied the agonized father. "Not marry your cousin! Then let us die. It were better for us all to die."

The affairs of the family were then in a critical condition; and this news being soon spread abroad, a very few days afterward Ferdinand found himself arrested for debt. Twenty-eight hundred pounds was no easy sum to meet; and though the friends who chanced to hear of his misfortune sprang to his aid, it seemed as though he would be obliged to go to jail. Among the friends who came to him in his distress was Lord Montfort, who was evidently the bearer of mysterious as well as good news. After darkly hinting at possibilities of marrying a woman of large fortune, which idea the noble Ferdinand spurned, he finally gave him a note. Thus it ran:

"DEAREST FERDINAND:—Do everything that Lord Montfort wishes; he is our best friend. He is going to marry Katherine; are you happy?

"HENRIETTA."

When Lord Montfort looked around, Ferdinand was lying senseless on the sofa. He had but just recovered from the swoon when a packet was handed him, containing ten three-hundred-pound notes. Ferdinand could only exclaim: "Do I live in fairyland?"

Lord Montfort, having seen Glastonbury and Katherine in close conversation the previous morning and knowing of a subsequent visit to her lawyers, was able to throw some light on the subject. His arguments forced Ferdinand to accept the notes; and, having settled all fees, they went away together.

Ferdinand felt the greatest hesitancy about meeting Mr. Temple; but that gentleman, to whom his daughter's happiness was the chief aim in life, had left a note at his chambers begging him to dine with them that very night. This seemed too much good fortune for the young man to endure; and he required all the encouragement and raillery of a light-hearted young friend to enable him to ascend the stairs of Mr. Temple's residence. It was a happy family party; and whatever explanation Lord Montfort had made to Mr. Temple had caused such a perfect understanding, that in the general good-will that prevailed nothing was left to be desired. Ferdinand took Henrietta out to dinner; and surely, if he felt bewildered, it was not very extraordinary. As the guests were departing, they were left together for only a moment. Then they terminated their mu-

tual embarrassment by falling into each other's arms, while Ferdinand sealed his gratitude and devotion upon her trembling lips.

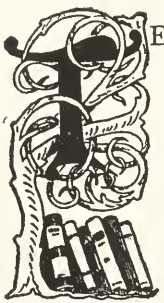
Though the settlements caused some delay in the respective marriages, they were finally celebrated at the same time and in the same place, and Glastonbury performed the ceremony. Lord and Lady Montfort went to their seat in Sussex, while Ferdinand and Henrietta repaired to Armine. Mr. Temple paid off the mortgages on Armine and saw that it was settled in strict entail upon the issue of his daughter. The castle was to be completed; and until its completion, Ferdinand and his wife were to make their home at Ducie Bower.

The friendship between the Montforts and younger Armines was ever maintained, both in their town and in their country residences; and political honors were about evenly distributed between Ferdinand and Lord Montfort.

Ferdinand and Henrietta christened their eldest son Glastonbury, and the two younger ones Digby, for Lord Montfort, and Temple; but to the little daughter they gave the name of Henrietta.

VENETIA (1837)

This work, produced soon after the author's travels in Italy, Greece, and Turkey, reflects many of the scenes he there enjoyed. He frequently introduced into his works real persons with penetrable disguises and presented them in a light sometimes favorable and sometimes otherwise. In his dedication of *Venetia* to Lord Lyndhurst Disraeli says: "I have attempted to shadow forth, though as in a glass darkly, two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter days." The spirits were Byron and Shelley—Byron represented by Lord Cadurcis, and Shelley by Marmion Herbert; Captain Cadurcis was George Byron, uncle of Lord Byron; Mrs. Cadurcis was Catherine Byron, mother of the poet; Dr. Masham was Bishop William Wilberforce; Lady Monteagle was Lady Jersey; and Venetia herself was Clara, daughter of Percy Bysshe Shelley.



TEN years before the revolt of the American colonies there was in the midlands of England an ancient hall, long unoccupied, belonging to the Herbert family. About that time Lady Annabel Herbert and her infant daughter took up their abode in Cherbury, accompanied only by a waiting-woman, Mistress Pauncefort. The servants were retainers of the place, and nothing was known of the causes bringing the family there. Although Lady Annabel never wore weeds, and her husband could not have been long dead when she arrived at Cherbury, the general impression of the villagers was that she was a widow. Though mother and daughter were both beautiful, there was such a marked difference between them that it was plain the daughter's features were not the hereditary gift of the mother.

The little family kept to themselves, and the only place of importance in the vicinity was an uninhabited abbey. Thither the three often walked, providing for the return of the tired little girl on a patient donkey. The abbey was a part of the estate of Lord Cadurcis, a gentleman who lived abroad. Only once did Lady Annabel attempt to penetrate its melan-

choly walls, when an ancient caretaker reluctantly granted admittance, and then its deserted air was too depressing to invite another visit.

But one guest ever came to Cherbury, and that was Dr. Masham, the rector of a distant parish. Every Sunday he came to perform divine service, and remained to dine with the family. Though a bachelor, he loved children, and little Venetia was a great favorite with him. During the bountiful dinner the good doctor brought in pleasant bits of gossip from the outside world and tried to enliven the quiet household.

On one of these occasions he announced the coming of the new proprietor to Cadurcis Abbey. Lady Annabel was much interested to learn that by the death of the old lord the estate had fallen to a distant relative, a mere boy, who with his mother had taken up his residence in the long-deserted abbey. Unfortunately for the present lord, the income attached was small, as a reckless father had dissipated most of his own and his wife's property. Lady Annabel, with intent charitable and at the same time hospitable, promised the doctor to call soon upon her new neighbors. She promptly carried out her resolution, but found no one at home, much to the disappointment of the small Venetia, who eagerly awaited news of the little boy.

A few days after the visit to Cadurcis a post-chaise drew up at Cherbury gates; it contained a tawdry woman accompanied by a pale, slender boy of about twelve years. The lady was Mrs. Cadurcis, who was received by Lady Annabel with the greatest courtesy. Mrs. Cadurcis followed her introduction with a petulant correction of her son, Plantagenet, which soon led to a violent quarrel between them, and a reconciliation was produced only by Lady Annabel's tactful intervention. Mother and son remained to dinner, and the dainty Venetia (then about seven years of age) and the boy found great pleasure in each other. The child was reconciled to a parting only on condition that on the next day Lord Cadurcis should come through the woods and take another walk with her. The new neighbors proved of no slight importance in the life of the family at Cherbury. Lord Cadurcis and Venetia had their lessons together, and Lady Annabel treated the petulant Mrs. Cadurcis with the utmost consideration, exercising a beneficent influence over the im-

petuous son and never forgetting to urge upon him the claims of his mother to filial respect.

At Christmas Lord Cadurcis and his mother were guests for several days at Cherbury, and the young Baron presented Venetia with a graceful ornament inscribed: "To Venetia, from her affectionate brother, Plantagenet." As it contained a handsome emerald which Mrs. Cadurcis had given her son for the purpose, it proved a more precious offering than Lady Annabel would have cared to have her daughter accept, but she was too considerate to reject it.

During this visit Lord Cadurcis confided to Venetia that in the dead hours of night he had seen her mother slipping into an unused room, and urged Venetia to ask her mother to permit them to explore the closed portions of the house. Permission was denied, and nothing more was thought of the refusal. Later, when the two children were permitted to visit Dr. Masham, accompanied by her ladyship, Cadurcis, running hastily into the rectory, reported to Venetia that he had found her mother crying. Venetia often pondered over these events, but hers was a happy childhood and she thought of everyone else as happy also.

In Cadurcis's home life was not pleasant. The mother had become a confirmed invalid, querulous and jealous, and at last in a fit of rage she forbade Cadurcis to visit Cherbury again. This was indeed a bitter blow, and the lad resolved upon instant action. He mounted his pony and ran away. At nightfall he fell in with a band of gipsies, who accepted him as a companion and treated him kindly until Dr. Masham, apprised by Lady Annabel, set out in search of him and found the young runaway. When they returned to the abbey they were met by Lady Annabel, who, putting her arm affectionately round the boy's neck, said: "My dearest Plantagenet, it has devolved upon me to communicate to you some distressing intelligence."

"My mother, then, is dangerously ill?" he inquired in a calm but softened tone.

"It is even sadder news than that, dear child."

"There can be but one thing worse than that," he said.

"What if it have happened?" said Lady Annabel.

The child begged to be left alone and mourned pitifully the

mother who never had been a real mother. To the entreaties of Mistress Pauncefort, who tried to take him from Mrs. Cadurcis's room, he answered with streaming eyes and a sad sigh: "Ah, Mistress Pauncefort, God has given me only one friend in this world, and there she lies."

The family remained with Cadurcis until after the funeral, when he returned with them to Cherbury, where he remained for several weeks. At the end of that time Dr. Masham, who had been in correspondence with his guardian, received a letter from that nobleman requesting that his ward be sent to him at once, as all arrangements were made for him to enter Eton. The idea of separation was most painful to both Cadurcis and Venetia, and the final leave-takings were very affecting.

The arrival of the Cadurcis family at their old abbey, their consequent intimacy at Cherbury, the death of the mother, and the departure of the son—these were events which had been crowded into a space of less than two years; yet those two years were not only the most eventful in the life of Venetia Herbert, but in their influence upon the development of her mind and the formation of her character far exceeded the effect of all her previous existence.

Gradually Venetia became accustomed to the absence of her playfellow, and life went on as usual year after year. The occasional letters from Eton ceased, and the boy was seldom mentioned. Venetia was growing into a beautiful woman, intellectual and affectionate. She was thoughtful and shrewd, and still pondered on a subject which had haunted her from childhood: Why had she only one parent? What mystery was this that enveloped her father's name? By a process which she could not analyze, any mention of him had become a forbidden subject. For some reason she associated Dr. Masham with the mystery. If he brought letters or newspapers, it was a common thing to see her usually cheerful mother in tears. Once when she broached the subject to Lady Annabel she was conscious of having inflicted a heavy blow, and so she became silent. She too saw evidence of visits to the mysterious chamber, which Cadurcis had reported so long ago.

Once in her mother's room she saw a strange key in a casket that Mistress Pauncefort carelessly opened. She seized the

first opportunity of getting possession of the key, and went straight to the chamber, unlocked the door, and admitted herself into a spacious, lofty room. In the recess of a large oriel window was a toilet-table ready for use; opposite, furnished in white satin, with curtains partly drawn, was a bridal bed with a wreath of faded roses suspended from the canopy. The other furnishings she hardly noticed, but, going to a distant curtain, she drew it aside and beheld the full-length portrait of a man, young and strikingly handsome. In the frame was this inscription: "Marmion Herbert, æt. xx." Venetia fell on her knees before the portrait and exclaimed: "My father!" When she sufficiently recovered herself to look about again she found a volume of poems in manuscript bound in velvet, with the word "Annabel" embroidered on the cover; on a fly-leaf was the inscription: "To the lady of my love, from her Marmion Herbert." Venetia pored over the ardent pages, and lost herself in reading the verses entitled, "On the Night Our Daughter was Born"; in these she found a poem containing these lines:

> "My own Venetia now shall gild our bowers
> And with her spell enchain our life's enchanted hours."

At last she knew a father. For an hour she conned these lines over and over, and then, alarmed by a sound, glided out, replaced the key, and sought her room.

For weeks she lay in a raging fever. In her delirium she spoke only the one word, "Father!" Lady Annabel was in agony. She knew Venetia must have penetrated the closed chamber, and the effects of her discovery might cost her her life. She went herself to the room, took up the book, and found the lines so recently read spotted with tears. Standing before the picture, she denounced the man, blamed herself for past devotion, and, taking up a tiny dagger lying on the table, slashed the canvas into bits. She tore up the volume of poems, destroyed the withered garland, and then, leaving the room, locked the door and threw the key into the well of Cherbury.

After a long illness Venetia recovered; but during her convalescence she forced Dr. Masham to tell her that her father was still living. More than this she never asked, and the fond relations with her mother continued.

A few months later news was brought that Lord Cadureis was about to return to the abbey. Although five years had elapsed since the young lord quitted home, and intercourse with the Herberts during the interval had been slight, his return was looked forward to with interest. He came to the hall on the first morning after his arrival at the abbey, and spent most of his time with his old friends. Every promise of his boyhood appeared to be fulfilled in the brilliant youth, and Lady Annabel could not look otherwise than favorably upon the suit which he promptly paid to Venetia. Venetia, over whom a sadness had settled, refused to listen to his pleadings, on the ground that this love she now felt for her father was all the love of which her heart was capable. He seemed entirely to possess her being. Cadureis, thus thwarted, told her in no kind way what the world thought of her father. Taking up her words, when she said the man she would marry must, like her father, be a genius and a poet, he exclaimed in a passion: "A genius and a poet! Are these fit terms to use when speaking of the most abandoned profligate of his age! A man whose name is synonymous with profligacy; who has violated every tie and derided every principle by which society is maintained; whose life is a living illustration of his doctrines; who is at the same time a traitor to his King and an apostate from God?" Venetia was at a loss for the meaning of these wild words, but no light was forthcoming, as Lord Cadureis left at once without further communication.

Three years later in London, when the political and the social world had become one and inseparable, Lord Cadureis became a society favorite and man of the hour, whose poems were read and quoted everywhere, and frequently dined at the home of Lady Monteagle, who, next to Charles Fox, was perhaps the most influential member of the Whig party. Among the Whigs and their partizans the literary fame of Herbert had arisen and become established.

Marmion Herbert, though descended from one of the oldest of English families, had none of their prejudices. His early reading led him among the English free-thinkers, and he became a skeptic. Early he attracted many disciples by his prepossessing appearance and cleverness. His tutor at Oxford was Dr. Masham, who for some time controlled the spirit of his

pupil. When he left Oxford he shut himself up in his castle and devoted himself to study. He fell in love with and married Lady Annabel Sidney; but soon after their little daughter was born they parted; he settled a comfortable property upon his wife, leaving to her the charge of the child. He then left England, and Dr. Masham was the only one with whom he communicated, and this intercourse was broken off when Herbert went to the assistance of the American colonies in their revolt. This was the last news Dr. Masham had brought Lady Annabel concerning her husband.

In consequence of this situation, upon hearing that the royal family had chosen Weymouth as the summer residence of the English court, Lady Annabel was loath to remain at the watering-place, where she had gone for her daughter's health. The King, learning through Dr. Masham of her intention to depart, called at the marine villa, and both the King and the Queen were delighted with the wife and daughter of the terrible rebel, Herbert, and welcomed them at court.

Subsequently Dr. Masham was honored by the King with a bishopric, and as Bishop of —— was entertained at dinner by Lady Monteagle. Here he met Lord Cadurcis after three years' separation. Lady Annabel and her daughter were also in London, and under the guidance of Lady Annabel's brother and his wife they were kept in a whirl of society. The mother thwarted every attempt of Lord Cadurcis to meet her daughter, and offered strenuous objection to her reading of his poems, which were on every table. Venetia at last became possessed of them, read, and was conquered; besides, he was the man most talked of on all sides. A gallant young cousin of the Baron, a Captain Cadurcis, made a way for meetings, and an aunt was also an ally. Lord Cadurcis had now become a warm admirer of Venetia's father, and wrote poetry that she must acknowledge as the equal of his. But all that endeared him to the daughter made him repulsive to the mother, who shunned him on every possible occasion.

When Lord Cadurcis again renewed his suit, Venetia accepted him, on condition he could win her mother's consent. This was not forthcoming, and Venetia meekly and sadly submitted to her mother's will. While Cadurcis was in the de-

spondent mood consequent upon his rejection, Lady Monteagle chose to resume her hold over the young poet, and had the audacity to visit Cadurcis's room disguised as a boy. Lord Cadurcis sent her home immediately, but the escapade was discovered by her husband, who challenged Lord Cadurcis to a duel. Lord Monteagle was severely wounded, and public opinion was much aroused against its former favorite. Upon his victim's recovery Lord Cadurcis left England, somewhat soothed by messages from Venetia brought to him by his brave cousin, the Captain.

A return of the symptoms that had induced Lady Annabel to take her daughter to Weymouth finally forced them to go to Italy. Venetia was too much exhausted by the fatigues of travel to journey rapidly, so they were forced to stop and rest at Lake Maggiore, where Lady Annabel took a villa. While here they were surprised and pleased with a visit from Captain Cadurcis, then on his way to Sicily to join his cousin, Plantagenet. Though Lord Cadurcis was never mentioned in Lady Annabel's presence, the young Captain found an opportunity of talking with Venetia about the absent one.

When Venetia and her mother left their villa on Lake Maggiore they made a little journey to Arqua to visit the house of Petrarch. The occupant and his wife, who, the servants told them, were Germans and most estimable people, were away; but the house was open to visitors, and Venetia joyously signed her name in the guest-book. Both she and her mother left graceful messages for the unseen host, whose praises were so constantly sung by his devoted servants. Proceeding to Rovigo, they were forced to halt on account of a storm, and chose to remain in a commodious inn. While the sitting-room was made comfortable, Venetia went to her room to fetch a book; and as she was returning, she met a man coming from the opposite door whose glance seemed to fascinate her. The curtained portrait in Cherbury flashed before her mind, and with a frenzied cry, "My father!" the girl ran forward and fell senseless in the stranger's arms.

Marmion Herbert tremblingly bore the delicate form into his apartment. The word "father" had cut him like lightning; he seemed stunned. Finally he exclaimed "Venetia!" and

the eyes of the maiden slowly opened. Then followed earnest and affectionate conversation, interrupted by Lady Annabel, who came in search of her daughter. The recognition was instantaneous. Marmion tried to deprecate his wife's wrath, and begged for a few moments with his child. Lady Annabel was obdurate, though Venetia, almost beside herself, begged for a reconciliation. At last her mother appeared to be yielding, when suddenly a door opened and into the room stalked a proud, handsome woman clad in the Venetian dress. All started.

"Who are these?" demanded the intruder. "Perfidious Marmion, to whom do you dare to kneel?"

After this scene, any explanation or entreaty from Herbert was in vain. Lady Annabel haughtily withdrew with her daughter, deigning to say only: "Adieu, Marmion, adieu forever!"

Later in the day Herbert went to Arqua, whence his companion had preceded him. They were the occupants of Petrarch's home! There he left for his mistress these lines:

"You beheld this morning my wife and child; we can meet no more. All that I can effect to console you under this sudden separation shall be done. My banker from Bologna will be here in two days; express to him all your wishes."

Herbert then left Arqua forever.

Lady Annabel and Venetia had left the town at once, and, traveling as rapidly as the invalid's health would permit, they went to Venice, where Lady Annabel had engaged a palace on the Grand Canal. In spite of physicians and every tender attention possible, Venetia grew weaker every day, and the mother's heart was wrung with despair. Seldom could the daughter be persuaded to leave her room, and on one of these rare occasions they took a gondola and went out to an island where stood a convent. An English-speaking monk welcomed them, and mysteriously handed Lady Annabel a letter. When she had read it she passed it to Venetia.

It was a last appeal from Marmion Herbert to his wife that she would but endure his presence and let her roof screen his last days. Venetia implored with all her fast-failing strength, and the heart-broken mother at length acquiesced. Herbert

was then in the sacristy, whither the monk conducted them. The reconciliation was complete, and the life that followed was idyllic. Herbert appeared to live only for his wife and child, and they in turn lavished upon him a long pent-up affection. With all this new happiness in her life, Venetia grew steadily stronger. After half a year of this happy existence, they were one evening enjoying a sunset at Spezzia, where they observed an English brig anchored in the harbor, and, to their surprise, they recognized in the owners coming toward them Lord Cadurcis and his cousin.

The reunion proved very happy, and Lady Annabel, under such favorable circumstances, could not long resist Lord Cadurcis, who affectionately appealed to the past when he had been to her as a child and she to him as a mother.

Herbert and Lord Cadurcis had read each other's works, and this was a meeting of kindred spirits. They were as one on every theme. With all this in their favor, Lord Cadurcis and Venetia found no difficulty in bringing her parents to their way of thinking, while Captain Cadurcis abetted and enjoyed their happiness to the full. All deeply regretted the return of the generous Captain to England; and when his last day of his stay came, Venetia readily consented to stroll about with him while her father and Lord Cadurcis went for a sail on the blue waters. Suddenly a wind came up, and soon a treacherous storm known as the "white squall" was upon them. Venetia and the Captain hastened home, hoping against hope that her father and her lover had put into some convenient port. It was a night of fearful anxiety, followed by a day of horrible apprehension. Toward sunset Venetia and her mother saw coming toward them Captain Cadurcis, who had been searching and sending messengers ever since the first alarm. It was he who told them that two bodies had been washed ashore—one was Lord Cadurcis and the other was Marmion Herbert.

It was a sad home-coming for the widowed mother and the bereaved daughter. When the kind-hearted Captain left them they were indeed desolate; but as Lord Cadurcis had left the abbey and his entire property to his cousin, his presence was often demanded in the neighborhood, and the old relations between Cherbury and the abbey continued. During the owner's

absence Venetia undertook a sort of stewardship, and attended to the repairs of the abbey, so that in the end she could not resist the appeal of the new Lord Cadurcis: "Be not less kind to the master of these towers than to the roof that you have fostered. You have renovated our halls—restore our happiness. Here is a union that will bring consolation to more than one hearth, and baffle all the crosses of adverse fate. Venetia, beautiful and noble-minded Venetia, condescend to fulfil it!"

CONINGSBY (1844)

Coningsby was planned by Disraeli as a political pamphlet to support the Tory cause; it became a novel and still holds its interest, notwithstanding its disquisitions on the issues of a political epoch which have little meaning for the general reader to-day. As with other novels of the author, many of its characters have been identified with real personages. Thus Oswald Millbank is supposed to stand for Mr. Gladstone, Jewster Sharp for John Bright, Sidonia for Baron de Rothschild, Baron von H—— for Humboldt, Lady St. Julians for Lady Jersey, Lucian Gay for Theodore Hook, Rigby for John Wilson Croker, the Marquis of Monmouth for the Marquis of Hertford, and Coningsby has been variously labeled as a portrait of George Smythe, Lord Lincoln, and Lord Littleton. In three months from the time of its appearance *Coningsby* had gone through three editions, and fifty thousand copies had been sold in England and America.

IT was in that unlovely time in England when the burning-out of the great conflagration, Napoleon, had left men, no less than cities, in ashes: when, though there was a mighty seething, it was but the seething of embers: a time of quack saviors, clay heroes, and idols of brass. It was a time when men tried to cure selfishness and dishonor by Parliamentary enactment, when they measured policies with the yardstick, and felt convinced that prosperity was principle.

It was as if the generation stood blasted by the Corsican lightning like an old forest—dead at the core though still green, and struggling haughtily against the new, vigorous generation that was wresting life from its destruction.

Men sought cure for the evils, but they shrank from the knife. They strove mightily to build up a government with political pills and plasters. They thought to remedy a sick social system by changing the name of the sickness.

The nation suffered noisily but helplessly. It did not know what was the matter. It knew only that its workers were poor, that its poorhouses did not have room enough for the crowds that thronged into them, and that its rich had more money than

they could spend, though they squandered it from the mountains of Scotland to the Golden Horn.

The political doctors offered it dose after dose—some intended honestly to cure the disease and others craftily to quiet merely the noise.

A little medico-political faculty of the latter school of practitioners was gathered around Lord Monmouth in his splendid Monmouth House. My Lord Monmouth was so perturbed by the situation that he had hurried home from Italy, at the grave risk of being bored in London.

"The only thing that can save this country," said Mr. Rigby, chief of the ten faithful Members of Parliament who sat for Lord Monmouth's ten boroughs, "is a coalition on a sliding scale." "You had better buy up the political factions," said Lord Monmouth. "We must make fresh boroughs," said Taper, who had lost his seat in the House of Commons at the last election. "We need a good Church cry," said his fellow-sufferer, Mr. Tadpole. "Peel is the only hope," said the Duke of Beaumanoir.

The Duke of Beaumanoir was a Conservative of the Conservatives, and an aristocrat like the Marquis of Monmouth; but though he was sadly perplexed by the awakening voices of democracy, he was eager enough to right the people's wrongs if he could. In this he differed from my Lord Monmouth, who demanded of Rigby and his other chattels in Parliament only that they should formulate a policy, not for emptying the workhouses, but for preventing any attack on the sacredness of the property that he was accumulating and spending on himself with holy zeal.

In his fervor for the divine right of property and aristocracy, Lord Monmouth was not even actuated by the desire that other noblemen had to perpetuate a great name and great estates. What Lord Monmouth had and hoped to get he wanted for himself. He hated his eldest son and was determined to leave him nothing except the estates that would pass to him by law. He had not only quarreled with his other son, the younger, but had actually driven him to a pauper's death by a coldly executed system of persecution, because he had married against his own wishes.

In an unaccountable fit of generosity he had pensioned his son's widow on condition that she retire to an obscure part of England and give up her boy, the only issue of their marriage, entirely. He sent the boy to school and never saw him or thought of him again, having detailed Mr. Rigby to look after him.

He happened to think of the boy now that he was in London. Being in want of amusement, and, perhaps, feeling a little more kindly toward his grandson since the mother, whom he had so hated, had died while he was abroad, he told Mr. Rigby to fetch young Harry Coningsby from Eton.

It was the boy's first entrance into the world. He looked with awe at the vast circular hall of Monmouth House, adorned with busts of the Cæsars; at the glowing vestibule; at the panels in the salon, painted with pictures of beautiful women; at the splendid vista of state apartments, and the rooms filled with the choicest treasures.

He was still more awed by the owner of all these magnificences, who received him with the grand air that was natural to him. The face of Lord Monmouth was as sagacious as it was voluptuous, the face of a prince. For his part, he looked approvingly on this grandson with the thoughtful and resolute face, the deep-blue eyes, the chestnut curls, and the strong, graceful figure.

When Harry Coningsby returned to Eton it was as the acknowledged favorite of the Marquis, much to the delight of his little circle, in which he was the undisputed and admired leader. They were young men who appreciated keenly what the favor of Lord Monmouth meant; for they were all sons of noblemen themselves—Lord Vere, son of a Whig peer; Sir Charles Buckhurst; Henry Sydney, younger son of the Duke of Beaumanoir —all young aristocrats, but of a new generation which was growing up impatient of the lichens of tradition that encumbered their elders, and looking with perplexed but eager young eyes to a new sunlight and new ideals.

Coningsby was most ardent of them all. Under his inspiring leadership they dreamed of a new England, where they should put their fiery beliefs to the test and cry with clear voices to the brave to follow.

The sincerity of their opinions was tried rudely one day when good-natured Henry Sydney broached the subject of introducing a democratic person, young Oswald Millbank, son of a rich and radical mill-owner. "An infernal manufacturer!" cried Coningsby.

The son of the infernal manufacturer was no more anxious to join the aristocrats than Coningsby was to have him. His father had inspired him with his own hot wrath against the insolent class that denied others any rights in society or government. Try as he would, however, he could not withstand the face, the fire, and the charm (for Harry could not be rude to anyone) of Coningsby, and fell completely under his spell, until at last his admiration had grown into a passionate friendship.

Soon there was added to this purely ideal affection the gratitude that is due to one who has done the greatest conceivable service. Millbank was saved from drowning by Coningsby at so great a risk that both were resuscitated only with difficulty. Coningsby in turn naturally became interested in the youth whom he had rescued; and in the end he came to return in full measure the love the young democrat had for him.

From Millbank Coningsby learned more and more of the rising, already influential classes in England who were not noble and yet were determined to acquire power. He looked with a new eye on the tangle of party politics—the cries of Toryism, Whiggery, and Radicalism, and realized that hardly anybody knew what those names really meant, if indeed they meant anything.

From that time dated Coningsby's spiritual birth. He shook himself clear of all preconceived notions and began to study with an untrammeled mind—a young eagle searching the ether for the course of his free flight.

Thus he came to be eighteen, and the day arrived for him to quit his beautiful Eton and enter a greater world, with ambitions more tangible and less noble; with shining achievement so to dazzle the eyes that they are in danger of becoming blind to the purer dreams of life's springtime.

He was invited to Coningsby Castle to see the brilliant world that gathered around his grandfather wherever he was.

The Reform Bill, which had passed despite the dire warnings of Rigbys, Tapers, and Tadpoles that it meant the destruction of the country, had robbed Lord Monmouth of his ten boroughs, and with them the almost ripened plum of the dukedom on which he had set his heart. But while his companions in misfortune were bewailing their overthrow, this adversity gave a stimulating interest and the zest of a struggle to his daring mind that was satiated with success and prosperity.

He resolved to appropriate to himself the new borough of Darlford in his vicinity, and to send Rigby to Parliament from it. Therefore he opened the castle, filled it with London's most brilliant folk, secured a troop of French comedians, and invited all his neighbors, great and small.

He had the worst county reputation conceivable; for he spent hardly any time in England; and every little squire vowed that he would not demean himself by appearing at the castle. Monmouth smiled sardonically, for he knew well that his splendor would draw them to its flame, as it did.

Once having been drawn, they were fascinated, for Lord Monmouth had the most perfect manner in the world. He was good-natured, even good-humored, for one so selfish. Though he never loved anyone, he rarely took the trouble to hate anyone, except his own children. There was never a cloud of caprice or ill temper to prevent his fine manners from having full play.

He looked on, diverted to see how, in spite of his well-earned reputation for vice, and his having treated people with unprecedented neglect and contumely, he could win back their golden opinions by the magic of title, manners, and wealth.

Harry Coningsby gazed with emotion on the castle that bore his name. He could see it miles away, so proud was its position on its forested height, with the sun throwing rich color on the great pile. He was met by a crowd of retainers and ushered through grand portals into a scene that was like a great theater, crowded with life, color, and bustle.

Lord Monmouth placed his arm around Coningsby with a dignity of affection that would have become Louis XIV, and kissed him on each cheek. Then he led the agitated young fellow to a circle of great ladies and gentlemen, among whom

were a princess and an imperial grand duke. The Princess received him with especial favor: for she was the very same Princess Colonna whom he had seen at Monmouth House on his first visit. Indeed, Princess Colonna was so constant a guest of Lord Monmouth that some extremely straight-laced magnificoes declared that it was impossible to visit Coningsby; although the lady was never without the protection of her husband the Prince, and the company of her stepdaughter, Princess Lucretia.

The Princess Colonna had marked the young man's reception by his grandfather and instantly thought of him as a possible match for Lucretia, whose society she would have lost gladly; for she neither loved her frantically nor did she care to share the Prince's very small income with her a moment longer than she could help.

Lucretia received her stepmother's suggestions with scorn. She had higher ambitions than to pin her future to that of a poor young relative, dependent on the whims of a man like Lord Monmouth. Besides, she had fallen under the spell of one of the most brilliant, most courted, and most puzzling men of his time—Sidonia, a descendant of an ancient and noble Jewish family of Spain, and a man so wealthy that almost all the governments of Europe were deeply in his debt and found it vital to confer with him before they ventured on wars or great projects of peace.

He had the depth of intellectual development that is characteristic of the pure Arabian stock. He had lived in every part of the world, and had studied man in every phase, in the city and in the wilderness, in squalor and in splendor, in peace and in war. He had agents everywhere. The secret history of the world was his pastime. The hidden motives and wiles of rulers were as an open book to him.

He was intensely proud of his descent and of the mighty race whose blood ran pure in his veins. The Sidonias counted among their number an archbishop of Toledo, and once a Sidonia had even exercised the office of Grand Inquisitor; yet during all this period these Mosaic Arabs never fell away from the faith of their fathers, but secretly adhered to all the ancient rites and ceremonies.

Sidonia was attracted by Lucretia's intellect, intellect being the one human quality that interested him. The emotion of love, the most divine of gifts, was denied to him. Woman was a toy in his eyes.

The fiery imagination of this Spanish Jew, his immense knowledge, his insight and his power of swift expression, enthralled Coningsby. Millbank had added a new world of concrete fact to his knowledge. Sidonia opened to him a new world of masterful imagination that, grasping known facts with an imperial mind, sees with imperial vision the new paths toward which the way of mankind tends.

Thus, when he repaired to Cambridge for his last few years of study, the four months that he had spent in the great world had done more to influence and shape his character than as many years might have done for one less fortunate or receptive.

He abandoned his design of striving for university honors, and instead threw himself into the study of the history of man with a definite and high ambition—that of fitting himself to contribute to the welfare of his country.

The political situation of England was becoming more dispiriting daily. Leaders arose, applied their little party remedies, and retired in despair. Phrases without end or meaning filled the loud mouths of the heroes of the day. The Rigbys wrote slashing articles by the ream till all the English world was smothered in a fog of language. At last the King died and the Conservative cause that had seemed almost at the point of victory fell back in defeat.

Two bitter pills were administered to Lord Monmouth at this time. The first was the loss of the magnificent estate of Hellingsley, which adjoined his own and on which he had long set his mind. Despite his skilful manipulations to secure it as soon as its aged proprietor should die, despite all the assurances of Rigby, who acted for him in the negotiations, another stepped in and won the prize; and this other was the one man, outside of his own family, whom he truly hated.

It was the man who had crossed him of set purpose many times before; who had avowed himself everywhere as his foe; who had lavished money to oppose him politically; his personal, inveterate and successful foe, Mr. Millbank.

A month later Mr. Millbank entered the lists against his candidate Rigby, and won the election as Member of Parliament, routing Lord Monmouth's forces so utterly that it poisoned the sting.

Mr. Rigby repaired to Monmouth House in a very low state of mind to break the news. Following the loss of Hellingsley, the loss of the borough would not exactly delight his master, who was quite likely to let him know, by manner if not by word, that he had bought him to succeed and not to fail. Poor Rigby dreaded that he might be cut out of not only present favor, but even the will, in which he knew that he was well remembered as it stood, besides being named as one of Monmouth's executors.

To his vast relief he found the Marquis engrossed with something that had driven politics temporarily out of his mind. He had decided to marry the Princess Lucretia; and he ordered Rigby to break the news to Madame Colonna. That lady, whose husband had been killed some months before in a steeplechase, received the announcement like a tigress, but ultimately permitted herself to be pensioned, and retired in good order.

The happy pair went to Paris and after a year they invited Coningsby to meet them there. On his way he stopped at his bankers in London for a letter of credit. One of the partners told him that they had been keeping for him a sealed box that had belonged to his father; and Coningsby opened it before he left. It contained the correspondence between his parents. At the bottom of the box he found a miniature of his mother, whom he had hardly known and could not remember. It showed a violet-eyed woman of rare beauty, with a blue ribbon bound as a fillet around her clustering chestnut curls.

Coningsby looked at it in amazement. The miniature was an exact copy of a large portrait that he had once seen hanging in Mr. Millbank's room!

He found Lord and Lady Monmouth living in a splendid hotel near the English embassy and surrounded by many of the people whom he had met in Coningsby and Monmouth House, including Sidonia.

One day he came face to face with a young woman whose beauty was such that it compelled him to stare involuntarily. The next moment he recognized the sister of his old school-

friend, Edith Millbank. The two years that had elapsed since their last meeting had transformed her from a silent and embarrassed young girl to a radiant, wonderful woman.

She was with her uncle and aunt, Sir Joseph and Lady Wallinger; and Coningsby lost no time in making their acquaintance. He was greatly aided by Sidonia, who knew them well and spent much of his time with them. So it happened soon that Coningsby saw Edith every day and fell madly in love with her.

One day an attaché mentioned her name at his grandfather's table. Coningsby saw a look come into Lord Monmouth's face that made him sick with realization. Like a great flame the conviction came to him that his grandfather would cast him adrift like any liveried servant, should he even suspect what was in his mind. And without Lord Monmouth's aid he was a pauper who had nothing to offer to the brilliant and courted girl.

He tortured himself with speculation as to the cause of the hatred that existed between the lord and the manufacturer. He groped desperately to understand why his mother's portrait hung in Mr. Millbank's house. He felt that it played some vital part in their fates, but could find no clue; for even Edith and Oswald did not know why it was there: did not even know whose portrait it was.

Bewildered, hopeless, unable to see his course, he returned to Cambridge and tried to forget; but he found it impossible; and when Oswald invited him a few months afterward to visit Hellingsley, he accepted with a leaping heart.

Edith met him; and a glance served to show him that he had her love as she had his. Casting aside all the cold suggestions of worldly consideration, he proposed and was accepted.

The next morning Mr. Millbank asked him into his study, and informed him that Edith had told him what had happened, and that it could not be. He spoke in great sorrow, for he was speaking to the man whom he had always thought of as the savior of his son's life; but he knew too well that marriage with Edith would bring on them both Lord Monmouth's unceasing persecution, blasting all Coningsby's brilliant prospects and entailing endless humiliation on her. At last, when Coningsby

exclaimed in anguish that Mr. Millbank could not possibly realize what pain he was inflicting, the latter said:

"I had my dream, my first and my last. There was one on whose face I thought day and night. We were engaged; but there came another man who took her love from me; and instead of bearing my name, she took that of Coningsby."

"My mother!" exclaimed Coningsby.

"Yes," said Mr. Millbank. "You see that I have had my great grief. Your mother's people were simple and innocent, ignorant of the world's ways. But because they were not noble their daughter was hunted from the family which should have exulted to receive her and from the land of her birth. Is my daughter to be treated like your mother? And by the same hand?"

Coningsby pressed Mr. Millbank's hand and left the house with bent head. He went with but one thought—to turn his back on England. Supplied liberally with money by his grandfather, he roamed Spain and France, Italy and the Ægean. But the beauty of the world brought him no forgetfulness.

At last he was called back to London by Lord Monmouth. The majority of the Whigs in the House of Commons had become little more than nominal, and for the first time the Government of England depended on single elections. Lord Monmouth saw his opportunity, and his political passions burned as never before. He was hot for the fight and wanted his grandson for the combat.

Coningsby found a great change at Monmouth House. Lord Monmouth had forced a separation on Lady Monmouth, helped by some letters stolen by his agents, which Lucretia had written to a gay prince in Paris, and which would not look at all well in court.

Lord Monmouth's man of affairs was now a Frenchman named Villebecque, who had been a theatrical manager and had married a once famous actress after she had been abandoned by a noble English admirer. Villebecque had been more than kind to her until her death and had adopted her daughter Flora. These two were now inmates of Lord Monmouth's house.

Coningsby, who had met them before when they were at Coningsby as entertainers, liked them both and was especially

glad to see Flora again; for the gentle, soft-hearted, and modest girl had made an agreeable impression on him. She, in her turn, heard of his arrival with shining eyes and greeted him with an earnestness that only her timidity saved from being noticeable to all.

Lord Monmouth lost no time in telling Coningsby what his plans were. "I want you to stand for Parliament, Harry," cried he, "in the borough of Darlford against that fellow Millbank. The name of Coningsby will be a host. We are bound to win! I want to turn our coronet into a ducal one and to get your grandmother's barony called out of abeyance in your favor. I have already purchased an ample estate with the view of entailing it on you and your issue. You may marry, if you please, Lady Theresa Sydney. Count on me."

"My dear grandfather," said Coningsby, touched deeply, "you have ever been only too kind. There is no personal sacrifice which I am not prepared to make except one. I cannot trade my convictions. I cannot support the Conservative party."

"Damn the lad!" cried Monmouth, starting in his seat. "Members of this family may think as they like, but they must act as I please! You must go down on Friday to Darlford and declare your candidacy, or I shall reconsider our mutual positions." He rang his bell and dismissed him.

Harry Coningsby did not go down to Darlford on Friday; nor did he allow any considerations of worldly prudence to tempt him to compromise. He saw his grandfather at intervals, but the nobleman did not allude again to the subject. Thus a few months passed and then Coningsby was called from a festivity one night to learn that Lord Monmouth was dead.

After the funeral Coningsby was ushered into the principal salon of Monmouth House, where the will was to be read. It proved to be a long string of codicils and alterations. The original will left Coningsby and Mr. Rigby each £10,000. Then came a codicil increasing Coningsby's legacy to £50,000. The next codicil revoked this and left that amount to the Princess Lucretia and bequeathed another £50,000 to Rigby, while Coningsby was to inherit all the rest of the huge estate.

Now came a codicil made after the separation. Mr. Rigby's

legacy was reduced to £10,000, an equal sum was given to Villebecque, Lady Monmouth was cut off with a small annual sum, and everything else was left to Coningsby.

Another codicil followed. It cut down Mr. Rigby's legacy to £5,000 but added that he might have his own bust which he had once presented to Lord Monmouth.

Everybody took care not to catch the Rigbyan eye at this passage. That poor gentleman waited wildly to hear the next and final codicil, in the hope that there might be a change. There was, but not in his favor. The final codicil left Coningsby £10,000 and no more. It left £30,000 to Villebecque, and all the rest of his unentailed property, amounting to nearly a million pounds, was given to Flora, who was described as "my daughter by Marie Estelle Matteau, an actress at the Théâtre Français in the years 1811–15."

Alone in his rooms, Coningsby's heart sank. He faced not only a hopeless fight against what to his mind was absolute poverty after his training and previous life, but he had to say farewell finally and forever to all lingering hope of gaining Edith. His night passed in misery. The next morning he received a note asking him to call on Flora.

She pressed his hand affectionately when he entered and made a few commonplace remarks. Then she burst out suddenly with an appeal to him to take the fortune that had been wrested from him unwittingly by her. "My fragile life has hung for years on your kindness," she exclaimed. "This fortune is an arrow in my heart."

Gently Coningsby held her hand and bade her dismiss the thought. He left her in tears but walked away with fresh courage. Gradually his soul emerged from the crash of his hopes. He determined anew to devote himself to the cause of the people as he saw it; and as the first step toward entering public life, now that he could count on no aid, he decided to read for the bar.

He took lodgings in the Temple and became the pupil of a celebrated special pleader. Within a month his name had been erased from all his fashionable clubs, his horses and carriages were sold, and his old haunts knew him no more.

Then came a time of keen trial. A financial catastrophe was imminent for the Government. The battle-lines between

the great parties were drawn; all of the friends of his youth were in the field. Henry Sydney was certain of election. Buckhurst was campaigning a large agricultural borough. Lord Vere stood for a Yorkshire town; and Oswald Millbank was soliciting the suffrages of a manufacturing constituency.

This was the time, then, of which he had dreamed, for which he had studied. It was to have been his epoch; and he, after all his preparation, was no actor in the mighty drama. His friends sent him their speeches. He could see in them the influence of his own mind. The voice of regeneration and new impulse spoke through them. But he was idle in camp, while the banners lowered on each other.

Discouraged, depressed, he wandered to the one modest club to which he still belonged and ordered his dinner. Then he took up the evening paper. A large head-line bearing the name of Darlford caught his eye. He looked, and leaped up amazed. The column contained an address by Mr. Millbank in which he resigned his candidacy for Parliament in favor of—Harry Coningsby!

Scarcely knowing what he did, Coningsby rushed back to his chambers to pack for the journey to Darlford. In the whirl of his thought that was the only clear idea in his mind—to get there for the election which was to begin the next morning. As he was ready to start, Oswald arrived. He was as excited as Coningsby. With sparkling eyes he told him the solution of the mystery.

Sidonia had informed Mr. Millbank of the reason that had impelled Lord Monmouth to disinherit his grandson. That gentleman had watched to see what the young man would do, and was delighted when he found him taking the earnest and manly course of working out his future without deigning to ask help from his noble and rich friends. When the opportunity came, he opened the way for him.

Even before the two friends arrived at Darlford they heard that Coningsby was far ahead in the poll, and that his election was so well assured that Mr. Rigby had formally retired from the contest. Harry entered the town to be declared victor.

When he stepped from the train he was received by a great deputation and led to a carriage drawn by six caparisoned

horses. With bands blaring and banners waving he was taken through the town in triumph to the Millbank committee-rooms. Here he made his first public speech; and in his exaltation and deep joy his maiden effort became an oration that moved his hearers to wild enthusiasm. Athrill with excitement and triumph, he was conducted to the opposite hotel, where Mr. Millbank congratulated him joyfully, and then said:

"There is someone here who will be very glad to see you."

He led Coningsby into a private room and, taking him affectionately by the arm, conducted him to Edith, radiant with loveliness and beaming with love. Their agitated hearts told at a glance the tumult of their joy. The father joined their hands and blessed them with words of tenderness.

Shortly after their marriage, Flora died and left her whole fortune to Coningsby. Thus he entered the service of his country armed, after all, with everything that could help his talent; and side by side with the friends of the Eton days, all triumphant, he took up his duties with all of his youthful fire and the added power of convictions that he had tested and found true.

SYBIL: OR, THE TWO NATIONS (1845)

The story of *Sybil* was the second of a trilogy of novels written for the purpose of illustrating the condition of the working-classes of England. The events related cover a period of five years—from 1837 to 1842—and are partly historical, many of them having come under the personal observation of the author, who omitted many other significant examples in confirmation of his statements for fear of casting an air of improbability over the entire narrative.

IN 1837 the head of the house of Egremont was George, Earl of Marney, a hard, cynical, arrogant man, who, engrossed only in furthering his own interests, cared nothing for the condition of his tenants. The town of Marney was in a beautiful agricultural district; but the poor tillers of the soil were not permitted to dwell on the land they cultivated, but were herded together like cattle in the small village, under the most wretched conditions. The tumble-down cottages, more like pigstys than the dwellings of human beings, contained usually but two rooms, without regard to the number of the occupants; the mud floors were often flooded with water that ran through the putrid roof of thatch and streamed down the walls. With no hearth, even for winter use, and with every species of filth poisoning the atmosphere of these miserable hovels, the only wonder was that any of the inhabitants escaped the clutches of disease that in many forms stalked among them.

One of the guests at Marney Abbey, the magnificent country residence of Lord Marney, was his younger brother, Charles Egremont, whose character bore no resemblance to that of the Earl. His was a refined, sympathetic nature; his intellect was of a high order; and, although he was still young, his studies and travels had led him to question the worth of that life into which he had been born and which seemed so hollow and selfish. Walking one day to the ancient site of Marney Abbey, then only

a pile of ruins, he met two strangers, and entering into conversation with them, learned that they, too, deplored existing conditions, the younger of the two men saying that a community of purpose should constitute society, but that modern society acknowledged no neighbor; there was no Christianity in it; and that society was still in its infancy.

"Well, society may be in its infancy," said Egremont, "but, say what you like, our Queen reigns over the greatest nation that ever existed."

"Which nation?" asked the younger stranger; "for she reigns over two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by different breeding, are fed by different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws."

"You speak of—" said Egremont hesitatingly.

"The Rich and the Poor."

Soon after the stranger ceased speaking the sweet, thrilling tones of a woman's voice were heard singing the evening hymn to the Virgin, and a beautiful girl in the garb of a nun appeared from the ruins of the chapel; but seeing Egremont with her two companions, she hesitated and then withdrew. The strangers, telling Egremont that they were on their way to Mowbray, also took their departure.

The fair réligieuse was Sybil Gerard, the daughter of the elder of the two strangers Egremont had met; and their friend was Stephen Morley, editor of a Mowbray paper, but formerly a workman. Morley was a great student, was self-educated, and had allied himself to the cause of the people. Walter Gerard was foreman in a factory owned by a Mr. Trafford, who, unlike Lord Marney, felt that there should be other ties between the employer and his work-people than the payment and the receipt of wages. Consequently, his factory was built with every regard for the convenience and health of those who labored there, while their cottages were all comfortable and neat—many of them owned by the workmen; and in their village were a church and a public school. In this settlement crime was unknown.

Sybil, whose mother was dead, had been brought up in Mr.

Trafford's family, and when grown made her home in the convent at Mowbray, whose Superior was Mr. Trafford's sister; while Walter Gerard and Stephen Morley lived in a cottage about a mile from the factory. Morley, acting in the interests of Walter Gerard, was anxious to find a lawyer by the name of Baptist Hatton. This man had disappeared twenty years earlier, having in his possession papers belonging to Walter Gerard's father, who had died while preparing to enter a claim for the estate and earldom of Mowbray, to which these documents gave him title. In his search for Mr. Hatton, Stephen Morley visited Wodgate, or Hell-house Yard, as it was popularly known, a district without factories of any kind, whose inhabitants were noted as founders of brass, workers of steel, nailers, and locksmiths, their work being carried on by master workmen in their own houses, aided by apprentices whom they treated worse than slaves, not only beating them with knotted ropes, but felling them with hammers, or cutting their heads open with a file or lock. Morley had heard that Mr. Hatton's brother Simon lived in Wodgate; and, inquiring about him of a haggard-looking youth who sat by a hovel working at a file, he learned that Simon was the master of the youth, who bore upon his head and face the marks of brutal treatment. By the side of the apprentice stood a stunted girl with a crooked back, the deformity having been caused by the cramping position in which she toiled. The two had been married by Hatton, who, as the youth explained, had sprinkled salt over a gridiron, read "Our Father" backward and written their names in a book.

"And what is your name, my good fellow?" asked Morley.

"They call me Tummas, but I ayn't got no second name; but now I am married I mean to take my wife's, for she has been baptized, and so has got two."

"Yes, sir," said the girl with the vacant face and the back like a grasshopper; "I be a reg'lar born Christian and my mother afore me; and that's what few gals in the Yard can say. Thomas will take to it himself when work is slack; and he believes now in our Lord and Saviour Pontius Pilate, who was crucified to save our sins; and in Moses, Goliath, and the Apostles."

"Ah! me," thought Morley, "and could not they spare one missionary from Tahiti for their countrymen at Wodgate?"

Stephen found Simon Hatton at his workshop, but learned nothing from him as to the whereabouts of his brother.

Mowbray, a large manufacturing town, contained the estate of Lord Fitz-Warene, Earl de Mowbray, whose ancestor and the founder of the family had been plain John Warren, a waiter about 1770 at a London club. The only son of the present Earl having died, the eldest daughter, Lady Joan, was the prospective heiress of Mowbray; and Lord Marney, with a view to a marriage between her and his brother, urged Egremont, who had just been elected to a seat in Parliament, to accompany himself and Lady Marney on a visit to Mowbray Castle, and Lord Charles complied; but, haunted by the lovely face and sweet voice of the girl he had seen at Marney Abbey, found no attraction in the society of Lady Joan. Egremont met Sybil Gerard in the home of a poor weaver, to whose family she had come bringing relief; and entering into conversation with her was greatly impressed by her deep earnestness in the welfare of the people. He contrasted her noble speech and manner, the unselfishness of her life, the proud bearing of her father, whose thoughtful words still lingered in his memory, with the trivial, stupid tattle of those among whom he lived. At Marney Abbey, in Mowbray Castle—everywhere he went, the talk was all of persons instead of principles; Sir Nobody was striving to be made Lord Something Else; Lord This wanted to be Earl That; while the gentler sex were employing all kinds of arts and schemes to obtain seats in Parliament and other offices for their sons, and positions for themselves that would enable them to take precedence of some "dearest Lady Sham," who, in her turn, was engaged in the same wily game, where truthfulness and fair dealing were unknown. Egremont decided that he would prefer to live more with the people; and, having met Walter Gerard one day, accompanied him to his cottage, where in the course of conversation Egremont, under the name of Franklin, gave Gerard to understand that he was connected with the London press and was staying in the country in order to obtain information as to conditions there. Gerard welcomed him as "one of the working classes," and then told him that Sybil was coming to keep house for her father, though she talked of taking the veil some time in the future. Stephen Morley had removed to another cottage not far distant.

Mr. St. Lys, the vicar, visited Mowbray Castle while Egremont was one of its guests, and one day, hearing Lord Marney speak of his work-people, asked him the rate of wages in his part of the country.

"Oh! good enough: not like your manufacturing districts; but people who work in the open air instead of a furnace can't expect, and don't require, such. They get their eight shillings a week; at least generally."

"Eight shillings a week!" said Mr. St. Lys. "Can a laboring man with a family, perhaps of eight children, live on eight shillings a week?"

"Oh! as for that," said Lord Marney, "they get more than that, because beer-money is allowed, at least to a great extent among us—though I for one do not approve of the practise—and that makes nearly a shilling a week additional; and then some of them have potato-grounds, though I am entirely opposed to that system."

The condition of the laborers on Lord Marney's estate was, as has been described, horrible in the extreme, while indifference, injustice, and oppression existed elsewhere in mining and manufacturing districts. One of the crying evils of the times was the tommy-shop (truck-shop), where the workmen, instead of receiving their wages in coin of the realm, were forced to take provisions and other articles, the price of everything being fixed by the butty, or middleman, who systematically robbed the people. One man who had been making a pound a week for two months had "never seen the young Queen's picture," as he expressed it. At the tommy-shop kept by the Diggses, father and son, a crowd of women were waiting one morning for the opening of the store, some of whom had been there for hours in the hope of being among the first to be served. When the shop-door was opened and the crowd rushed in, one woman who had waited with her baby in her arms since four o'clock that morning, claimed first place, and was told by Master Joseph Diggs that if she were first she should be helped last to reward her for her pains in getting up in the middle of the night. And to another woman he said:

"What did you say, woman? How much best tea do you want?"

"I don't want any, sir."

"You never want best tea; you must take three ounces of best tea, or you sha'n't have nothing. If you say another word, I'll put you down four. Who's pushing on there? It's Mrs. Prance, is it? Father, put down Mrs. Prance for a peck of flour. I'll have order here. You think the last bacon a little too fat: oh! you do, ma'am, do you? I'll take care you sha'n't complain in future; I likes to please my customers. There's a very nice flitch hanging up in the engine-room; the men wanted some rust for the machinery; you shall have a slice of that; and we'll say tenpence a pound, high-dried, and wery lean; will that satisfy you?"

All this cheating and brutality were borne by his customers, who knew that if they refused to take the articles offered at the price charged discharge for their husbands would follow.

Many were the earnest talks held in Gerard's cottage when Egremont, who had taken a room near by, was a guest there—Stephen Morley at times joining them—and various plans were discussed for improving the condition of the people. Some months after Egremont had first gone to Mowedale, he received news that necessitated his immediate return to London; and then he realized that he had been more and more attracted to Sybil, and that to leave her now meant parting from the one woman in the world for him. When he went to bid her farewell he found Morley with the Gerards, and although Stephen had treated Egremont with coldness for some time, he parted with him in apparent good feeling, leaving the latter alone with Sybil and her father, to whom he bade farewell with many expressions of regret and friendship. As Egremont was hurrying through the thick mist that had settled down on the night, he was suddenly attacked by someone who endeavored to force him to the bank of the river near. Struggling with his unseen foe, he heard the bay of Sybil's bloodhound, who was fond of Egremont but had never liked Morley; at Egremont's call the dog rushed to his assistance and attacked the would-be assassin, who disappeared.

While Egremont was occupied in London with Parliamentary duties, the people of Mowbray and other districts were beginning to take active measures for the righting of some of their wrongs.

There were trades unions, secret meetings, and larger public ones, when the people gathered to listen to addresses by Walter Gerard, Stephen Morley, and others. One of the results of this agitation was the selection of two delegates from the National Convention to interview certain members of Parliament and call their attention to the National Petition that would soon be presented to the House of Commons. Among the members visited by the delegates, Walter Gerard and Stephen Morley, was the Hon. Charles Egremont, whom they had previously known as "Mr. Franklin."

Soon after this visit Egremont met Sybil one day and explained to her his reasons for living in Mowedale under an assumed name, saying that his station in life made him partly responsible for existing conditions, and that only under another name than his own could he have lived among the class he wished to study with a view to helping them. He earnestly begged Sybil still to permit him to call her and her father friends; but she responded haughtily that she believed the gulf was impassable; and Egremont left her without effecting a reconciliation.

In the mean time Morley had found Baptist Hatton in London, where he had made a fortune as a "heraldic antiquary." He said he did not know where Gerard's papers were but would try to find them, though he thought they were of no value. The truth was that the papers Hatton had "mislaid and hoped he could find," were the ones that had made his fortune; he had sold them to Lord de Mowbray for a large sum. And now, for his own interest, he decided to aid Gerard in recovering his rights; therefore, when, at his instigation, Gerard had notified Lord de Mowbray that he should enter a claim against him, and the Earl consulted Hatton, the latter told him that Gerard could do nothing without a certain deed, which the Earl hastened to inform the wily Hatton was safe with the rest of the documents in the muniment-room of Mowbray Castle. This was the information Hatton wanted, intending to use it later on.

Egremont again sought Sybil and tried by every argument to convince her that her opinions with regard to the relations between the people and the nobility were erroneous; and at last, kneeling before her, he told her of his love and implored

her not to reject him; but Sybil reminded him of the obstacles, saying:

"Why, what is this? A union between the child and brother of nobles and a daughter of the people! Estrangement from your family, and with cause; their hopes destroyed, their pride outraged; alienation from your order, and justly, all their prejudices insulted. You will forfeit every source of worldly content and cast off every spring of social success. No, no, kind friend, for such I'll call you. Believe me, the gulf is impassable."

Two months after Egremont's last meeting with Sybil the Chartists presented their National Petition to the House of Commons; Sir Charles Egremont made an eloquent speech in behalf of the people; but although many of the members voted to consider the Petition it was finally rejected. This refusal was soon followed by riots at Birmingham; and the people becoming more and more incensed, and despairing of any redress for their wrongs by peaceable measures, held meetings and threatened violence. Walter Gerard was the leading spirit in these conventions, and was regarded by the people as their chief. Sybil deplored her father's association with many of these men, who seemed to be departing from their original ideas of peaceful and logical means, and feared that such connection would end only in disaster for him and herself. Meeting Egremont one day, she expressed her pleasure and interest in reading his speech in Parliament in behalf of the oppressed, and then confided to him her fears regarding her father. Egremont advised her to urge Gerard to leave London at once, saying that the Government intended striking at the Convention; but that if her father returned to Mowbray and remained quiet he might be safe. This Sybil tried to persuade her father to do, but Gerard refused to leave that night, saying he must attend an important meeting in aid of the distressed people at Birmingham, but that he would go on the following day.

That evening Stephen Morley went to Gerard's cottage, and finding Sybil alone, informed her that her father was conspiring against the State; that the conspirators were to meet that night in secret; and that they would be arrested. Learning from Sybil that she had already been warned and by whom, Stephen made no effort to conceal his jealous hatred of Egremont. In

frenzied tones he told her that he had always loved her; that he had served her father and his cause for her sake alone; and that if she would accept his love he would save her father, as he knew where the meeting was to be held. Sybil refused to listen to his love, but begged him to tell her the Convention's place of meeting. This Morley would not do unless she would swear that she did not love and would never marry Egremont; and on her refusal to comply, Stephen rushed wildly from the room. The almost distracted girl set out alone to find and warn her father. With directions given her by a friend she finally succeeded, and rushing into the room where Gerard and his companions were, urged them to fly at once. But her warning came too late, for the police were even then at the door, and conveyed Sybil with the others to prison. Through the influence of Egremont Sybil was released the next morning; but Gerard was tried, convicted, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. When finally released, he returned to Mowbray, where Sybil was again living in the convent.

Meanwhile Mr. Hatton had told Morley that the papers that proved Gerard's title to the great district including Mowbray and other towns were in the muniment-room of Mowbray Castle, and suggested that Stephen arouse the people by a meeting on Mowbray Moor; and as they were all devoted to Gerard, they could then easily be led to capture Mowbray Castle and secure the documents. Stephen declared that the time was not ripe for such a scheme, and they must wait.

This conversation occurred in 1839, and three years later the whole of the north and many of the midland counties of England were in a state of revolt; and soon it was learned that the people of Wodgate, known as Hell-cats, were marching through the land stopping all work. Their numbers increased as they proceeded, and at last, reaching Mowbray, they descended upon Mowbray Castle. Sybil, who had taken refuge there from the approaching mob, went to the terrace; and, aided by the vicar of Mowbray and others, called to her assistance those among the rioters who were Mowbray men and who knew and loved her and her father; they succeeded in keeping back the Hell-cats until Lady de Mowbray and her daughters had escaped. But the mob burst into and ravaged the castle, many

drinking themselves into insensibility in the cellars, while Stephen Morley and his immediate followers rushed up to the muniment-room and secured the box containing Gerard's papers. Before they could escape from the tower, however, a troop of Lord Marney's yeomanry, led by Egremont, had arrived; and, although one of Stephen's men jumped from the window in order to convey the precious box to Sybil by Morley's orders, the others were surrounded and captured. As Morley fell mortally wounded by a shot, Egremont exclaimed:

"Morley! you here!"

"Yes, I am sped," he replied. "Why I am here is a mystery; let it remain so. Death is bitter, more bitter from you; but just. We have struggled together before, Egremont. I thought I had scotched you then, but you escaped. Your star has controlled mine; and now I feel I have sacrificed life and fame for your profit and honor. O Sybil!" And thus he died.

Lord Marney, who with his troops started to follow Egremont to Mowbray Castle, had met a multitude led by Gerard, who were intent only on maintaining peace in the disturbed district. But without ascertaining their purpose, the Earl ordered the Riot Act read, and then his troopers began to fire on and cut down the people. Gerard indignantly ordered his followers to resist, and was himself immediately shot dead by the troops. The killing of their beloved leader roused the people to frenzy, and they attacked the troopers with fury, not resting until they had stoned Lord Marney to death.

Meanwhile Sybil, left alone in the garden of the castle, with only her dog for protection, was surrounded by a band of ruffians, and was in peril until an officer with drawn saber sprang from the terrace to her rescue. With the dog's help he soon routed the ruffians, and turning round pressed Sybil to his heart.

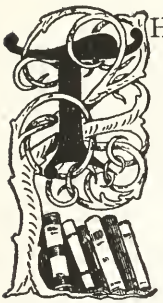
"We will never part again," said Egremont.

The box containing Gerard's title-deeds was delivered to Sybil according to Morley's directions; the Earl of Mowbray was compelled to resign his wrongfully acquired estates, and did not long survive the humiliation and loss of his property.

Sybil, almost distraught with grief at the loss of her father, was tenderly cared for by the Superior of the convent at Mowbray; and months later she became the Countess of Marney.

TANCRED: OR, THE NEW CRUSADE (1847)

The author esteemed this as his greatest novel. In it he embodies not only his views of society and politics, but his deepest religious convictions. It was the fruit of a tour through Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, taken because of ill health. It is a revelation of Disraeli the Jew, and of his attitude toward Christianity, termed by him the "Wider Judaism." As usual in his novels most of the characters are portraits of real personages. Among these may be noted the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont, who were, in real life, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk; Mr. Vavasour, drawn from Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward Lord Houghton; Baron Lionel Sidonia, who was Nathan de Rothschild; Mrs. Guy Flouncey, drawn from Mrs. Mountjoy Martin; Mr. Coningsby, from Lord Littleton; Lord Eskdale, from Lord Lonsdale; and Lord Henry Sydney, from Lord John Manners.



HE son of the Duke of Bellamont was coming of age at Easter, and the preparations for the approaching celebration were so extensive as to rouse the active interest of even the habitués of the city clubs. The Duke of Bellamont stood high in the ranks of the English nobility. He had been a stern father, requiring exact obedience from young Tancred, Lord Montacute. He and the Duchess had planned their son's career: he was to enter Parliament and marry his cousin; and that these arrangements might meet opposition never occurred to them.

The days of the great festivities were over. The Duke took his son aside and explained what was expected of him. To his infinite surprise Tancred replied that these plans were distasteful to him.

"Sir," he continued to his father, "my secluded youth has given me opportunity to contemplate our present social system in perspective; and I am convinced that I can become no part of it. I see before me only chaos; nothing is founded on principle; and without principle nothing can continue to exist. Let me seek truth at its place of origin. Here, I am convinced, truth is not to be found. Let me travel to the land where the Creator

once revealed himself to men; perhaps, if He perceives my intense earnestness, He will reveal Himself and the truth to me."

The Duke was deeply perturbed, and reported Tancred's words to the Duchess with reluctance. They agreed that their son was too deeply in earnest to be arbitrarily controlled, but that they must, by all means, place obstacles between him and the consummation of his mad desires.

But the influences they brought to bear on Tancred's mind proved futile; the curate argued with him in vain, and even the Bishop's reasonings seemed hazy to him. By the advice of a friend, the Duchess ushered Tancred into society, hoping that its distractions might turn away his mind from his desire. These tactics seemed, for a while, successful; but Tancred's education, together with his sensitive nature, proved a shield against the charms of society. Chance also favored his project, in an acquaintance he made with a wealthy Hebrew banker, Sidonia, a man as deeply versed in learning as in matters of finance.

In Sidonia Tancred found a sympathetic soul; for the Jewish scholar had the religious temperament of his race, though he was too broad in his views to be bound by dogmatic forms. Sidonia approved of Tancred's idea; moreover, he offered his assistance. He would give him a letter to a friend in Jerusalem, a man of powerful influence throughout Palestine, named Besso.

In spite of the parental opposition, Tancred finally sailed, accompanied by a large suite of attendants, a matter insisted upon by the Duchess.

His arrival in the Holy City caused much excitement there; it was rumored that he was the brother of the Queen of the English.

Tancred at once repaired to the Holy Sepulcher to offer up his devotions. He sent his letter of introduction to Besso, Sidonia's friend, but did not himself go to visit him.

One day, strolling out on the road to Bethany, Tancred wandered into a vast lemon orchard. He came presently to a kiosk, from the center of whose marble floor bubbled forth a fountain. He threw himself down on a beautiful rug by the side of the fount, and, overcome by fatigue and lulled by the murmuring of the water, he fell asleep.

He woke suddenly to find a girl of exquisite beauty, black-haired and dark-eyed, and attired in rich, jeweled Syrian costume, standing in the doorway of the kiosk, looking at him in wonder.

Tancred began at once apologizing for his intrusion, which the girl accepted with modest affability. They entered into conversation and were soon discussing matters of intense interest to Tancred—the faith of her race, the Jewish, and that of the Christians. It was with reluctance that Tancred finally departed, still ignorant of the identity of his fair hostess.

Hardly had Tancred gone when a youth appeared.

"Fakredeen!" the girl exclaimed.

"Eva," he replied, "I seek your aid again, your intercession with your father. Scheriff Effendi will not give me the muskets I need till he is paid. Besso can advance me the money. The success of my plans depends on this. Help me, Eva."

"I cannot," she replied. "I have done as much as I can."

Her tone was firm and convincing.

"Listen," he continued. "I shall find the money otherwise. A wealthy Englishman leaves here for Mount Sinai within a few days. His ransom shall pay for my muskets."

"Away with such schemes," cried Eva vehemently; "these are foul thoughts. You must not."

The youth finally promised to abandon his nefarious plan. But Eva should have known her foster-brother better.

Fakredeen belonged to the house of Shehaab. His father had fallen in one of the civil broils in Damascus; and Besso, Eva's father, had adopted the infant, who had been reared with Eva. When Fakredeen was ten, his uncle, the head of the house of Shehaab, took him to his court; for he was then sovereign over all the tribes of Lebanon.

Then came the Assyrian crash of 1840. Fakredeen's uncle was summoned to Constantinople and imprisoned; but the boy fled and found protection with the children of Rechab, a tribe under the chieftainship of Eva's grandfather. Adam Besso was for a time exiled abroad, but through the intervention of powerful friends was allowed to return and reëstablish himself.

Meanwhile Fakredeen developed into manhood; vain, impressionable, passionate, energetic, he entered into political in-

trigues. Besso had frequently extended him financial aid in his attempts to establish himself at the head of the mountain tribes; but he now refused further help. And Eva, whom he loved, refused further to intercede for him.

Fakredeen had been keenly watchful of Tancred's movements. The young pilgrim had reached the vicinity of Mount Seir, accompanied by twelve well-armed native attendants, and was crossing the foot-hills toward Mount Sinai, when a band of Arabs fell upon his company. In the fight that ensued Tancred was wounded, his companions were routed, and he himself was captured.

The news of Tancred's capture reached Jerusalem; Besso's despair was almost frantic; for, though Tancred had not approached him, he still felt responsible for him as a friend of Sidonia. He told his daughter, whose anger was keen, for she remembered Fakredeen's words.

"My own father-in-law has done it," cried Besso. "Yes, I know it was Sheikh Amalek."

Tancred had indeed been taken to the tents of the Rechabite Bedouins, where he was courteously received by their sheikh, Amalek. Here he made the acquaintance of a youth of prepossessing manners. The two became intimate friends and were constant companions during the period of the negotiations for Tancred's release. Tancred's friend was none other than Emir Fakredeen, whose genuine love and admiration he had gained. Had Tancred been willing, Fakredeen would now have assisted him to escape. He was at least the means through which Tancred was accorded permission to visit Mount Sinai under guard.

On the tenth day of Tancred's captivity Eva appeared in Amalek's camp and demanded his release. Amalek informed her that Tancred was dangerously ill. At this moment Fakredeen entered and begged Eva to see the sick man, for she was a skilled *hakeem*. So it happened that upon Tancred's recovery to consciousness, he exclaimed: "The lady of Bethany!"

Tancred recovered slowly. He had ascended Sinai, and his prayers had been answered. As in a dream, a vast Presence had appeared before him and spoken:

"Child of Christendom, I am the angel of Arabia, the guardian spirit of that land which governs the world; for power is

not in the sword, but in ideas, which are divine. The thoughts of all lands come from a higher source than man, but the intellect of Arabia comes from the Most High.

"The equality of man can be accomplished only by the sovereignty of God. Cease, then, to seek in a vain philosophy the solution of the social problem that perplexes you. Announce the sublime and solacing doctrine of theocratic equality. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit, and find a ready instrument in every human being."

Tancred descended Mount Sinai with faith and a desire for action. Fakredeen, to whom he confided his dream, was much impressed. It was Tancred, he declared, who should lead the Asian movement. Thus the problem of the ransom would be solved, for Tancred would surely pay for his own muskets. To this Tancred agreed, and his captivity was ended.

Amalek and his tribe departed for Syria, Eva for Damascus. Eva's voice faltered as she said to Tancred: "Farewell, Pilgrim of Sinai."

At Gaza Tancred and Fakredeen met Scheriff Effendi and settled the negotiations for the rifles. Then they pushed on to Fakredeen's castle, Canobia, in a beautiful, mountainous country.

Fakredeen's castle was fitted up with all the luxuries and display of an Oriental monarch. Obviously his people deeply revered him. It was part of the great scheme to reconcile the two tribes of the Maronites and the Druses. Fakredeen had arranged a meeting between all the chiefs at Canobia. Upon their assembling Fakredeen increased his influence among the sheikhs by introducing Tancred as the brother of the English Queen.

Tancred and Fakredeen discussed the great plan; for the young Englishman had been thoroughly convinced by his vision that it was his duty to join the chosen people of God in their struggle for independence and union. One obstacle still remained. The northern passes of Syria were in the hands of the Ansarey, a people at constant odds with the Shehaabs. No one knew them, their customs or religion, for strangers were strictly debarred from the country. Without their aid Syria was insecure; with it they could defy Turk and Egyptian alike.

The conference over, Tancred and Fakredeen repaired to

Damascus, where they assisted at the feast of Tabernacles in Besso's house. Here Tancred at last met Besso and Eva again.

By adroit management, diplomacy, and bribery, the two young men were able to induce a secret agent of the Queen of the Ansarey to procure them permission to enter the forbidden country. They set out immediately and reached Gindarics, the capital, and obtained an interview with Keferinis, the prime minister. On the second day the Queen received them in her palace.

She was a girl of eighteen, and was heavily veiled on receiving her visitors. Tancred explained the object of their mission, their desire that the Ansarey should join the people of the desert in a struggle for the independence of the Asiatics. The Queen was closely attentive, and replied finally that the idea had her approval and support. After some further discussion she turned to Keferinis and demanded:

"Shall the beautiful and the sacred be revealed?"

"As her Majesty says, let it be," replied the prime minister.

Fakredeen and Tancred were led to a temple, hewn out of a cliff. They entered. Inside stood a group of marble figures.

"The gods of the Ansarey," announced the Queen, "the gods of my fathers."

"The gods of the Greeks!" exclaimed Tancred.

The Queen was surprised at Tancred's knowledge of her gods. As his admission to the country had been granted chiefly on the report that he was of common descent from the ancestors of the Ansarey, the Queen quickly concluded that the report was true. The Ansarey were the few still faithful to the old gods, who, they believed, had left the earth in disgust at the infidelity of mankind.

Meanwhile Fakredeen had been deeply impressed by Queen Astarte. He and Tancred now saw her daily, and it soon became noticeable to Fakredeen that Astarte was especially attentive to Tancred's words. He now cultivated the friendship of Keferinis, and through him found himself alone with the Queen one day.

"It surprises me, your Majesty," he said abruptly, "that you should have been deceived into the belief that my companion is of your faith. He knows of your gods simply be-

cause it is the custom to teach of them in the schools of his country."

He added, further, that Tancred's mission was a mystery to him, though he hinted darkly that Tancred's interest in Asian affairs was perhaps due to his love for a Jewish woman. He saw the Queen visibly paling, and felt that he had struck well.

Some days later they learned that the harem of the Pasha of Aleppo had been captured. Tancred was talking with the Queen when one of the captives was brought in. She removed her veil, and Tancred beheld Eva.

Ten days previously Eva had left Damascus with her father and a convoy of Turkish soldiers. They had been attacked by a band of mountaineers, and the women carried off to Gindarics as captives.

The meeting had been unfortunate; the Queen had seen enough to convince her that her captive was Tancred's love.

That night Eva heard her name whispered in her prison-chamber. Fakredeen entered.

"Eva, you must fly," he whispered, "lose not a moment."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Your life is in danger."

"Why?"

"I cannot explain—fly! fly!"

"No; not until you explain."

"The Queen loves Tancred, and is jealous of you."

A dark suspicion of the truth entered Eva's mind.

"I must see the Queen," she replied.

Fakredeen dropped on his knees in terror. Eva's influence over him was strong enough to extract from him a full confession of his duplicity. She knew him well enough to know that his repentance was real.

"Come," she said, "I shall go; you with me."

The next day Tancred sought Astarte to intercede with her in Eva's behalf; for he was still unconscious, both of Astarte's love for himself and of her jealousy of Eva. He found her in deep devotion before Apollo. When she had risen, he broached his subject. At this juncture a slave appeared announcing Eva's escape and Fakredeen's disappearance. In the conversation that followed Fakredeen's duplicity was fully revealed.

Tancred was going, when suddenly, with a burst of emotion Astarte offered to share with him her throne.

"It will serve you as a seat," she said modestly, "from which to conquer the world which you were born to rule."

"I have been the unconscious medium in petty intrigues," said Tancred. "I must return to the desert to restore the purity of my mind. Arabia alone can regenerate the world."

At this moment a courier appeared announcing that the Turks were advancing. Tancred resolved to remain to lead the Ansarey warriors into battle.

Thanks to Tancred's clever tactics, the Pasha's troops were defeated; but Tancred and a few comrades, pursuing the fleeing enemy, were themselves cut off and compelled to flee into the Eastern desert.

For a while Tancred found refuge with his old friend Sheikh Amalek, but finally reached Jerusalem.

After a restless night, he found himself on the path leading to Bethany, and found there Eva and Besso, who had not been killed in the fray with the mountaineers as was supposed, but carried off the field insensible. Toward evening Tancred managed to isolate himself with Eva in the kiosk, and there began a fervent declaration of his love.

"No! no!" she replied. "We cannot marry. There are those to whom I belong; and those to whom you belong. Fly from me, son of Europe and of Christ!"

She tried to withdraw her hand from his impassioned clasp. "I am a Christian in the land of Christ," he said, "and I kneel to a daughter of my Redeemer's race. Why should I fly? I have no kindred, no country; and as for the ties that would bind you, shall such world-worn bonds restrain our consecrated aim?"

Eva's head fell upon his shoulder. She had fainted. He sprinkled her pale face with water, and she was reviving, when shouts were heard outside. He looked out, and beheld his servants searching for him.

"What is it?" he demanded, deeply agitated. All spoke at once, but he caught the words:

"The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont have arrived in Jerusalem."

LOTHAIR (1870)

This picture of high life in England, and particularly of the efforts of the Roman Catholics under the lead of the great Anglican Secessionist to Rome—Cardinal Manning—to regain a Catholic ascendancy in Great Britain, was published in 1870, during the interval between Disraeli's defeat and retirement from the premiership in 1868 and his triumphant return to power in 1874. The fact that the chief characters were drawn from actual persons in high stations has always given this tale a special interest and importance. The characters are now known to be as follows: Lothair, the Marquis of Bute; Cardinal Grandison, Cardinal Manning; the Oxford Professor, Professor Goldwin Smith; Catesby, Monsignore Capel; the Duke and Duchess, Duke and Duchess of Abercorn; Corisande, Lady Ann Hamilton; the Bishop, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.

REMEMBER him a little boy," said the Duchess. "His mother, a dear friend of mine, brought him to us one day. He was soon an orphan and I have never seen him since. If he and Bertram had not become friends at Christ Church, I do not see how we ever could have known him."

These remarks were made in the morning-room of Brentham by the mistress of that elegant English country-seat, her beautiful daughters about her, engaged in slight feminine occupations. Herself a great heiress, she had married one of the wealthiest of the nobles; and, as their three elder daughters were married to wealthy men of rank, the family were rich in halls and castles. But Brentham was the Duke's favorite residence. Bertram, the only son, was at Christ Church College in Oxford, where he had become intimate with Lothair, the little boy whom the Duchess remembered; and the Lady Corisande, the youngest and only unmarried daughter, was with her parents.

Lothair was to come into a vast inheritance at his majority. His mother had died in his infancy, and his father before he was born. One of his guardians was his uncle, a keen but honorable Scotch Presbyterian noble, who conscientiously cared for

the boy's great estate and reared him in his own Highland home; the other was a clergyman, the father's closest friend, a man brilliant and profound, who shortly after the father's death had left the Anglican Communion for the Church of Rome. After that the uncle kept the boy in Scotland, and would have entered him at the University of Edinburgh, but that the other guardian legally compelled his going to Oxford, as provided in his father's will. Here his intimacy with the heir of Brentham led to his being a visitor at that delightful domain.

It was, indeed, almost Lothair's first introduction into refined society, for his uncle's intimates were mostly rough, if kindly, while at Brentham all was ease, grace, and joy. Lothair made a pleasing impression upon the Duke and his manly, genial sons-in-law and on the gracious women, with whom he was charmed, but especially with Corisande, whose beauty and brightness captivated him and whose unusual musical gifts completed his thraldom.

So deeply was the youth moved by her attractions that he one day begged permission of the Duchess to offer his hand to her. Her Grace was naturally surprised, but treated him with great consideration, showed him that Corisande was a child with character unformed, and not yet even entered into the world, while he was much in the same condition, ignorant of society and likely to change many opinions before settling down in life. He was very positive that he hated society—having been at an evening party and found it tiresome—and thought his opinions on all great matters—religion, politics, education, and social betterment—already established. The Duchess begged him not to distress her by further mention of the subject, but to enjoy the regard they all had for him and to try to know more of them and their interests. Thus passed Lothair's first crisis.

Hexam House, in London, was a fine old mansion wherein dwelt his Eminence, Cardinal Grandison, Lothair's Roman Catholic guardian. Of apparently fragile form, his pale, noble face was illumined by penetrating eyes. Gentleman, theologian, churchman, the Cardinal wielded a wide influence. One morning he had received Mr. Giles, the capable lawyer, whose firm had legal charge of Lothair's great estates. His Eminence patiently examined accounts, incidentally remarking that he had

hardly seen the youth since infancy, and was interested to meet him, when Mr. Giles said that he had himself that day seen Lothair for the first time, and that his lordship was to honor him by dining at his home, where he should be gratified to receive his Eminence. The Cardinal promised to call.

Lothair had visited Mr. Giles to get a considerable sum of money with which to help a friend, and Mr. Giles had made it so easy for him—without formalities—that he gratefully accepted his lawyer's invitation to dine with him. Mr. Giles's wife, Apollonia, was the daughter of an Irish peer, amiable, but ambitious and exceedingly clever. Their large wealth made her dinners and receptions as splendid as their dwelling; and Lothair met divers persons of distinction both at table and in the evening —a medley, indeed, of priests, philosophers, Legitimists, and Carbonari. The two that most interested him were his guardian, Cardinal Grandison, with whom he had a quiet, fascinating talk, and a slender but stately lady, whose countenance of perfect Attic outlines, with a profusion of dark chestnut hair, commanded his attention. He learned that she was called Theodora and was married to a friend of Garibaldi. Lothair was not presented to her.

That same evening, Monsignore Berwick, a young Roman, entered the noble mansion in St. James's Square inhabited by Lord St. Jerome, a wealthy Catholic nobleman. Monsignore Berwick was already a prominent statesman of the Vatican. He was cordially received, being a favorite with Lady St. Jerome, who was an enthusiast in the Catholic cause, and her niece, Miss Clare Arundel, whose violet eyes and beautiful face were sensitive to every interest about her. After dinner they discussed the aspects of Catholicism in Rome, France, Spain, Austria, and especially in Britain, where there was a widespread movement under Cardinal Grandison's lead for the reconversion of the Islands to the true Church. The Cardinal soon dropped in, and interested them by his account of young Lothair, whose approaching majority would make him master of immense wealth and a lofty station, with whom the Cardinal had been personally much gratified, and whose conversion to the Catholic Church all agreed must be compassed by all means.

At this time there were in London many persons interested

in the freedom of Italy. Mrs. Putney Giles often entertained such persons. When Cardinal Grandison left her house that evening, he had to pass through a crowd to his carriage, and among them was a sturdy, keen-eyed man who to the Cardinal's astonishment muttered to himself: *A bas les prêtres!* His language and his small earrings showed that the man was not English. He went on to an assembly of the Standing Committee of the Holy Alliance of Peoples, who greeted him as "General" (although he gave his name as Captain Bruges). They talked of the chances in Rome since the French had left, and in Ireland, where many were ready to rise, armed by contributions of their compatriots in America—a Fenian movement.

The Brentham family, not long after these events, were troubled by a rumor in the *Morning Post*, that a young noble (obviously Lothair) on the impending completion of his minority was about to enter the Catholic Church. After their first meeting a certain intimacy had occurred between the Cardinal and his ward. His Eminence was a man of rare conversational powers, and Lothair was impressed by his wisdom and enlightenment. He talked of everything except religion; and only when alone did Lothair muse on the happy influence of the Church on the art and morals and happiness of mankind. In due time he was presented to Lady St. Jerome, and that inspiring lady germinated the seed which the Cardinal had seemed so carelessly to scatter, arousing the young man to things pure, holy, heroic, in the awful contest between atheism and faith, while the lovely Clare Arundel more reservedly, yet effectively, attracted him in the same direction. He became familiar there and met many delightful members of the Catholic party, finally accepting an invitation to spend Holy Week and Easter at Vauxe, the St. Jerome country-seat.

In this exquisite environment of castellated grandeur amid choice natural beauty, Lothair was happy. The house-chaplain, Father Coleman, was a courteous and intelligent gentleman. The Holy Week ceremonies were celebrated in the fine Gothic chapel, Lothair being deeply impressed with the *Tenebræ*, the Return of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Adoration of the Cross, concerning the symbolism of which Father Coleman talked most interestingly to him. Miss Arundel gave him a

new idea in saying that if she commanded wealth she would erect a noble cathedral for the appropriate conduct of the ordinances of the real Church. This became the subject of much thought on Lothair's part, and he discussed it with Monsignore Catesby, whose knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture was equaled only by his taste. The result was that he arranged in London with an architect for a set of cathedral plans.

Before Lothair left Vauxe, the Cardinal and Monsignore Berwick arrived, and a talk with the Cardinal, while it powerfully influenced Lothair, left him still undecided as to taking the great step so gently but persistently urged on him. And the Cardinal was too wise to push him further.

On returning to London, Lothair felt lost. Why did that visit ever end? Why did the world consist of anything but Tudor palaces in ferny parks, or was time other than a perpetual Holy Week? After a desolate fortnight the St. Jeromes returned to town; and he went the first day to lunch with them.

The next day he called to leave his card for the Brentham family, when the Duke and Bertram insisted on his coming that evening to dine. Fascinated once more by the fair Corisande, Lothair asked the Duke to present him at the next levee; and from that time he was in the whirl of society, invited to routs and balls and dinners without end. He began to revise his somber view of social functions.

Monsignore Catesby did not even then lose sight of him, but often sought him, breakfasted with him, and made himself agreeable while learning Lothair's impressions and opinions.

Lothair had not lost his recent conviction that religion was man's prime interest; but mundane demands upon him were great—even business matters, as Mr. Giles pursued him with interviews as to the celebration of his majority. Father Coleman, whom he consulted on this trouble, assured him that a perfectly religious life was one of which the sovereign purpose was to uphold the interests of the Church of Christ, and added, after a pause, that business and even amusement might be conducive to its fulfilment. But these conflicting interests harassed Lothair, and he went to Oxford to see about his horses.

Riding to his stables, a mile from Oxford, he encountered a crowd around a dismantled vehicle, with panting horses.

Apart stood a lady whom Lothair approached, and offered her the service of his carriage, for which he despatched a messenger on his horse. The lady's husband, Colonel Campion, an American from the Southern States, now came up and expressed their obligations for Lothair's courtesy. Asking permission to call, Lothair received and accepted the Colonel's invitation to dine; and as they drove off he recalled that he had seen the lady's fine face at Mrs. Giles's reception.

At dinner he met a young Oxford professor, extremely well informed and fond of endless exposition of his brilliant, erratic views on all possible subjects. Mrs. Campion impressed Lothair as a reposeful genius of serenity. Her pure beauty and elevated sentiment were refreshing. Colonel Campion was quick-sighted, clear-headed, and genial. The evening was concluded with an agreement to visit the gardens of Blenheim the next day—an excursion during which Lothair found himself strongly attracted to his new friends. The lady was a novel character to him—profoundly religious, yet of no avowed church, intelligent in matters worldly and political, with a rich, sweet voice that lingered in his ear.

On returning to the city, Lothair was too preoccupied with his recent experiences to fall into his usual habits, but wandered off in a hansom, and went into a Catholic chapel to attend a professed educational discussion but found himself in a Fenian meeting. Stirred up by things he heard, he rose to expostulate, when he would have been hurt as a spy but that the thick-set Captain Bruges interposed with a revolver and a paper which the chairman recognized as authoritative. He led Lothair out. Expressing contempt for all Irish revolutionism, and refusing to give his name, he disappeared.

A dinner with some of the young swells and a ball at the St. Jeromes', where Clare Arundel made herself especially alluring, brought Lothair to the day for his visit to the Campions at Belmont, a rented palace and garden within the confines of a royal park. He found Theodora in the garden, and was taken to see a statue in a little garden temple, the Genius of Freedom, an impressively perfect veiled form, with the classic head of Theodora Campion herself.

"It is the most successful recurrence to the true principles

of art in modern sculpture," said a gentleman standing by. This was Mr. Phœbus, a brilliantly handsome man, a famous painter, whose originality, success, vanity, and arrogant eccentricity were endlessly dazzling. He philosophized on art, Hellenism, Semitism (as he called religion), the ruin of education by books and reading, and the study of the beautiful in nature. He greatly interested Lothair, who yet returned to London unsatisfied with his visit, which had not yielded him the expected converse with his friend; and he relapsed into gloomy reflections about the Church, his Cathedral, his conflicting emotions and perplexed ideas. And when Monsignore Catesby called to clinch his consent to appear at a great Catholic function, he said he was not well enough to consider such themes, and begged to be allowed to think matters over, even after the Monsignore handed him a note from Miss Arundel, asking him to go to the function with them.

When his carriage came, and the servant asked, "Where to, my lord?" he hesitated—and replied, "To Belmont."

In Mrs. Campion's salon he met many persons; among them, Mr. Phœbus again, his wife, a superbly distinguished-looking lady, and her beautiful sister Euphrosyne, daughters of the great Greek merchant Cantacuzene, their uncle being Prince of Samos. Several of the ladies sang, and exquisitely; but when Theodora sang her voice thrilled Lothair to the heart. All went out on the moonlit terraces and Lothair had a delightful talk with Theodora, in which her religion—of the conscience, not of any church or priest—seemed to him exalted above all forms of serving God.

After this he saw his friend every day. She was always gracious and kind but with no spark of coquetry. He purchased a superb rope of pearls, in necklace form, and sent them to her anonymously. When next she saw him, she told him how someone had made this splendid gift, but that, as she never wore jewels, she wished them guarded by a trusted friend who might some time return them to the unknown donor; and, enclosing a note with instructions, she sealed the casket with her seal—Roma—begging him to open it in a year and fulfil her trust.

One morning, near the lodge-gate of Belmont, Lothair met the stranger who had befriended him in the Fenian meeting,

but who, with scant greeting, again hastened away. Theodora Campion said he was a foreigner, a particular friend of her father, who had always visited them when coming to England; that he was one of the sufferers in a divine cause. But she begged Lothair not to press his inquiries. Lothair told her of the great preparations making to celebrate his majority, and, after urgent solicitation, she and Colonel Campion consented to be his guests at Muriel Towers.

A great mansion, picturesquely standing in a vast and varied park, was the chief seat of Lothair's race. He had really never seen it before, and when he was met at the station by five hundred horsemen, assembled from the country round about to escort him to the mighty gates, he was elated. At the mansion itself a great array of household attendants ceremoniously received him. He marveled that Mr. Putney Giles and the accomplished Apollonia had been able to gather such an assemblage; and his wonder increased when in the halls, chambers, and galleries he found habitable conditions of luxury in this vast edifice, empty for a generation. Thus the next day he received Mr. Giles with grateful effusion. Soon the guests began coming: the Duke and Duchess and Lady Corisande first; a few days after, the St. Jeromes, the Duke's daughters and their husbands; Lord Culloden, the Scotch guardian, with his two tall daughters, Flora and Grizell; the Campions, the Anglican Bishop of the diocese, Monsignore Catesby, and many others. The ducal party had two days in which to enjoy the Tower and its master; and the Duchess and Lady Corisande both found Lothair much improved, and grown distinctly interesting. Day after day the guests gathered, including finally the Cardinal, with two monsignores, and the Bishop with a chaplain and an archdeacon. A week passed in excursions by day and entertainment by night. Theodora was idolized by the women, and the men voted Colonel Campion a fine fellow; all was harmony and festal grace—except the plots and counterplots of the ecclesiastics, and they were veiled in Christian courtesy. The Cardinal went to celebrate high mass in the Bishop's cathedral town; and the Ultramontane organ announced his going from Muriel Towers, where he was visiting his ward Lothair; but the rumor that the young man had entered the

Catholic Church was pronounced "premature," the impression being left that, on accomplishing his majority, that would be Lothair's first step. On the other hand, the Bishop persuaded Lothair to begin the day of his majority by celebrating the Holy Communion in his own chapel at Muriel Towers, thus nullifying rumors of his leaving the church of his fathers; and Lord Culloden gave Lothair a raking fire of talk about the Scarlet Woman, and priest-confessors managing a man's household, and much good business advice as to his estate.

The great day came with its ceremonious congratulations from the county officials, assembled friends, and a multitude of tenants and folk from all the vicinity; with two hundred dining in the great armory and a thousand in the park. Barges on Muriel Mere in the evening, a concert on the water, fireworks and beacon fires, and a ball at the castle, concluded the day. During a walk with the Cardinal next day, Lothair was counseled to travel, first to Rome, with the St. Jeromes, who were going. At a turn in the path they met Lothair's mysterious friend, whom he greeted warmly, but vainly entreated to be his guest: he was hastening to a train.

Theodora Campion did not appear at luncheon, and her husband begged Lothair to excuse her from dinner, as she had received agitating news. In the afternoon he visited her, and she opened her heart to him upon its dearest subject—the freedom of Rome, in defense of which her father and her brother had fallen, and to which she had dedicated her own life. She told him of the activity both of the revolutionists and of the Papalini since the departure of the French; and that now, it being ascertained that the Italian army would not enter the Roman States, the Garibaldians were ready for action. But they had neither money nor arms. And now, while she had meant to ask Lothair to help them, she felt that he was the last person to whom she ought to appeal.

"I am the right person for you to appeal to," said Lothair, rising; "the only person; for to you I owe a debt that I can never repay. Without you I should have remained a prejudiced, narrow-minded being, wasting my life on trifles. While you must know that I feel your beauty and infinite charm, it is your consummate character that fascinated my thought and heart,

and I have long resolved, were I permitted, to devote to you my fortune and my life."

There were continuous gatherings of Garibaldi Volunteers on all sides of the Papal territory in the autumn of 1867. Lothair appeared in one of these valley-sheltered musterings as Captain Muriel, on the staff of the General whom we have seen as Captain Bruges, the chief of whose aides was Colonel Campion, while his military secretary was a stripling in male attire—Theodora!

After divers minor expeditions, it was learned that French troops had again embarked at Marseilles for Civita Vecchia, the seaport of Rome, and it was resolved to attack the city before they could arrive. The revolutionists were met by Papal Zouaves, and after a fierce fight drove them back upon Viterbo; but, alas! Theodora was mortally wounded. Before dying she sent for Lothair, and received his solemn promise never to enter the Church of Rome.

The French had arrived at Civita Vecchia. Garibaldi, who had joined the Liberatori with forces from the North, fell back on Monte Rotondo. He was attacked, and in the hot battle of Mentana was defeated and forced to fly, the Papal troops returning to Rome with many wounded. Prominent among the Roman ladies zealously serving the hospitals were Lady St. Jerome and Miss Arundel. The latter was told by a woman about a young Englishman among the wounded. This woman, a person of majestic beauty, was said at the time to be the wife of a tailor named De Angelis, in the Ripetta.

When Lothair regained consciousness he was in bed in a lofty chamber, surrounded by every comfort and luxury. For weeks he lay in reverie, conscious only of weakness and of feminine ministrations. One evening there broke upon his ear low, beautiful voices performing the vesper service of the Church. His attendant was always veiled. One day his old friend, Monsignore Catesby, came, and after that was with him daily, as he recovered strength, soothing him with readings and talks, all tending to the divine helpfulness of the Church. When Lothair could drive out his friend drove with him, and together they saw the artistic treasures and churchly splendors of Rome. At last he learned that he had been sheltered in the

Palazzo Agostini, the home of his old friends the St. Jeromes, and that the lovely Clare Arundel had been his ministering angel.

In their house he now met, of course, many delightful Catholics, and was often embarrassed to be addressed as "the most favored of men." Miss Arundel received his grateful acknowledgment simply, but congratulated him on having been preserved to great results. His old friend the Cardinal appeared, and introduced him to many high churchmen. This all puzzled Lothair, since they must have known of his revolutionary associations. At last he was told of a service to be held at the Church of St. George, where Miss Arundel was to offer thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the miraculous mercy vouchsafed her in saving the life of a fellow-countryman. It had not been desired by her, but the Holy Father had commanded it. Of course Lothair was expected to be present, and he had the grace to ask her permission.

"And support me," she said, with lambent eyes, "for I need support."

The splendid church was festooned with hangings of crimson velvet and gold, and its every corner crowded. Lothair entered with Monsignore Catesby by a private door, and on all sides was saluted with profound respect by dignitaries. The procession of unequaled splendor and sanctity was formed, escorting a new banner of the Blessed Virgin, and, as a group of ladies approached, Monsignore Catesby gently but irresistibly guided Lothair to the side of a deeply veiled figure and placed a lighted candle in his hand.

"You know you promised to support her," he said.

The procession, the service, the music, all were on the highest scale of Roman effectiveness; and, as Lothair left the church, he was not only congratulated by innumerable prelates, but the people outside in the piazza fell before him, craving his blessing—all to his wonderment.

But when he read a description in a Catholic paper the next day, he learned that the gallant young English noble had fallen at Mentana in defense of the sacred cause of the Pope; that a young lady attending the wounded had been summoned by a majestic apparition—undoubtedly the Blessed Virgin—to go to

his relief; and that she had had him borne to the dwelling of his noble relatives, where he had recovered from his desperate wounds. No wonder that this noble youth, in the great function of yesterday, was regarded by all Rome as the most favored of living men!

Lothair felt himself sinking into an unfathomable abyss of shame, indignation, and despair. He was in the grip of a resistless and remorseless power. His friend the Cardinal tried to convince him of the truth of the story—even as to his having fought for the Pope, intimating that his present weakness of body must show him that what all the world believed must be nearer right than the perverted dream of a barely cured convalescent, especially as divine authority had perused and approved the narrative; adding that, on the next day, the Holy Father himself would receive Lothair into the bosom of the Church.

Left alone, Lothair was overwhelmed. In his despair he wandered on foot about Rome at night, and strayed into the moonlit desolation of the Coliseum, where a vision of Theodora appeared to his inflamed imagination.

"Lothair," said her deep, sweet voice.

"I am here," he replied.

"Remember!" she said with a solemn glance, and was gone.

He was found there, senseless, by Father Coleman—who happened to be strolling that way—and taken back to the palace. Lord St. Jerome said squarely, "They have overdone it," and, after consultation with the physician, they sent Lothair away, with Monsignore Catesby and Father Coleman, by easy stages to a lovely villa on the coast of Sicily.

Lothair's two delightful companions never left him, either on the journey or after arriving at the Villa Catalano. A walk on the terrace at dawn was his only resource for meditation in waking hours. One violet morn he saw a fishing-boat on the shore below, and walked down to chat with the sailors. While they praised their boat, he suddenly thought of escape, and with ten ducats got them to start, on the instant, for Malta.

On his arrival, who should appear in a boat from an English steam-yacht but Mr. Phœbus. With that eccentric but lavish host he cruised, in the company of Madame Phœbus and the

bewitching Euphrosyne, and spent months on their luxuriantly appointed Ægean isle. Mr. Phœbus having been commissioned to paint for the Czar some scenes in Palestine, they all went thither, meeting by good chance Bertram and his brother-in-law, St. Aldegonde, who to Lothair's relief knew nothing of his Italian adventures. At Jerusalem Bertram showed Lothair a letter from his sister Corisande, in which she spoke warmly of Lothair, deploring his ruin—for so she deemed his new Catholicism. Bertram, who had fallen desperately in love with Euphrosyne, was summoned home to look after some political affairs, and the three young men returned to England.

Lothair had written Mr. Giles from Malta when the account of his conversion appeared to take all necessary steps to disprove it. That shrewd gentleman had promptly built two new Anglican churches on Lothair's estate, subscribed largely to the diocesan societies, given a thousand pounds to the Bishop of London's fund, and then—opinion being ripe—had published paragraphs setting in their true light the unfounded rumors.

On returning to London, Lothair was troubled about his relations with the St. Jeromes, to whom he owed so much; but, meeting Lord St. Jerome on the street, he was greeted with unaffected heartiness and invited to visit them, which he soon did; and in token of his gratitude he presented to Clare Arundel a magnificent crucifix of emeralds, the figure of carven gold, the four points holding portions of earth from the four Holy Places in Palestine. He met the Cardinal there one day, and his Eminence, desiring that prominent English clergymen and laymen should attend the Ækumenical Council that His Holiness was about to summon at the Vatican, hoped that Lothair would attend, which Lothair promised to consider.

The Brentham family received Lothair most cordially, but were distressed at Bertram's infatuation for Euphrosyne, until they learned of her princely Greek relatives, the family's immense wealth, and, when they met her, the young woman's own loveliness. Lady Corisande was believed to be engaged to the Duke of Brecon, but the announcement of his engagement to Lothair's cousin, Lady Flora Culloden, put an end to that gossip. On the other hand, the Duchess and Lady Corisande chanced to see at the jeweler's Lothair's wonderful crucifix for

Miss Arundel, and naturally concluded that his affections were fixed in that quarter. But Clare retired from the world and took the veil.

With the Brentham family and the St. Jeromes gone from London, Lothair was solitary and despondent, but shortly received from Bertram an invitation to visit Brentham. He found an opportunity to explain to Lady Corisande the reason of his gift of the crucifix to Miss Arundel, whose taking of the veil had been announced in the papers; and little by little he fell under the spell of the lovely Corisande, as he had fallen in his callow youth, two years ago—it seemed ages since. During a walk in the garden he told her how on that very spot he had begged her mother to allow him to express to her his love—told of his mistake, of his follies, of his changes of opinion; but assured her that in one thing he had been constant, his adoring love for her.

She turned pale, she stopped, then gently taking his arm, she hid her face upon his breast. He told her all his story, even about Theodora's pearls. They opened the casket, and the enclosed note said: "The offering of Theodora to Lothair's bride." When, long after, they went in, the sun was sloping to the west. On the laughing challenge of the Duchess as to where they had been, Lothair said: "I have been in Corisande's garden, and she has given me a rose."

ENDYMION (1880)

This is the author-statesman's last novel, begun while in the height of his power, and finished after his final fall. He received fifty thousand pounds for the manuscript. Endymion's career is practically an autobiography of Beaconsfield, and his portrait is also drawn in the character of Myra. The other characters are all taken from the great and famous personages of the day. The Neuchatels are the Rothschilds; Agrippina is Queen Hortense of Belgium; Prince Florestan, Napoleon III; Mr. St. Barbe, Thackeray; Mr. Gushy, Dickens; Job Thornberry, Richard Cobden; the Earl of Beaumaris, the Earl of Derby; Zenobia, Lady Jersey; Prince Ferriole, Bismarck; Adriana Neuchatel, Lady Burdett-Coutts; Nigel Penruddock, Cardinal Wiseman; Lord Roehampton, Lord Palmerston; Hortensius, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. It has been said that in no other book are there so many titles crowded together; and this may have had something to do with the novel's immense success with the British public.

IT was a warm night in the beginning of August when a gentleman in evening dress, enveloped in a cloak, emerged from a club-house in St. James Street. Outside he met the man whom he had been seeking. Taking his arm, he drew him aside and spoke in a low voice.

"Sidney, what I am about to tell you is still a profound secret, known only to three persons. Though political opponents, we have always been friends, and I want you to take advantage of what I shall tell you. George Canning, the Prime Minister, is on his deathbed."

"What! Before his mission is accomplished?" cried the other, deeply moved.

"His mission!" exclaimed the gentleman in the cloak. "The Duke is the coming man. He is against Parliamentary reform and supports the Church."

"My dear Ferrars," replied Sidney Wilton, "a dangerous crisis is approaching; the agricultural population is drifting into the cities. I was bred a Tory, but it was my belief in Canning's ability to guide these coming events that turned me Whig."

"Nonsense, Sidney, the country is stable; your dreams are idle. Secure yourself; heed my warning."

The two parted. Mr. Ferrars's father had been a clerk in the Treasury, and had retired on a pension and a privy councilorship. His son had received a finished education at Oxford. Immediately after, through parental influence, he had secured a seat in the House of Commons. Success attended him; Lord Castlereagh appointed him a lord of the Treasury and under Lord Liverpool he was Under-Secretary of State. When Canning's Whig ministry rose into power, young Ferrars resigned and attached himself to the Duke of Wellington.

By the advice of his father, he had married an ambitious heiress, a woman fond of luxuries and display.

In the January after the previous conversation, the Duke being now firmly established in power, William Ferrars was sworn of the Privy Council, and held high office on the verge of the Cabinet.

At the dinner given at the Ferrars mansion in Hill Street in celebration of this appointment Mrs. Ferrars, with no little ceremony, presented to the company her twin children, Endymion and Myra. Though only eight years of age, they showed a most unchildish self-possession, their faces being set in an expression of haughty, supercilious disdain.

"Myra," said a handsome young man, an intimate friend of the family, handing the child a plateful of grapes, "have you forgotten your engagement to me?"

"What engagement?" demanded the child haughtily.

"You promised to marry me," answered the young man playfully.

"Really, sir," replied the girl contemptuously, "I should not think of marrying anyone who was not in the House of Lords."

In 1830 the Relief Bill was passed, but caused no decrease of confidence in the Duke. His strategic moves would probably have served him; but George the Fourth died, and Parliament was dissolved. This, with the general public discontent on account of the industrial depression then prevalent, precipitated the Duke's fall.

Ferrars came home, a ruined man. His father had died

some time previously, leaving only debts. He retired with his family to an ancestral mansion at Hurstley. Endymion was recalled from Eton, his parents themselves continuing his education.

Of the two children, Myra was the brighter, the quicker to learn. Hers was the dominant spirit of the two, Endymion's more affectionate personality rendering itself pliable to Myra's stronger will.

Among their occasional visitors were Nigel Penruddock, an Oxford student, the son of the vicar, and Job Thornberry. The latter surprised Mr. Ferrars with his radical views on politics, especially on the land question.

Nigel was of a different temperament, a conservative of conservatives. "God built the Church," said he; "man the Government."

In 1834 Sir Robert Peel was appointed Prime Minister, and Ferrars, with reviving hopes, went to town; but the ministry was feeble, and crumbled a year later. Ferrars returned home again, having found only a clerkship for Endymion, then sixteen, in a second-rate office.

Endymion left a disconsolate home; the only encouraging words were from Myra.

"You will find friends, Endymion," she said, "and they will be women."

Endymion found rooms with the Rodneys, friends of his father. Their family included Mrs. Rodney's sister, Imogene, a girl of exquisite beauty. She was being educated by Mr. Waldershare, whose apartment was in the same house. He was an eccentric but brilliant man, and a member of the House.

In this family Endymion's leisure time passed pleasantly; but the happy period was marred by his return home during the Christmas holidays to attend the death-bed of his mother.

He found then that Nigel, the vicar's son, who had taken his degree, had settled down and become more intimate with the family, and had even made a proposal of marriage to Myra, only to be rejected.

On Endymion's return to London he found a new lodger at the Rodneys', a Colonel Albert, obviously a foreigner. A ro-

mantic mystery hovered about this stranger; his origin, his real identity, his vocation, were all alike unknown.

In June a second calamity called Endymion home. His father had ended his own life; Myra was with the Penruddocks. Ferrars had died penniless.

Myra found a place as companion to the daughter of a wealthy Swiss family, the Neuchatels. Their social functions were sumptuous affairs to which ministers of the Cabinet came. Adriana, the first heiress in England, her father's only child, soon learned to entertain a strong affection for Myra, in which the whole family participated. Endymion, who came once a week to visit his sister, also found himself included in the warm regard of this wealthy family.

One day Mr. Neuchatel announced the visit of a distinguished foreigner, Colonel Albert. It was on one of his repeated visits that Endymion came face to face with Colonel Albert for the first time; and his surprise was great at recognizing in him a former fellow at Eton, where, however, he had been known as the Count d'Otranto.

Myra's interest in the Colonel increased; his manners were fine and charming. He and Endymion, being fellow-lodgers, became quite intimate, and usually called at the Neuchatels' together.

At one of the numerous dinners Myra met Lord Roehampton, a tall, stately, middle-aged man, whose manner charmed everyone. Next to the premier, he was the strongest member of the Government. For two years he had been a widower, and it was undoubtedly the hope of a match between him and Adriana that had encouraged Berengaria, the Countess of Montfort, to introduce him into the Neuchatel family.

Meanwhile, Waldershare had been traveling on the Continent. On returning he had his interest roused in Colonel Albert by Endymion, and said he should like to meet him. But before this could happen, Waldershare, breakfasting one morning with his uncle, Sidney Wilton, had occasion to make a discovery.

Mr. Wilton, much worried, complained of trouble he was having with his ward, young Prince Florestan, the son of the deposed and exiled Queen Agrippina.

"I sent him to Eton," he continued aggrievedly, "where he proved a brilliant student; but all the while he was engaged in plots against his sovereign. Then he made a filibustering expedition into his own country and was caught. Well, I saved him; but the trouble is I vouched for his emigration to America. He went, but came back, and now asks to see me."

Shortly after, Prince Florestan was announced. Mr. Waldershare was startled, recognizing him as Endymion's fellow-lodger, Colonel Albert.

Waldershare told Endymion, who, of course, soon informed Myra of Colonel Albert's identity. So when Mr. Neuchatel came to her one day and revealed the truth to her, she already knew it.

"Miss Ferrars," he then continued, "you have evidently gained the friendship of Lord Roehampton. I beg you to speak to him in the Prince's behalf, in regard to an inheritance, held back by his Government, which requires only a word from a member of our Government to be released."

Myra promised. Her chance came at a dinner when Lord Roehampton was unusually charming. She managed to isolate herself with him and was about to begin, when he suddenly interrupted her with a fervent avowal of passion and an offer of marriage. Myra stood stupefied, dumfounded. Then she realized; there was no need further to intercede with his lordship in behalf of another.

The marriage, which soon followed, was the social event of that season. Myra's fondest dreams were realized. Opportunity to promote Endymion's fortunes came, as they were bound to. Through her he became private secretary to Sidney Wilton. Endymion's sudden rise rather saddened him, for it meant his separation from the Rodneys and Imogene. As he bade her good-by, the chance knock of a servant interrupted a declaration he was about to make, the result of which might have ruined his career.

As brother of Lady Roehampton, Endymion was soon well launched into social London and its political intrigues. Thus he met Lady Montfort, a young, charming, and intellectual woman, estranged from her husband, the eccentric Earl of Montfort. It was at one of her dinners that Endymion met

his friend of early days, Nigel Penruddock, now a popular preacher.

Meanwhile Prince Florestan had established himself in London, where he entertained his friends, among them Endymion and Waldershare. Lady Roehampton received him also at her home, the social headquarters of the Whig party leaders.

Endymion and Myra were together guests at the wedding of Imogene and Lord Beaumaris, a bitter experience to Endymion.

Shortly after this event the Corn-Law agitation began rousing the country, and Mr. Wilton sent Endymion to Manchester to study the real condition and feelings of the population, and especially to watch and report on the movements of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

In Lancashire Endymion met one of the League's leaders in the person of his old acquaintance, Job Thornberry. He spoke radically enough, but one of his colleagues, Enoch Craggs, talked pure revolution; coöperation, community of capital, and the abolition of landlords were his favorite topics.

Before Christmas Endymion had returned and made out his report. He then accepted an invitation to Lord and Lady Montfort's residence.

The turbulent times of 1841 were now on, and the dissolution of the Cabinet seemed to Lady Montfort and Myra a fitting moment for Endymion to try for a seat in the new House. But Endymion, much dejected, demurred. He felt that the necessary expenses of such an attempt were beyond his means. He wandered about disconsolate, feeling the displeasure of his sister and Lady Montfort, fearing even that he might never see the latter again; for he was beginning now to realize the true state of his feelings toward her. In this mood he took up an envelope left on his desk by some servant, and opened it. It contained a written receipt for twenty thousand pounds consols, purchased in his name. Not a scrap more was there to betray the identity of the sender. His emotions were of a double nature; only one woman could have sent this magnificent present. But Lady Montfort firmly denied all knowledge of the money; and nothing remained to Endymion but to accept it.

Lady Montfort began at once to exert all her influence to obtain Endymion his seat. But the support of Lord Beaumaris,

Imogene's husband and the opposition candidate, who withdrew in favor of Endymion, counted most. When Parliament met again, Endymion took his seat behind Lord Roehampton.

"I want you," said Lady Montfort to Endymion, "to study foreign affairs. Paris is now the world's diplomatic center. You must go there to meet the world's diplomats and statesmen. We shall write each other daily, and later I, too, may visit Paris."

Endymion complied, and soon was wining with the best diplomats of the nations. Later Lady Roehampton arrived with Lady Montfort, and the Neuchatels were also there. It was then that Myra spoke to her brother seriously of her desire that he should marry Adriana Neuchatel. But here his will was firm; he refused to consider the idea.

The financial depression of 1842 was threatening the ministry, when capital was suddenly diverted into the newly invented railways; and from industrial stagnation sprang life and energy, prosperity and content with the Government. It was then that Endymion rose to make his maiden speech, a great success.

About this time some excitement was caused in social-political circles by the appearance of Nigel Penruddock, who had become a Catholic, as the Pope's Legate.

At the height of this prosperity came a sudden shock; the potato crop in Ireland failed. The Conservative government toppled; its principal members resigned. A new ministry was formed, and Lord Roehampton became Secretary of State. Endymion was appointed under him. Another of Myra's dreams was beginning to realize itself.

Lord Roehampton, whose health had been failing, overworked himself, in spite of Myra's protestations. One morning she woke early to find that his lordship had not retired. She looked into his study, and found him there, in a chair, dead. Her grief was genuine, for she had learned to love the man, her union to whom had at first been prompted only by ambition. She retired from society and lived in seclusion with Endymion.

About the time of Lord Roehampton's death, Prince Florestan suddenly left London. His only farewell was to Myra, for whom he left a letter enclosing a jewel. "My mother," read

the missive, "told me never to part with it except to that person whom I should love as much as I loved her."

The news soon came that Florestan had successfully invaded his country and had been proclaimed king. The enthusiastic populace of his capital immediately recognized him as sovereign. He established a liberal and discreet government and declared himself an ally of the British. Then his people demanded a queen.

Myra was now in her thirtieth year, the most beautiful woman in Europe. She had retained all her youthful grace and freshness, while the years had added only to the dignity of her mien. In the second year of her widowhood now, she decided to reënter society by attending a ball at the Montfort mansion.

Her carriage had barely been announced when a letter was delivered to her. It was from Prince Florestan, offering to share his throne with her, which offer she accepted.

Endymion and Lady Montfort were alone possessed of this news until it was officially announced on the Continent. Florestan's capital was never so gay and enthusiastic as when the beautiful Lady Rochampton entered it to become its queen.

The festivities over, Myra's guests had to think of returning to England. To Endymion the separation was especially trying, for he realized what a support she had been to him. At this last interview she again expressed the desire that he should marry Adriana Neuchatel.

"My dear Myra," he replied regretfully, "do with me as you like. If—"

A tap at the door interrupted him; the King entered.

"My angel," he said, "and you, too, dear Endymion, I have sad news to bring you. Lord Montfort is dead."

Endymion's mind was severely agitated on the homeward voyage. He loved Lady Montfort passionately. There was now a keen hope and a terrible uncertainty in his future. What were Lady Montfort's feelings? She was still young and beautiful, and he knew that she was ambitious.

Endymion's first interview with her was painful and embarrassing to him. Afterward he saw her daily; and when she went to her country-house, as her parents were coming, she invited Endymion; and there he passed a month of unparalleled

bliss. One day she went to London to inspect her new town residence, and Endymion accompanied her.

They went through all the new rooms together, and at last came to a charming apartment, completely furnished, but with empty book-shelves.

"Yes, they are empty," she said, "but the volumes to fill them are already collected. Yes," she added, her voice growing tremulous, "if you will accept it, this is the room I prepared for you."

He took her hand passionately.

"My dream is realized," she murmured.

After a quiet marriage ceremony they visited King Florestan and Myra. The meeting was a joyful one. But a political crisis at home compelled their quick return.

The Pope had created several new cardinals, one of whom was Nigel Penruddock. A Papal bull had established a Romish hierarchy in England. The new Cardinal followed this with a pastoral letter announcing that Catholic England had been "restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament."

The country was more stupefied than alarmed. The Prime Minister belonged to a house illustrious for its professions of Protestant principles. He was a man of distinguished ability, not devoid of genius. The ministry was weak and worn; to restore its vigor, and without consulting his colleagues, the premier published a manifesto denouncing the aggression of the Pope. The country rose to its feet. Thousands of meetings were held, asserting the supremacy of the Queen.

But unfortunately it was discovered that there was nothing illegal in the conduct of the Pope or the Cardinal. The majority of the Liberal party expressed disapproval of the Prime Minister's act. The members of his own Cabinet were against him.

When Parliament met, the ministry found a discontented House of Commons and discord among themselves. The Prime Minister resigned.

By Lady Montfort's advice, Endymion retired from office. He was happy now, for he had an heir.

The Whigs tottered on for another year, then fell. The Protectionists were called upon to form an administration, but only their chief had had experience of official life.

For two years the country seemed falling into desolation and despair. A strong man was needed to restore normal conditions.

Sidney Wilton became premier and immediately recommended Mr. Ferrars to the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The ministry was strong and popular; every member was devoted to his chief. Never had there been such accord among the Whigs. Endymion steered the nation successfully through years of war and vast negotiations. Job Thornberry was a respected member of the Cabinet.

At last public sentiment demanded a visit from England's ally, King Florestan. Endymion shielded Sidney Wilton from this as long as possible, but it could not be avoided. Wilton had never forgiven Florestan his breach of faith. Finally, amid the festivities of the visit, the Premier resigned. While the appointment of his successor was pending, Lady Montfort's passive excitement was intense.

One day there was a knock at the library door and a note for Endymion was delivered. He opened and read it, then passed it to his wife. Both were pale. She cast her eyes over it, then threw her arms about his neck. Her dream had come to pass. Endymion was called to the premiership.

MARY MAPES DODGE

(United States, 1838–1905)

HANS BRINKER: OR, THE SILVER SKATES (1865)

This highly popular story for juvenile readers made its first appearance in a very modest form, and has since been reprinted, illustrated, and translated into many foreign languages.

EFORE the sun had risen one December morning Hans and Gretel Brinker, children of a poor peasant-woman, were fastening their wooden skates by a frozen canal in Holland. The strings of her skate hurt Gretel's foot, because her father had burned her stout shoes, and now she could not bear the touch of the strap; but Hans made a soft pad of the tattered lining of his cap, and then they dashed merrily over the ice, until—"Squeak, squeak," and poor Hans had a tumble. But he was up again in a minute and chasing the tender-hearted, glowing Gretel. Presently a voice called "Hans! Gretel!" It was hard to leave the happy play, but they were good children and at once pulled off their skates, and ran toward their parents' cottage, which was near the canal. Hans was fifteen years old, a rugged, hearty, honest lad, and Gretel, little and agile, with laughing blue eyes, was only twelve.

Holland might well be called "Odd-land or Contrary-land," for it is different in almost everything from any other country. Above all, most of the land is lower than the sea-level, and great expensive dikes have been built to keep the water out. Whenever the dikes spring a leak disaster follows. Raff Brinker, the father of these children, had worked for years on the dikes; once, in a terrible storm, while mending a weak spot, he fell from the scaffolding, and from that moment his

mind and memory were gone. Dame Brinker, by spinning, knitting, and raising vegetables had earned a pittance for her family. When the children were younger she had worked on the canal-barges and at times was harnessed with others to the towing-rope of a *pakschuyt*. Now Hans did the drudgery, for the poor father had to be watched; though his intelligence was that of a baby, he was very strong and sometimes difficult to control. Hans loved hard study, and was head of his classes, but Gretel dreaded books. They could be spared to go to school only in winter, and now for a month their mother had needed them at home.

While they were busy that morning, a merry band of gaily dressed boys and girls came down the canal. There was the rich burgomaster's daughter, Hilda van Gleck; Annie Bouman, the pretty peasant-girl; also the proud Rychie Korbes, surrounded by Carl Schummel, Peter and Ludwig van Holp, Jacop Poot, and a small boy carrying the huge name of Voostenwalbert Schimmelpenninck. The party consisted of about twenty boys and girls, who hurried along filled with excitement and frolic, until they all stopped and talked eagerly to another pretty little maiden.

"O Katrinka!" they cried in a breath, "have you heard of it? The race—we want you to join!"

"What race?" asked Katrinka, laughing. "Don't all talk at once, please: I can't understand."

"Why," said Rychie, "we are to have a grand skating-match on the twentieth, on Mevrouw van Gleck's birthday. It's Hilda's work. They are going to give a splendid prize to the best skater."

Katrinka looked at them with bewildered eyes. "Who is to try?" she asked.

"All of us," answered Rychie. "It will be such fun!"

Then came the school-bell and they darted off, trying in vain to catch the merry, laughing, beautiful Katrinka. At noon they all returned for an hour's practising on the canal. Carl Schummel said mockingly to Hilda:

"There's a pretty pair just coming upon the ice! The little ragpickers! Their skates must have been a present from the King direct."

"They are patient creatures," said Hilda, gently. "It must have been hard to learn to skate upon such queer affairs. They are very poor peasants, you see. The boy has probably made the skates himself." And Hilda soon skated off and stopped beside Gretel and Hans, who looked cold; but Gretel bravely maintained that she often felt too warm. Hilda learned their names and asked them to join in the grand race. They could not, they said, for their skates were only of wood; then Hilda insisted that they should take eight *kwartjes* (80 cents)—all that she had—and buy a pair of skates for the one who was the better skater. Hans would not take the money because they had not earned it; then the good quick-witted Hilda bade him carve a chain for her like the one around Gretel's neck. Still Hans wished to refuse the money, but he saw it was useless, as she said "No!" decidedly and darted off.

"It is right," he muttered, half to himself, half to his faithful shadow, Gretel. "I must work hard every minute, and sit up half the night, if the mother will let me burn a candle; but the chain shall be finished. We may keep the money, Gretel."

Gretel was overjoyed. To-morrow Hans should buy the skates for himself. Hans shook his head. "The young lady would have given us the money to buy skates; but if I *earn* it, Gretel, it shall be spent for wool. You must have a warm jacket."

"O Hans! don't say you won't buy the skates: it makes me feel just like crying. Besides, I want to be cold—I mean I'm real, awful warm—so, now!"

Poor Hans longed with his whole soul for the skates, and he felt that with this fine pair he could outdistance the other boys; but Gretel could very soon skate better than even Katrinka Flack. His mind was now fully made up. And the next day there was not a prouder boy than Hans as he watched Gretel, in a warm jacket given her by Hilda, and wearing the new skates, skimming back and forth. Other admiring glances came from Peter van Holp, Hilda's best friend; presently these two friends were talking together, and, oddly, Peter decided that his sister needed a wooden chain; so two days later Hans bought another pair of skates. As it was St. Nicholas's Eve, which in Holland is the 5th of December, Dame Brinker put on her

festival dress, which had been laid away for ten years, and finished a stocking which Hans would sell to buy some waffles; and even they could keep the feast of the saint. Ah, if their stolen money had only come back! Perhaps the good father had bought the great silver watch with it, which she had been guarding ever since he had bade her keep good care of it on the day that he had met with the fatal accident; and they must be still nearer starving before they would turn faithless to the father. But where were the thousand guilders, which they had saved with such thrift and which had all disappeared on that same awful day?

As Hans set out toward the market-place, whom should he see but the great Dr. Boekman, the most famous *meester* in Holland, and a very formidable, stern man? Instantly Hans felt that he must not buy skates, when perhaps this man could help his father; so he tremblingly accosted Dr. Boekman, and told the story of his father's accident. The doctor softened as he listened, bade the lad put up his money, and promised that he would see his father in a week when he should return from Leyden.

Dame Brinker, despite her misgivings, was made very happy by the prospect of the *meester's* visit, and permitted Hans and Gretel to have a fine frolic on the ice before bedtime. And there were many others on the canal, among them Jacob Poot and his English cousin, Ben Dobbs, who was gradually learning to make himself understood in Dutch. There were to be four extra holidays this festival of St. Nicholas; and Jacob had conceived the grand project that they should all skate from Broek to The Hague—a distance of nearly fifty English miles. Votes were now cast, and early the next morning six boys, in high spirits, with Peter as captain, holding the purse, started off. In half an hour they had reached Amsterdam; and Ben Dobbs found many new sights to interest him. The city was in festival attire; Captain Peter did not let the boys linger at the tempting shop-windows, but hurried them on to places of historical interest. By ten o'clock they were off again, and as they skated along Ben became more and more enthusiastic over the landscape, while he listened with great interest to the wonderful history of the tulips; then, as his English blood was cold, they

stopped at a farmhouse to warm their toes. So it was nearly one o'clock and time for luncheon when they reached the grand old city of Haarlem. They all felt it was the best frolic of their lives, but their spirits were dashed when Peter discovered that the pocket-book containing all their money was lost. There was but one thing to do, as Peter told them, and that was to make the best of a bad business, and turn back for Broek. On went the skates; but they were hardly without the city when they spied Hans Brinker skating toward them; and what should he have but the lost purse! The party shouted in delight and resolved to return to Haarlem, while Hans gently refused Peter's offer to share the money, and then confided to Peter that he was on his way to Leyden to see the great and kind Dr. Boekman, who had promised to come to his sick father within the week. Peter was amazed that Hans should think Dr. Boekman kind, but offered to deliver the message for him, which was indeed a service, for Hans dreaded leaving his mother for so long; since last night his poor father had tried to push her into the fire, and would not be quieted until Gretel had given him his favorite food. Peter was very much moved by Hans's story; and learning that Hans was in need of work bade him go to his own father, who had noticed the pretty carved chain, and would pay Hans well if he would carve a portal for their new summer-house. Hans would not tarry for luncheon, but with a glad face hastened home, where his poor mother was watching by his father's bedside and little Gretel was struggling to love this strange, dumb father while she did all she could of the housework.

Our other boys, now refreshed by their luncheon, first went to hear the grand organ at Haarlem, and then casting their votes, glided off once more for Leyden, telling as they skated many historic legends to Ben. The English boy was especially interested in the beautiful story of the little hero of Haarlem, who had saved the city by keeping his finger for many, many hours in a hole in the dike.

The canal was thronged with all classes of people, and, what was rare, there were also many ice-boats. Poor, stout Jacob Poot looked longingly at them, while he tried his best to keep up with the boys; but, alas! a vertigo crept over him and he

fell on the ice. Of course now he must be carried to Leyden; a passing boat was hailed; they reached Leyden in short order, and all lodged in one room, which had three beds, at the famous Red Lion. There they had an adventure with a robber, who crawled into their room in the middle of the night, but was soon vanquished, all the boys attacking him save Jacob, who slept throughout the disturbance, and Carl, who preferred to run for help. Soon after dinner Peter had tried to find Dr. Boekman, but had met with no success. The next morning the boys testified at court against the robber, then visited more noted places, and finally reached The Hague, where they were royally welcomed by Peter and Lambert's sister, who lived in a house like an enchanted castle, and who insisted that they must stay with her at least two days. Accordingly Peter wrote home this good news to his mother, begging her also to send word to Hans Brinker that he had not yet found Dr. Boekman, but that he had left a message for him. The boys spent three happy days and nights at the Hague, leaving for home very early on Monday morning. At Leyden Peter learned that the *meester* had received his note and had departed for Broek.

Let us now take a peep into the Brinker cottage. The same sad little group is there, but there are others, too—Dr. Boekman and his assistant, who have decided that an immediate operation must be performed on Raff Brinker. It may be fatal, but if it is successful the good man will be well once more. Dame Brinker has given her prayerful consent and the preparations are made. Hans and his mother remain, while Gretel watches at the crack of the door, until she sees the instruments; then she rushes frantically from the cottage, and crouches outside, confused and becoming numb with cold.

Hilda van Gleck found her there and forced her to walk up and down; when she had heard Gretel's story, they peered through the window at the father, who with his head bandaged seemed asleep. Gretel then entered the cottage, slipped to her mother's side and watched with the others, while Hilda lingered until she knew that all was well. At last the patient opened his eyes: "Steady! Steady!" said a voice that sounded very strange to Gretel. "Shift that mat higher, boys! Now throw on the clay, the waters are rising fast; no time to-—" Dame

Brinker seized his hands, and leaning over him cried: "Raff, Raff, boy, speak to me!"

"Is it you, Meitje?" he asked faintly. "I have been asleep —hurt, I think. Where is little Hans?"

Raff Brinker was a well man. But precautions must still be taken, and he must have wine and meat; before Hans could earn the money to buy them, the lovely Hilda had brought everything that was necessary. That very evening the good father, helped by his happy family, was sitting up at last. Poor Raff Brinker—ten years of fine manhood had gone! How lucky it was, he said, that he had told Dame Brinker where he had buried the thousand guilders. Hans stayed his startled mother, and with perfect deftness drew from his father that he had buried the guilders close by the willow sapling behind the cottage.

When Gretel and the poor father had fallen asleep, Hans and Dame Brinker, under the light of the moon, dug all around the tree and searched desperately in all directions—*the hidden money was not there!*

Early the next morning, Hans went away to sell his skates. On the road he met saucy, sweet Annie Bouman, whose sunshine softened his gloom; and soon he was telling her the joy that had come to their home, and also their distress over the lack of money. If he were determined to sell his skates, blithe Annie said, she knew of a purchaser; Hans, who could never resist her, now complied with her request and gave her his skates. Then he sought work at Amsterdam without success. Returning at nightfall, he thought of one final opening; for perhaps Peter van Holp's father, who had been absent when Hans had inquired before, had returned. It was Peter himself who opened the door, and who gave him the good news that he was to begin working on the summer-house at once. Gretel and Annie were waiting for Hans at the cottage, and he greeted them with a glad cry, "Huzza, girls, I've found work!" And they had good news, too; for Raff Brinker was still better, and Annie had sold Hans's skates for seven guilders; but witching Annie would give him no satisfaction when the astonished Hans tried to learn how she had sold them for so much; instead, she said that she was a fairy godmother and would

grant them each a wish. Naturally Hans thought of the guilders; and sure enough when they had merrily dug beneath the spot by the stump of the old willow tree, which the fairy Annie had indicated, they found—*the old stone pot!* Their former mistake had been made because they had forgotten that the old tree had been cut down. Such a time of rejoicing as there was in the cottage that night! And something else was brought to light; that was the story of the watch, which the faithful *vrouw* had guarded for ten long years, and which now the father told them had been given to him on that disastrous day by a fine, terrified lad, who had come suddenly upon him and bidden Raff take him down the river, for he had done a deed which was unintentional, but for which he must fly from Holland; and he thrust the watch into Raff's hand, begging him to give it to his father; and if his father should wish him to return, to write him to ——, but Raff could not remember the address, nor could he remember the man's name. So the only clue they now had were the initials on the watch, L. J. B. The next day brought a visit from the great doctor, and they related to him this story. Imagine their surprise when the great man began sobbing like a child; for the watch belonged to his long-lost son, Lorenz, who had by mistake given a patient the wrong medicine. But the error had been detected in time and no harm had been done. Now the question was where to find him, and Hans, forgetting all rank, threw his arms around the doctor's neck and declared he would find his son if he were anywhere in the world.

The 20th of December has come, and the weather is perfect; all the world in gala attire is present to witness the great race. It is a beautiful sight to see the racers—forty boys and girls quivering with happiness and excitement waiting for the start. The crier reads the rules: "The girls and boys are to race in turn until one girl and one boy have beaten twice." And each run is to be a mile. Madame van Gleck drops her handkerchief—and they are off. How the crowd cheers as first one and then another passes ahead, until finally Gretel has passed them all, and the crier shouts "*Gretel Brinker one mile!*"

Then again the handkerchief is dropped. Off start the boys. How many eyes are turned toward Peter! He is almost

at the goal—but no, Carl whizzes past, and the cry comes "*Carl Schummel one mile!*"

Again the girls race; this time Hilda wins, and her heart beats high as she hears with closed eyes that Peter van Holp has won the second race. The girls are now to skate their third mile, and Gretel—"the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated" —skims straight to the finish, and—*has won the silver skates!* Goose-girl as she is, she stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters. Hans then sees that Peter is working at his skate, and is in trouble over a broken strap. Instantly Hans is at his side, and insisting, despite all protests, that Peter must use his strap; and so it is that Peter, the favorite of all, wins his golden skates.

Now the music can again be heard, and the skaters form a single file, led by Peter, gliding in and out until they form a double semicircle, with Peter and Gretel in the middle, before Madame van Gleck's pavilion. Suddenly something dazzling is put into Gretel's hands, and then some flowers are sent to her; and at that she can control herself no longer, but, hugging all to her bosom, she darts off to search for her father and mother.

While the Brinker family were making merry that night in their little dark cottage, Raff suddenly jumped up and cried: "Huzza, I have it! It's *Thomas Higgs!* Write it down, lad!" Some one knocked at the door, who the family in their delight thought was the *meester*, but instead it was the three boys, Peter and Lambert and Ben, who had stopped to return Hans's strap, and to bring the case for Gretel's skates, which she had not received before because she had run away so quickly. Gretel, all delight and blushes, examined the beautiful case, which was made of crimson morocco, ornamented with silver and lined with velvet; and in one corner was stamped the name and address of the maker. When they had deciphered it they found it was made in Birmingham by Thomas Higgs. Then the boys thought the Brinker family had gone mad; for all turned pale, and Hans snatched his hat and was gone at once to tell the *meester*.

So the end was that they found the lost boy, now grown to be a tall man, and all was explained. Then, as Lorenz preferred to continue his business, transferring it to Amsterdam,

Dr. Boekman granted Hans the wish of the lad's heart, and that day the boy of fifteen began his studies to become eventually the successor of the great doctor.

The story is nearly told; and were you to-day in Amsterdam you would see the famous Dr. Brinker surrounded by his own boys and girls; of beautiful Annie Bouman you would inquire in vain, but you would find that the charming wife of the great physician was very like her. You have surmised that Peter and Hilda joined hands. With the others there have been many changes; but of little Gretel you will hear from everyone, especially her husband, that she is the loveliest and dearest woman in all Holland.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

(United States, 1852)

NOT ANGELS QUITE (1893)

The motive of this story early occurred to the author, who had seen among his acquaintances several instances of ill-assorted engagements and marriages. He attempted to give a realistic representation of the experiences of two affianced couples who, becoming convinced that they had made serious mistakes, through the force of circumstances, rearranged their relationship without loss of dignity, honor or happiness. The scene of the action is laid mainly in a city that is nowhere named but may be supposed to stand for Boston. The four leading characters are nowhere described; it is left wholly to the imagination of the reader to formulate an idea of the personal appearance of the actors. Some of the episodes are drawn from experience, and throw light upon the curious phases of life as it unfolds in the intellectual and somewhat rarefied atmosphere of a city famous for high ideals, for devotion to religious and philosophical fads, and for cultivated and yet amusing enthusiasts. We present here the author's own version of the story.

HE wealthy, eccentric, and supposedly parsimonious old Judge Oram died leaving his property to his nephew Harry Carburn, a bank clerk with a meager salary. When the young man took possession of the Judge's late residence he discovered in a drawer of the desk a paper addressed to him and imposing upon him as a sacred duty to find out what had become of a beautiful Miss Cassoll, the daughter of a Southern planter, with whom he had once been in love and with whom he had entered into a mock marriage, a marriage declared to be valid and immediately annulled through the offices of the girl's parents, who refused to consider an "abolitionist" as a suitable son-in-law. He never had seen her again, but had heard that she went abroad and was married. Harry Carburn's commission was to find out what had become of her, and, if she or her descendants were in need, to extend a helping

hand. The sum of twenty thousand dollars might be expended for this purpose.

An earlier and less serious love-affair had involved the Judge, when he was a young lawyer, with a Miss Priestley, who had jilted him because of a difference in religious convictions.

Harry Carburn at the time of receiving his inheritance was betrothed to Beatrice Ware, a school-teacher somewhat older than himself. The relationship was founded on intellectual sympathy rather than on physical attraction, and for some time there had been a growing coldness, which reached a climax when Beatrice made an unexpected call on Harry as he was engaged with his lawyer at Judge Oram's house. Beatrice went back to her country home and wrote a letter releasing Harry from what she felt sure was a burdensome engagement. Nevertheless, Harry was not as yet ready to accept her renunciation. He paid her his regular weekly visit, and discovered that Beatrice was the granddaughter of Judge Oram's bride-of-a-day, and therefore entitled to the twenty thousand dollars that the Judge's memorandum had provided. The engagement was renewed, though it was evident to both that it was not all that it should be. This became still more palpable when Beatrice spent a week as the guest of Harry's mother, who had come to keep house for him while he was deciding what business he should take up after the settlement of his inheritance. In the mean time he was making other acquaintances in the city. The most important brought him into close friendship with the family of Mr. George Priestley, whose wife was a lady of High-Church proclivities and many fads, boundlessly benevolent and fond of managing things. Mr. Priestley, who was a meek and matter-of-fact little man with a stammering tongue, was cousin to the Mary Priestley who had jilted the Judge. Visiting them was Miss Alma Doubleday, an attractive niece from the West. The same day on which Harry Carburn took possession of his uncle's house, while he was actually on the way to meet his lawyer there, he had stopped a pair of running horses attached to the coupé in which Alma was sitting. She attempted to leap from the vehicle, and Harry caught her and deposited her safe on the sidewalk. Then he slipped away without making himself known, leaving in her

hand only his well-worn umbrella. Mrs. Priestley, meeting him at the session of the famous Parliament Club, invited him to dinner, and there he was formally presented to Alma.

"Why! Do you already know each other?" said Mrs. Priestley after the introduction.

The expression on the faces of the two young people was a study worthy of a greater painter than the Italian gentleman of the mellifluous name and the broken speech who was almost simultaneously shown by the man into the drawing-room.

Alma had only time to say, "No, we are not acquainted, but we have met before," when Signor Polorolo came and claimed her attention.

If Mrs. Priestley was annoyed at this interruption, she did not show it. She would, of course, sooner or later be informed of the reason for the mysterious lighting up of the two young faces and the flash of understanding that passed between them. The Italian, having been duly presented, gave his whole attention to Mrs. Priestley, leaving the other two to themselves.

"Mr. Carburn," Alma began, abruptly, "did you not lose an umbrella yesterday? Are you not the gentleman who so gallantly saved me from a fall in the muddy street and stopped a pair of runaway horses? You need not try to look unconscious or deny it, for I have the umbrella. It must have been injured when you left it on the sidewalk and ran to my rescue. But is it not wonderful?"

"I don't remember having done anything very wonderful," Harry replied, purposely misunderstanding her. "I certainly lost a very antiquated umbrella, which I valued simply as a stand-by, and not even for association's sake. When I found that I had left it behind I did not take the trouble to go back to look for it."

"I think I understand your motives in not going back," remarked Alma impulsively, and then modestly cast down her eyes for a moment. "You didn't want me to thank you for what you did for me. That was not fair of you. I really proposed advertising that umbrella, so that I might have the pleasure of thanking you."

"It was not worth speaking of, Miss Doubleday, I assure you."

He was too honest to say that he had not thought of it a second time, too discreet to say what he did think; he merely averred that the fact of having been of service to her was a sufficient reward for the very insignificant inconvenience to which he had been put. As for the idea of having run any risk or been in any danger, he of course scouted it.

"Well, I am delighted that I have discovered—I mean that I have a fair opportunity to thank you. I shall never cease to be grateful to you."

During the progress of the dinner the subject was resumed.

"Why, Aunt Isa," impetuously spoke Alma, "Mr. Carburn was the hero of whom I told you yesterday. I have discovered the owner of the mysterious umbrella."

"It is very odd how Providence orders events!"

"I beg of you, Mrs. Priestley! I have already told your niece that it was not worth speaking about. I ran no risk. I am, of course, pleased to have been of the slightest service; but all I did was to keep Miss Doubleday's feet from a muddy street."

"That was the service that made Sir Walter Raleigh's politeness famous."

"But he spoiled a slashed doublet or a silk cloak, and that was a different thing."

"Certainly," exclaimed Alma, "it is a high service to save a person's sole from pollution!"

"Alma, that pun is older than Shakespeare," said her aunt; "and, besides, I have told you that puns are the Saint Vitus's dance of the mind."

Harry, who was sometimes troubled with that disease, came to her assistance. "Perhaps," said he, "a new application of an old witticism constitutes originality. I heard the other day that Tennyson used to get five dollars a word for some of his poems; yet he used the same words that other people use."

"Thank you, again, Mr. Carburn."

"What a splendid bank Murray's big dictionary must be for such a man," pursued Harry. "But then it is just like any other bank; it is what he puts into it that he takes out. It is open to all on just the same conditions."

This conversation, light as it was, and Alma Doubleday's

performance on the piano afterward, still further interested Harry Carburn in the fascinating Western girl. But it happened that Alma too was engaged, and the train that brought Beatrice to the city brought also Alma's *fiancé*, John Thornton Hedges. He relinquished his seat to her and made her acquaintance. They found themselves congenial immediately. Alma's aunt did not altogether approve of her engagement, and although she received Hedges politely she made up her mind that a change of partners would be desirable. This she proceeded to bring about by perfectly dignified and honorable means. Her scheme was aided by Alma's prepossession in Harry Carburn's favor. Through Mr. Priestley's influence Hedges secured a place as managing editor of a new weekly established by an ambitious but rather uncertain gentleman and took up quarters not far from Harry Carburn's. From the first he showed himself unreasonably jealous, and tried to exercise his authority over Alma. This she resented, and their final rupture came about while they were out for a walk.

It was a bright starry evening, with a mildness in the air, inviting strolling lovers to confidential talk, rather than to quick repartee or parrying verbal thrusts. The two young persons directed their steps to the bridge. It was flood tide, and the salt water rushed from the ocean, swirling around the black piles with a musical sound. Occasionally it seemed to rest and grow quiet, and then, as if Ocean sent a new battalion of its troops, it visibly and audibly swelled in volume, murmuring, rustling, bubbling, gurgling. In every creek and river along the coast it was doing the same thing. The lights on the stone-walled quay (if so the unimproved bank might be called) flickered and shone, and the irregular surface of the water, catching their reflections and those of one or two schooners or pleasure-boats, appeared as if it were sown with Spanish exclamation-points of molten gold. The Milky Way arched above their heads; the constellations stood out clear; occasionally a meteor sped along the sky as if some mighty hand had scratched a giant match upon the rough surface, leaving an evanescent trail of phosphorus to gleam a moment and then die. Occasionally a brighter one shot from zenith almost to horizon, filling the mind with wonder whether it were not some

messenger of the gods, speeding through space with a lighted torch on an errand of benevolence or fate. It was no night for a lovers' quarrel.

They talked commonplaces till they reached the bridge, and there for a wonder they found themselves alone. For a moment Jack felt a sudden impulse to take the girl into his arms and spring with her into the cool water flowing so temptingly below them. Lovers had done such things. She would at least perish in his arms, on his heart; their spirits would quit the earth in company. None would have her but himself. "Love is a torment of the mind, a tempest everlasting," says old Samuel Daniel; and poor Jack was feeling the force of the tempest. He hardly knew what he was saying when he suddenly broke out:

"Alma, I don't like the way you accept attentions from that Carburn chap."

"What do you mean, Jack? explain yourself."

"You were at church with him this morning. I can't stand it; I won't put up with it."

This was an unexpected attack; or rather the attack was on an unguarded side, one perhaps where the defenses were weaker than she knew. But she held her peace, almost held her breath. Jack continued impetuously:

"Here I have been slaving myself almost to death for your sake. You have been the inspiration of my life. I come to see you, and you hardly deign to look at me. You scorn me because I am poor. I find you more interested in that miserable Carburn, who is a mass of conceit—a perfect prig."

"Jack, you have no right to say such things to me. I insist upon your taking me home. I won't listen to you any more. Who gave you any right to criticize my actions? As for Mr. Carburn, he is at least a gentleman."

"That implies that I am not."

"Jack," said she, still clinging to the old name from very force of habit. "I am sorry for you and I am ashamed of you. You are taking the course to kill my esteem for you. Such words as you have uttered are without any justification."

"I have every justification," the young man interrupted, more desperate than ever.

"Please hear me. The unkind words that you have uttered to-night have quenched every spark of love that I ever bore you."

"That means that you wish to be released from the engagement. I consider myself lucky to escape from such a heartless flirt as you are."

"Mr. Hedges!"

"Yes, I say it again—you are a false, cruel coquette."

Alma, feeling the blood rush to her cheeks and the tears to her eyes, turned her back upon him and began to walk toward her home.

Hedges repented his hasty words and attempted to overtake her, but she was inexorable. She had come to a full realization of the mistake they had made.

Shortly afterward Alma went to her Western home, but not until Harry had seen her several times more, to his own undoing, especially when he had an opportunity to compare her with Beatrice Ware.

In the summer he received an invitation to go on a yachting trip, and to his secret delight and yet consternation he found after he was committed to the plan that Alma Doubleday and her father were of the party. His way, however, was made easy for him by a letter from Beatrice which intercepted the yacht at a Maine port. In this he was definitely liberated from an engagement that had become too evidently irksome for both of them. Having obtained Mr. Doubleday's sanction, he proceeded to lay siege to Alma's heart—a process not very difficult. As they were crossing the mouth of Penobscot Bay, toward Castine, Harry found his opportunity for the all-important conversation. He told her that Beatrice had gone to Europe, and showed her the letter he had just received, assuring her that Beatrice would not object in the least.

"Yes," said she, after she had read it through, "it is a very beautiful letter, and she must be a very beautiful character. It is irrevocable. She has actually gone to Europe, and without waiting for you to bid her good-by."

A little later they were rowed in the yacht's pinnace over to the old Castine fort.

"Miss Doubleday—Alma—may I call you so?—you must

know—" said Harry impetuously, "you must know that this unfor—that from the moment I first saw you, when we met there on the street just for an instant, I—I loved you."

He was about to make the declaration much more eloquent, but it came of itself. "Yes," he said, taking her hand, which she did not withdraw, "it was love at first sight. I never believed before in such a thing. In fact, I did not know what love was. From that moment it was a struggle with me to be true to a promise I had made when I was much younger. Indeed, I fought with all my might to resist the sway that you exerted upon me; but I could no more resist it than yonder tide can resist the attraction of the moon. It drew and governed all my being. I tried to keep out of your sight, but, as you know, Fate was constantly bringing us together. Don't you know it was?"

"Yes," said Alma simply.

"And that evening when I sat in the darkness holding your little wrist in my hand, it seemed to me as if my very heart would leap from my breast. Had you any suspicion how I trembled?"

"I remember that evening," said the girl, looking at him with her clear, truthful eyes. "I shall never forget it. But I thought—"

"Thought what? Tell me."

"Well, I thought I was mistaken."

"Mistaken about what?"

"I thought that—Oh! I can't tell you."

"Yes, you can, you must—mistaken about what?"

"Why, don't you see, when you saved me from that runaway accident—yes, you did, please don't interrupt me—I too felt that I had met one whom I could love. Yet I had hardly seen you. It was wonderful. I went home and dreamed—while I was awake—dreamed about you, though I never expected to see you again. Why should I? I had no cue to you except that dilapidated old umbrella which shocked auntie so. And of course I never thought you would care to look me up, or else you would have come then, while I was there. Still, I could not help comparing—I mean I felt that I had found my ideal knight, such as all girls dream of. I, too, had made a

mistake. You see papa left me a great deal, and the house was dull, and Jack was an old friend at school, and—well, he was a right good fellow, and I liked him, and when he suggested our being engaged, I told papa, and he said, 'Do as you please about it.' He knew Jack and liked him too. We could trust him, and I feel grateful to him for all his kindnesses. But it was not love such as—as—"

"As this is?"

And Harry drew the girl to him and touched his lips to hers. She threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dearest, don't cry. You break my heart. What makes you cry?"

"Oh, I am so happy! You have no idea what a strain the past week has been upon me. I have loved you all the time. But I felt I must not show it by a word or a sign. You were bound then, as I thought, and I pitied the girl; for it seemed to me you could not love her. No, you could not love her and say so little about her, and go away and leave her—and I did not know but that, after all, I was mistaken in you. No, I felt in my heart that I was not—I could not distrust you. But it was all so strange to me."

"You did not know that when I went to get the letters at Portland I had resolved to leave the yacht there, with an excuse that I had been called back. You could not have known it—but I had. I had come to the end of my endurance. I called my heart to account, and while I recognized that it was yours I was bound to another. I resolved to be true to Beatrice. She was a genuine soul, and worthy of a man's devotion; but, oh! can you imagine what it was to me to find her letter? Once before she had broken the engagement; that was the very day that I first saw you, and I was so under the influence of that mystical contact—for you were in my arms one blessed moment—how many times have I gone all over it in my imagination since then—and now here is the reality again!"—suiting the action to the word—"as I say, I was so under the influence of that sensation that I must have seemed cold to her—cold and irritable. She happened to come to the city, and after she went home she wrote me a long letter releasing me. It was very different in spirit from the one that you have just

read. I immediately went to see her, and we made up again. But how many times since have I regretted that I let a mistaken sense of honor sway me. For, loving you as I did, it would have been a sin to Beatrice to keep on with the mockery of a bond, the soul of which had vanished, if ever it were really present. It was a mirage, an illusion. But I did what I thought was right. When I heard that you were free, then I regretted it still more, but I tried to think that perhaps I should forget the spell. But no, it was impossible."

"No," said Alma, "such things are ordained by powers outside of us."

"I had no idea," Harry continued, "that you were going to be one of the party on the yacht. If I had known, I should have declined. It would not have been right for me to come. But when I heard that you were on board, then it was too late, and I resolved to do my best to resist. Each day it grew harder. It seemed to me again and again that I must take your hand—that I must touch it as it lay on the taffrail—I have it now—I shall make up for it. It seemed to me when we walked on the deck that dark night at New Bedford, that I could not help seizing you in my arms. It even occurred to me to jump overboard with you, and perish with you on my breast. Did you imagine that such a desperate fellow was next you?"

"No," said Alma, "but I wished that you would do it. It seemed to me that if only I might die with your arms around me I should be perfectly content. Then I thought of my poor father, who has only lately discovered what it is to have a daughter to love, and of course I condemned such thoughts as wicked."

"But it is all right now, isn't it, darling? We have both had to suffer. It was meant by Heaven that we should be united, wasn't it? And do you know what a romantic bond unites us? Do you know how I, as the representative of Judge Oram, love you, the representative of Mary Priestley, whom once he loved?"

She did not know, and she listened with eagerness to that old, old story. "We must be going back," exclaimed Alma, looking at her watch. "It is almost tea time; they will wonder what has become of us. Harry," said she, suddenly, "we

must keep this to our two selves and my father for a time. It would never do for our engagement to come out so soon! It would make us ridiculous."

"I would just as lief be ridiculous," said Harry, laughing.

An accident happening to one of the sailors proved too much of a shock to Alma's father, and he was stricken with fatal heart-disease on board the yacht. Consequently Harry and Alma were married sooner than they had anticipated. They immediately went to Europe and after a happy honeymoon, which was prolonged for more than a year, they one day came face to face with Jack Hedges and Beatrice, who had met abroad and found that they also were affinities.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(Scotland, 1859)

A STUDY IN SCARLET (1887)

This was the first published of Conan Doyle's romances, and its central character, Sherlock Holmes, has become perhaps the most widely known name in modern English fiction, worked out and elaborated as he has been in many other stories by the same author. Based in conception on Poe's character of Dupin in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, his methods of observation, analysis, and deduction have established an epoch in the detective story, and mark a wide departure from the type created by Gaboriau and his school, which for a long time had dominated in this field of fiction. A play has been made of various of Holmes's adventures, which met with great success both in the United States and in England.

ATE in the 'seventies, when I was invalided home from the second Afghan campaign, I first ran across Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We were each looking for a co-lodger, and we met and agreed to take rooms together. I being an army surgeon, and he a student of many queerly assorted branches of knowledge, we bade fair to hit it off together.

From the first, his curious power of placing men surprised me. It was exemplified in his remark when we were introduced: "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive," said he. Later, I found that his startling flashes of apparent omniscience were the result of a wonderfully minute observation of things that most people overlook, and of the process of simple logical deduction. He called himself a consulting detective, and I soon learned that not only many private individuals but even Scotland Yard relied on his peculiar abilities in the clearing up of knotty cases.

While discussing one day the science of deduction, I called his attention to a man across the street.

"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said he.

To my astonishment, he was right, as we soon learned. The person in question was looking for Holmes himself, and in a few minutes he entered the house. He was now, he told us, a *commissionnaire* of police, and his mission was to deliver a letter from Tobias Gregson, of Scotland Yard, asking my friend's aid in solving a murder mystery.

One Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland, U. S. A., had been found dead in an empty house in London, and, at Holmes's suggestion, I accompanied him to the scene of the tragedy.

The victim was a repulsive-looking creature, and the room where he lay was dust-covered and dilapidated. Lestrade, another Scotland Yard man and a rival of Gregson's, was also there, but both detectives were puzzled by the unusual mystery of the case.

My friend Holmes went over every detail of the scene: marks on the roadway, in the dust of the room, the blood on the floor and the wall—evidently the murderer's, since Drebber had received no wound and had apparently died from the effects of poison—and the word "Rache" scrawled in blood on the wall. He reminded me of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox-hound, as it dashes backward and forward through the covert until it comes across the lost scent. A woman's wedding-ring was lying there also, and Lestrade jumped to the conclusion that a woman had been present at the murder. Papers in the dead man's pocket gave little but his own name and that of one Joseph Stangerson.

At last Holmes reached these conclusions: The murderer, he said, was a man, more than six feet tall, in the prime of life, wearing coarse, square-toed boots on feet rather small for his height, and he had smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He had come with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, drawn by a horse wearing three old shoes, with one new one on the off fore-leg. He added that probably the murderer had a florid face and long finger-nails.

Then we went to see the policeman who had discovered the crime. He admitted that he had met a man at the gate of the empty house after the murder, and had let him go because he seemed an ordinary drunken man. This intoxicated person, Holmes promptly declared, was, doubtless, the murderer him-

self, who had returned to recover the ring he had dropped. As we drove along, my friend explained to me the processes whereby he had arrived at his conclusions.

It was this eagerness of the murderer to recover the ring that Holmes relied on for his capture; and an advertisement of it in my name, as having been found on the street, soon brought an old woman to our rooms who declared that it belonged to her daughter. At a sign from Holmes, I gave her a ring like the one then in the hands of the police; but when he tried to track this apparent accomplice, she cleverly eluded him by slipping unobserved from a cab while he was, as the boys say, "cutting behind."

Meanwhile the newspapers were full of the crime. Holmes had set to work what he called his "Baker Street division of the detective police force"—half a dozen ragged urchins—to find a cab-driver named Jefferson Hope, the name of a man against whom Drebber had long ago applied to the police for protection, as Holmes learned by telegraphing to the Cleveland police for any known facts in the victim's life.

And now Gregson of Scotland Yard called upon us in high spirits. He asserted that he had caught the murderer, one Arthur Charpentier, a sub-lieutenant in the navy. Learning that Drebber and his secretary, Joseph Stangerson, had boarded with a Mrs. Charpentier, he had gone to that lady's house, and the agitation of her daughter and herself had led to his questioning them closely and discovering that Drebber, when drunk, had insulted Miss Charpentier, and that her brother Arthur had attacked him and followed him when he left the house. Mrs. Charpentier could not tell the hour at which her son had returned, and the case against the sub-lieutenant seemed complete. Charpentier had been arrested, though protesting his innocence of the murder.

But while Gregson was exulting in his success over Lestrade, the latter suddenly arrived, and announced that he had tracked Enoch Drebber's secretary, Joseph Stangerson, and found him murdered in his room at a private hotel, stabbed to the heart, and again the mysterious word "Rache" had been written in blood on the wall. Lestrade brought with him also a small box, containing two pills, which he had found in the room.

On hearing this last detail, Sherlock Holmes sprang from his chair with an exclamation of delight.

"The last link!" he cried exultantly. "My case is complete."

He cut one of the pills in two and gave half to a superannuated terrier, but to his surprise no result followed. But when he gave the dog half of the other pill, it died almost instantly.

Both Gregson and Lestrade were now at the end of their resources. Evidently Charpentier, in prison, could not have killed Stangerson, and the same man had doubtless committed both murders.

There was a tap on the door and one of my friend's street Arabs came to say the cab he had ordered was below.

"Ask the man to step up and help me with my boxes," said Holmes, and, while I was wondering where he was going and why he had not spoken of it before, the cabby appeared. As he stooped to help strap the box, he was suddenly handcuffed by his supposed fare.

Then followed a terrible struggle. The cabman was very strong, but all four of us at last managed to overpower him.

It is necessary to go back briefly to events that had happened in Utah many years before.

When the Mormons were journeying from Nauvoo to Utah, they found John Ferrier and a little girl, the last survivors of a party of emigrants, dying of thirst in the Sierra Blanca mountains, and took them to Salt Lake City. There Ferrier prospered, and the child, whom he adopted as Lucy Ferrier, grew up to be a beautiful woman.

Ferrier, though forced to become a Mormon, objected to having Lucy marry one, and she became engaged to Jefferson Hope, a young frontiersman. At last Brigham Young commanded that in thirty days she should choose between Enoch J. Drebber and Joseph Stangerson, two young Mormons; but, with the aid of Jefferson Hope, the Ferriers escaped into the mountains.

While Hope was away hunting for food, the second day after their flight, Ferrier and Lucy were surprised by Drebber, Stangerson, and the Danites, or "Destroying Angels," a secret society among the Mormons, who were supposed to execute any command of their leaders, even to committing arson or

murder. Ferrier was murdered by Stangerson, and Lucy was taken back to Salt Lake City and married to Drebber. Heart-broken, she died in a month.

Bursting into the room where her body lay, guarded only by women, the night before the funeral, Hope took from her hand her wedding-ring, declaring she should not be buried with it. Then he escaped, thinking only of vengeance; and for many years he had tracked the two men through the United States and Europe, at last running them to earth in London.

To return to Hope in his character of our prisoner; once subdued, and on the way to the police station in the cab, he showed no antagonism toward us, and told his story frankly.

When he had found his men in London, he had hired himself to a cab-owner, watched his chance, put his cab continually in Drebber's way, until at last, when escaping from Charpentier, and very drunk, the Mormon had hired it. Then Hope had taken him to the empty house, disclosed his identity, and forced him to choose between two pills, one of which contained a deadly poison. Hope took the other and lived, but Drebber died, in agony, with Lucy Ferrier's wedding-ring before his eyes. It had been dropped by Hope when he escaped and, on his return to recover so valued a memento, he was nearly taken, and escaped only by feigning intoxication, as Holmes had divined.

Then Hope had tracked Stangerson to his hotel, entered his room through the window by means of a ladder, and offered him a similar choice between two pills. Stangerson refused, and attacked him, and Hope had stabbed the man through the heart. Who the old woman was who had got the other ring, in answer to Holmes's advertisement, Hope declined to state.

Naturally our sympathy was with the prisoner. He was satisfied with what he had done, and was ready to die. But a higher Judge than any earthly magistrate took the case into His hands, for, before the day when Jefferson Hope was to appear in court, he died suddenly from the bursting of an aneurism in the heart, from which he had long suffered.

Holmes laughed at my surprise when he called the case "simple." "The proof of its intrinsic simplicity," said he, "is that, without any help save a few very ordinary deductions, I

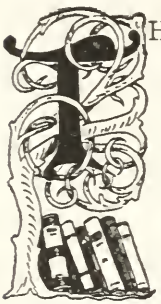
was able to lay my hand upon the criminal within three days. Most people, if you describe a train of events, will tell you what the result will be. Few, however, if you told them the result, would be able to evolve the steps that led up to it!"

By a simple method, he retraced the facts whereby he had solved the problem: the men had gone to the empty house in a cab, indicated by the narrow gauge of the wheels; the footsteps giving evidence that one of the men was tall, as shown by his stride, and had worn square-toed boots, while the other had been well-booted, and doubtless was well-dressed. This latter was the victim. A slight odor on his lips had disclosed the proof of poison, while the terror stamped on his dead face showed that he had realized his fate and had been forced to meet it. As for the motive, the money in his pocket showed that it was not robbery. It might have been politics or a woman. The wedding-ring settled the latter question. It had surely been used to remind the victim of some wrong done, and the word "Rache" on the wall had been a caprice, or a too obvious blind to lead the police astray into the realms of German secret societies. The scratches where the wood had been traced by a finger showed long finger-nails, and, since there was no sign of a struggle, the blood had doubtless come from the nose of a man full-blooded and therefore probably robust and florid of face. That the murderer was the cab-driver was clear because the cab had evidently been left with no one in charge of it. The telegram from Cleveland told the name of Drebber's enemy, and my friend had then only to set his corps of street urchins to find a cab driven by such a man and to bring him to our house on the pretense of getting a fare. There were other points in this affair, as well as the history of old cases with which Holmes was familiar, that went to substantiate his theories; but the fact of the strange duel with the pills was not in evidence until the second two were found near Stangerson's body, when the experiment on the terrier proved that only one pill contained poison.

Sherlock Holmes took it easily for granted that Gregson and Lestrade would get the credit for the capture, and the newspaper stories bore him out. But I expressed my determination that his part in the case should be made public.

THE WHITE COMPANY (1890).

This tale is the second of five historical romances put forth by Dr. Doyle from 1888 to 1896; and perhaps no other of them is so notable, as regards either his peculiar characteristics as an author or popular acceptability. This graphic picture of the England and France of Edward III during the wars of the Black Prince consumed two years of his time; and he is said to have read two hundred volumes in order to familiarize himself with the details of the life of the people, from knights, squires and ladies down to priests, friars, monks, peasants, robbers and beggars.



THE great bell of the Abbey of Beaulieu was ringing, and the monks trooped into the assembly chamber; for Brother John of Hordle, dark-eyed, red-haired, and gigantic—a two-months' novice—was to be tried for infraction of discipline, especially the shocking sin of carrying a woman over a brawling torrent. Sentenced to be unfrocked and scourged from the abbey, Hordle John thrust the monks from his path and rushed to freedom.

Toward sunset, the same afternoon, the abbey lost another of its charges—a comely, yellow-haired youth, with clear gray eyes and delicate features, but with a strength of mouth and chin showing a steadfast nature. Young Alleyne, son of Edric, the Socman of Minstead, had been reared in the monastery, and had gathered fair store of clerkly learning. By his dead father's command, he was now, at the age of twenty, to go into the world for a year, before deciding for the cloister. His brother, the present Socman of Minstead, was a rough, fierce man, but it was to him that the youth was to go, hoping for brotherly welcome and worldly guidance. Receiving the blessing of the abbot and the farewells of the monks, Alleyne went.

On his way, he met many odd folk and matters strange to his bringing-up; and at nightfall stopped at the inn of the "Pied Merlin," finding a motley company. He would have been abused by the rough crowd, but big Hordle John, who knew

and liked him, stood his friend, when the door opened, admitting a massive, middle-sized man in archer's garb, followed by six carriers, each bearing a huge bundle of plunder, which this soldier from the wars in France had brought home. The archer first seized and kissed the landlady, and then introduced himself as Samkin Aylward, invited the company to drink, and made himself at home. By a wrestling-match with Hordle John he won that worthy as a recruit for his band, the White Company, and the next morning, leaving his plunder in care of the landlady, he departed with Alleyne and Hordle John, till the youth left them to seek his brother, Aylward having told him whither they were bound.

As Alleyne approached the end of the forest he saw a stream separating the woods from meadows that sloped up to a large, low mansion. On the bridge stood a stalwart, yellow-bearded, well-dressed man and a lithe young woman of rare beauty—the man stormy and the maid scornful. Suddenly he threw his arm about her; she struggled and appealed to Alleyne, who gently expostulated. The man, declaring himself Socman of Minstead, warned Alleyne off his land; and, when the youth claimed brotherhood, raged at him, and seized the girl by the wrist. Alleyne, aroused, raised his iron-shod staff; and the Socman, threatening to set the dogs on him, ran to the house for a weapon. Then Alleyne and the young woman fled through the forest, until they came upon the lady's page, who had caught her runaway horse. The wayward girl had puzzled the youth with baffling moods, but had bewitched him, too. When mounted, she thanked him prettily, saying that her father might help him, and asking whither he was bound.

"Alas," he said, "I have now but two friends in the world—humble men, and am going to find them at the castle held by Sir Nigel Loring." To his surprise, she burst out a-laughing, and without a word rode off.

Regaining the road, Alleyne followed it until he overtook Aylward and Hordle John, and joyously the three friends trudged on, entering the town around the church and the frowning castle. Sir Nigel Loring was out, breathing his sixty dogs, that, in charge of two varlets, scrambled along the road, followed by the knight—a slight man of poor stature, with soft,

lisping voice and gentle ways, and his lady—tall, broad, and fierce of face. Sir Nigel's sight had been injured by lime, poured over him at a siege, giving him a blinking expression, and it was hard to regard him as one of England's foremost warriors. As the three wanderers approached, Aylward, with a rough bow to the lady, delivered to Sir Nigel a letter from the Gascon knight, Sir Claude Latour, an ally of the Black Prince in the French wars, begging him to come for the new campaign into Spain and take command of the White Company, a band of free companions, who had chosen him as captain. The knight welcomed them heartily to his castle.

While they were entertained by the steward, Alleyne was summoned to the castle-hall. He entered the vast apartment, but found no one. On a small ebony table an open manuscript-book allured his clerkly eye, and while reading he heard a little ripple of feminine laughter, when a beautiful girl in black velvet and laces appeared from behind a screen, with mischief in her eyes. It was his forlorn maiden of the morning, Sir Nigel's daughter. When the knight entered she frankly confessed to him her morning's wandering into the forbidden forest, and told him that the young clerk had been of service to her there. The father gently chided and dismissed her. He then told Alleyne that he and Lady Loring had decided that as he was intelligent and seemed trustworthy, he should enter the knight's service as squire, and during the time needed for recruiting a hundred men for the White Company he should practise knightly exercises, meantime for two hours a day instructing the Lady Maude, with Agatha, her tire-woman, and another maiden. Already a rider, Alleyne soon did fine work with sword and lance and care of armor, while his tutoring of the lively Lady Maude brought him not only into great trials of patience, but also into peril of his mind's peace; for she was enthralling him with her witcheries. He knew it for madness, but all prudence failed before the tyrant of the heart.

The day of departure came. The troop was gathered in the courtyard, when Alleyne, looking from the armory window, heard a short gasp at his shoulder, and there was the Lady Maude, weeping bitterly. He suddenly forgot all except his love, and flashed it at her, begging no promise, but one

word of hope. Before she could answer came the bugle-summons. Quickly she said:

"Alleyne, it is no time for dallying. Win my father's love, and all may follow. Farewell, and God be with you!" She held out her hand to him, and when he had kissed it and she had gone, he found her veil in his grasp, as a favor, and rushed to his place.

Lady Loring rode some distance with them, giving Alleyne instructions as to her lord's comfort, and entrusting him with the knight's purse—which else he would throw to the first beggar. When she had gone, Sir Nigel enjoined his three squires to bring to him knowledge of every occasion in which wrong could be righted, injustice punished, and honor gained in single combat. With his imperfect sight, he nearly challenged a worthy burgher, and bowed with deep courtesy to a milkmaid by the roadside, stopping at every shrine to pray, and ordering Alleyne to throw his purse to a blind beggar—which the young fellow obeyed by casting him two pence, and receiving many blessings therefor.

The next morning they came to the seaport of Lepe. The knight shipped his men and horses on a large cog, or sailing-vessel, and, reënforced by a troop of about forty under a former comrade of Sir Nigel's, Sir Oliver Buttesthorn, they sailed. Soon two pirate galleys hove in sight. Sir Nigel disposed the forces, the pennons were displayed, and the fight began. The pirates closed in, and, as Sir Nigel caused the three vessels to be locked together, there ensued a fierce fight, with great deeds of arms, the pirate chiefs being slain and the few survivors of their crews held as prisoners. Alleyne received a terrible blow on the head, but his steel casque saved his life.

A storm arose, but, escaping shipwreck, the cog and her two captures came safely into the harbor at Bordeaux. As he stepped on shore, Sir Nigel kneeled, and, taking from his bosom a small black patch, he bound it tightly over his left eye.

"May the blessed George and the memory of my lady-love raise high my heart," quoth he. "And, as a token, I vow that I will not take this patch from my eye until I have done such a small deed as it lies in me to do." Then they and Sir Oliver rode on.

Our young squires were dazzled with the beauty of the buildings and the many-colored throngs swarming in the streets, as they went to present themselves to the gallant Prince Edward, here gathering his forces for the invasion of Spain.

The Prince advanced toward them with a winning smile and claimed their old acquaintance. The room was filled with knights, and when Sir Nigel told of his hundred men, and of the two hundred awaiting him in the White Company, there was general merriment. Sir Nigel looked about for some one with whom he could engage in a gentle sword-debate on the subject, when the Prince explained that the lawless doings of that company had vexed them much and he had vowed to hang their captain; but seeing who he was, and that he had no knowledge of their evil deeds, the vow was naught. The Prince announced to his followers his plans—to join the army at Dax and push on into Spain, rejoicing that the Spanish King Henry was a valiant leader and that he was accompanied by Bertrand du Guesclin, the most renowned knight of France, their forces of more than sixty thousand giving opportunity for honor and glory.

Meantime, Alleyne and the squires of the other knights were in the outer hall, and one of the older among them joked Alleyne upon his ladylike cheek. Alleyne's glove in his face set on a duel, outside on the river-bank, in which Alleyne drove his big opponent into the stream, where he would have drowned had Alleyne not rescued him. Even then, Alleyne insisted on resuming the fight unless the other would apologize—which at last he did, and Alleyne's place among the squires was secure.

During the days of waiting great excitement attended a passage-at-arms, in which five knights of England held the lists against all comers. The first four conflicts resulted in a pretty even division between the opposing knights, when Sir Nigel, the fifth for England, rode out on a spirited, prancing charger, to meet a huge German knight upon a massive black horse, a contest in which Sir Nigel was acclaimed victor. But before the prize was bestowed a newcomer arrived: a knight in full armor, short, but of great breadth of shoulder, with vizor closed and no blazonry upon his white surcoat and black shield. His attendant announced that his master, a liegeman to Charles,

King of the French, asked that some English cavalier would for the love of his lady run a course with him, or meet him with sword, mace, battle-ax, or dagger. The herald confided his master's name to Sir John Chandos, who declared that anyone might be honored to tilt with the knight. The stranger contended with each of the five champions in turn, and one after the other of four famous warriors succumbed to his lance or his ax, when out walked the slight Sir Nigel with his sword. Approaching each other with their long two-handed blades, they fell to, with clatter and clang—Sir Nigel bounding here and there, head erect, plume fluttering in air, while the stranger crashed blow on blow, with cut and thrust, but never getting within Sir Nigel's ready blade. Suddenly, as the Frenchman heaved up his sword for a blow, Sir Nigel's point pierced a chink of his shoulder-armor, and a red blot spread over the stranger's surcoat. The Prince threw down his baton, ending the conflict, and then proffered the prize to the stranger and tendered him hospitality. But he declined both, speaking bitter words of the English, who were desolating fair France.

"Why, then, did you trust yourself among Englishmen, Sir Knight?"

"Because, sire, I knew that you would be here," and, bending to his saddle-bow, the knight turned his horse and rode away. The Prince sent one after him with a purse of a hundred golden nobles, as a sign of respect,—"for, by St. George! he has served his master this day even as I would wish liegemen to serve me!"

The next morning Alleyne found Sir Nigel painfully writing a letter to his wife, and to the knight's content wrote it for him. When Sir Nigel asked if there were not some one to whom he wished to send word, Alleyne said no, yet he confessed that he loved a maid of noble blood. The knight kindly bade him beware; while he owned that, if Minstead were Alleyne's, his blood was good enough for any family.

Soon after Sir Nigel, taking his two squires, Alleyne and Ford, with Aylward and Hordle John, left his troop to meet him at Dax, and set out to find the White Company. The little group crossed the plains of Guienne, and after passing into France proper, beyond the English control, they found a

black and desolated land, bare of people—except gaunt, famine-stricken folk, wild as wolves and timid as hares. Through this war-harried land they rode in silence, but cheered up toward sundown, at sight of a wayside inn. Alleyne rode forward to announce them, but, his summons bringing no response, he entered. In the chief room, on one side of the fire, sat a lady perhaps five-and-thirty years of age, of wonderful stateliness and beauty, while opposite sat a broad-shouldered man, cracking nuts with his teeth. His face was almost hideous—eyes of light green, nose broken in, skin seamed with wound-scars. He raged at Alleyne, and still more at the rest when they came, and had seized his sword to drive them out, when, seeing Sir Nigel's shield, he stood staring, and his green eyes softened to a humorous twinkle.

"*Mort Dieu!*" he cried, "it is my little swordsman of Bordeaux. Ah, Sir Nigel, you owe me a return for this," and he pointed to his right arm, girt under the shoulder with a scarf. But Sir Nigel's astonishment and delight surpassed the Frenchman's. He peered again and again, with his one uncovered eye, and—

"Bertrand!" he gasped—"Bertrand du Guesclin!"

"Yes, Sir Nigel, and here is my hand. There are but three Englishmen whom I would touch, save with the sword—the Prince, Chandos, and you."

"And I," said Sir Nigel, "am growing old, but I can now lay by my sword, since I have crossed blades with him of the bravest heart and the strongest arm of this great kingdom of France. I have longed for it, dreamed of it, and even now can scarce believe it."

"By the Virgin of Rennes! but you have given me cause to know it," said Du Guesclin, laughing. Sir Nigel and his squires were presented to the Lady Tiphaine, and they sat long, listening to her talk of chivalry and heroism. The inn being small, the party went with Du Guesclin to the Castle of Villefranche, held by its fierce lord, Sir Tristram du Rochfort, heartily hated by his peasants. They were hospitably received by Sir Tristram and his gay young wife, and, with two other knightly guests, supped abundantly.

As they sat before the fire, the Lady Tiphaine went into a

trance, and in answer to questions announced imminent danger to her husband; described a siege of Sir Nigel's home-castle, led by a tall, yellow-bearded man, who fell in the attack; and prophesied many things concerning the war and the later fortune of the French and the English.

It was late when they retired. Alleyne, Aylward and Hordle John occupied a room together. About three in the morning they were awakened by noises in the castle, and rushed out to find Sir Nigel and Du Guesclin, half-clad, bloody swords in hand, at the head of the great stairs, Sir Tristram and his wife and the two knight-guests dead at their side, a howling mob of peasants in full control, and numbers of the frenzied assailants dead or wounded. Two arrows from Aylward and John found foremost victims, and the mob gave back. With the Lady Tiphaine, our little party took refuge in the tower, and the peasants, having pillaged the castle, fired it. Hordle John threw down into the courtyard, where the crazy people danced about a great bonfire, a chest of gunpowder, and its explosion made frightful havoc and shattered even the lower walls of the tower, while at early dawn the jolly bow-song of the White Company sounded through the woods, and the peasants scattered. The imprisoned party were released from the tower; and, while Du Guesclin and his lady bade them farewell, Sir Nigel turned to the White Company.

Their commander, Sir Claude Latour, even now tried to persuade them to stay with him for pillage instead of going with Sir Nigel. But Sir Nigel's stirring words and Aylward's appeals to his old comrades decided them to choose Spain and glory. They joined the army, crossed the mountains to Navarre—honored with the dangerous place of advance-guard—and, while the army gathered before Pampeluna, Sir Nigel took his band ahead on an errand of adventure into Spain.

They pushed through the hills until they saw a broad plain, where sixty thousand Spanish troops and their French allies lay encamped. Leaving his men amid the rocks, Sir Nigel, dressed in the armor of a captured Spanish cavalier, accompanied only by Alleyne, Aylward and Hordle John, penetrated the camp at night, entered the tent of the King of Spain, and bore off a man in royal apparel, while Sir William Felton, with

the English band, rushed down and attacked the sleeping camp. In the confusion, they retired safely to their ambush, but found that their captive was only dressed like the King, in foresight of some such mischance. He offered ransom, but Sir Nigel sent him back to his master, with his compliments and regrets that he had failed to make the King's acquaintance.

The next morning a letter from Lady Loring told how Edricson the Socman had with a force of outlaws besieged Castle Twynham, which she had held for two days, until the Socman fell in an attack, and the force disbanded. Sir Nigel recognized Lady Tiphaine's vision, and a talk with Alleyne brought out the squire's love for the Lady Maude. At first this vexed Sir Nigel; but on consideration he laughed, and said that if the Lady Maude had her mind made up to that, the King of Spain and his sixty thousand men could not keep her from it; and, since Alleyne was now head of his house, his brother being dead, he affirmed his belief that the squire would win knighthood and all would be well.

Meantime, the sound of a moving multitude aroused attention; and as the mist rose there appeared, filling the mouth of the gorge, a vast array of horsemen. The three hundred and seventy—fourscore being forces of the Welsh knight, Sir Oliver Buttesthorn—were posted on a rocky hill, sloping but broken in front and precipitous behind. A roar of triumph swelled from the host; the English stood silent. Their Spanish prisoner delightedly pointed out famous knights whose colors he saw in the army below, and urged Sir Nigel to come to some compromise.

"Nay, by St. Paul!" answered the knight, "it were pity if so many brave men were drawn together, and no little deed of arms done. Ha! they advance." In fact, the two wings of the host began to converge, and before them two cavaliers pricked forth slowly, like challengers at a tourney. Sir William Felton and Sir Nigel promptly rode down upon them. Sir William's spear crashed through his opponent's throat and overthrew him, while the Englishman madly dashed down into the Spanish column and perished gloriously. Sir Nigel met a tougher foe. Their spears shivered to the grasp; then came a whirl of dazzling sword-play, until, brought thigh to thigh,

they grasped each other and rolled off their horses, the heavy Spaniard uppermost; but, when he raised his sword to finish Sir Nigel, the latter's poniard pierced a vital spot, and the Spaniard rolled over, while Sir Nigel regained his horse and rode up the hill, amid a yell of rage from the thousands below. Then came the onset, and never did even Englishmen more sturdily withstand a crushing foe. The archers did fatal work while their arrows lasted, then every man drew sword. Sir Nigel now threw off the patch from his eye in honor of his slain Spanish knight, and, at the suggestion of an attempted retreat, he cried:

"My soul shall retreat from my body first! Here I am, and here I bide. Let us live or die together."

And then arose a struggle so fell, so long, so sustained, that even now the story of it is told in Calabria. Two hundred of the heroes had been slaughtered, and, of their leaders, only Sir Nigel was left. Alleyne and Thornbury were soon sent back for reënforcements, while Sir Nigel and the rest remained, as he said, to "continue the debate." Thornbury tried to lower himself by a rope down the precipice at the rear, but his head was crushed by a stone from a sling. Alleyne then seized the cord, and, amid a shower of stones, one of which broke a rib for him, he gained the plain, caught a horse and strapped himself on. Then, fainting, spent with pain and dizziness, as he dashed away he heard three solid, sullen shouts behind, telling that his comrades had again set face to the foe. He met Sir Hugh Calverly with a foraging party of two hundred, who, sending back word, thundered forward to the rescue. They were too late either for rescue or revenge, for, seeing their unknown numbers, the enemy had gone, with their few living prisoners. The top of the hill was one dreadful tangle of death. Sir Nigel was deemed slain, his body having been borne away by the Spaniards. Aylward had desperately ridden after him. Big John and seven bowmen alone were left, and they hardly alive. Sir Hugh, with tears of rage and admiration, offered to take them into his company.

"We are of the White Company, my lord," answered John.

"Nay," said Sir Hugh solemnly, "the White Company is here disbanded."

Four months later two horsemen rode one bright July morning into Winchester. One, though young and in peaceful garb, wore knightly golden spurs, while his brow was seamed and his fair cheek scarred. The other was a huge, red-headed man, bearing at his saddle-bow a great jingling bag. They were Hordle John, with the ransom of a Spanish grandee, and Sir Alleyne Edricson. The squire had been lovingly tended in hospital, and the Prince himself had gently laid upon his sick shoulder the accolade of knighthood. Learning that the Lady Maude Loring was that very day to take the veil at Romsey, they spurred on and bore off the lady, who was soon after given by her mother to Sir Alleyne as his bride. In a few weeks Sir Alleyne set forth for Spain, after tidings of Sir Nigel. But near the coast he passed an inn, from which ran out, laughing, a woman, and after her a burly archer—his old comrade, Aylward; while from a window a voice called the archer to offer the gentleman opportunity to gain advancement, or fulfil a vow, or exalt his lady, in combat with a humble knight. And Sir Nigel ran out, sword in hand, hoping for "some slight bickering." As they rode homeward, he told how he and Aylward had been conveyed by sea to their captor's castle, on the way were taken by a Barbary pirate, in the port at Barbary had slain the rover and had escaped by swimming to a small coaster, which had brought them to England.

Sir Nigel lived long, and died beloved and honored. Sir Alleyne twice fought in France, was laden with honors, and held high place at court. John married, rich with his five thousand crowns; and Aylward wedded the widow of the "Pied Merlin," where he had left his plunder. All lived honestly and honorably in their several stations—children of Britain, such as ever muster at her call.

FORTUNÉ CASTILLE DU BOISGOBEY

(France, 1821–1891)

THE CRIME OF THE OPÉRA (1879)

This detective story, like most of that class of Du Boisgobey's works, had a foundation in fact. The murder of Maria Fellerath, in Paris, many years ago, like the famous Nathan murder in New York, never was traced to its perpetrator. The instrument by which the woman's murder was effected was precisely that which is described in *The Crime of the Opéra.*

ONE evening Julie d'Orcival, a beautiful *demi-mondaine,* had a disagreeable interview with Gaston Darcy, a young man of thirty, who, after a year's association with the lady, wished to retire and enter on the honorable career of a magistrate. A former lover of Julie, Count Wenceslas Golymine, a Polish count, adventurer, and superb Don Juan, forced his way into her apartment, and in the interview she accorded him in the drawing-room besought her to fly with him. Utterly repulsed, he cried after her as she left him: "Go and join your lover. I curse you, and you will learn what the malediction of the dead will bring to you!"

Sharp words ensued between Gaston and herself when she returned; and he left her, exulting in his recovered freedom. The vindictive woman bethought her of Golymine as a help to revenge, and went into a long gallery to find his card to write him. She discovered Golymine hanging—dead—from the window-frame. A note, written by him, bade the authorities send the letters on his person to the ladies addressed.

The frightened woman burned this, possessed herself of the letters, and returned to her boudoir. After a few moments she rang for Mariette, her maid, and ordered her to bring her a book from the gallery. When the woman rushed back shriek-

ing over her discovery, Julie simulated agitated surprise and ordered her to summon a doctor and the police.

Darcy had hurried to his club to acquaint his warm friend, Captain Nointel, of his change of life. That elegant young man immediately suggested his marrying either the charming Madame Cambry, a young widow of high station and strong character, or the bewildering Spanish widow, the Marchioness de Barancos, a *grande dame*, also young and beautiful, and with ten millions! Later, Lolif, a fussy young fellow with detective talent (as he imagined), brought the news of Golymine's suicide. Two adventurers who frequented the club, Simancas, a Peruvian general, and Saint Gaulmier, a Canadian physician, showed a curious desire to know whether Golymine had worn his pelisse with the sable collar, and learned that he had hanged himself while wearing it.

Darcy left the club late, with a large sum won at cards. On his way home at three o'clock he gallantly rescued a charming, modestly attired young woman from the annoying attentions of a man, and discovered that she was Mademoiselle Berthe Lesterel, a singer whom he had met at fashionable musicales, and by whom he had been much impressed. She explained that a nervous attack of her sister, Madame Crozon, whose seafaring husband was to return the next day from an eighteen months' voyage, had detained her till this unseemly hour. As a climax to the evening, after Darcy left her at her door he was garroted and robbed.

The next day on his way to his uncle, Roger Darcy, the magistrate, whose heir he was, finding himself near Madame Crozon's about the hour Berthe had told him she was to visit her sister, he awaited her arrival. She invited him in, thinking Madame Crozon could confirm her statement to the young man. While he was there, the jealous whaler returned, and Berthe bade Darcy retire to an adjoining room from which he could depart unseen.

The husband arrived, crazed with jealousy from anonymous communications, which not only charged his wife with infidelity, but with having been delivered of a child a month before. He threatened to kill them both, until Berthe, who was a model of conduct and who had been in close touch with her sister, whom

she adored, swore that there was no truth in either statement. Captain Crozon became calm, and Darcy then withdrew.

His uncle, a well-preserved bachelor of forty-five, heard his nephew's statement, when he called after this, and smilingly told him if he was not married within three months he would take a wife himself, and Darcy would lose his inheritance. He, too, suggested Madame Cambry, but said he would welcome any well-born, virtuous girl his nephew might select.

Julie d'Orcival wished to get rid of the letters she had found, especially after a call from Simancas, who was anxious to know whether letters had not been found in Golymine's pelisse, alleging that they concerned a South American conspiracy. As to the writers of the letters, she knew Madame de Barancos and Madame Crozon, as she had been a school-friend of the sisters, although Berthe would not associate with her after she had become a courtesan. The third woman she imagined was *bourgeoise*, as she had never heard of her. The humiliation she planned for them was all the profit she sought to derive from these letters. So she wrote on plain paper this note to the Marchioness de Barancos:

"Madame: An accident has placed in my hands the letters addressed by you in former times to Count Wenceslas Golymine. I wish to return them to you, but I think it more prudent and becoming not to present them at your residence, or to receive you at mine. I shall be at the ball at the Opéra House Saturday evening, in Box 27, in the first tier. I shall be absolutely alone, and I will wear a black and white domino. I shall await you there at half-past one. A FRIEND."

She sent a similarly worded note to the unknown woman, appointing one o'clock for her, and one to Berthe Lesterel, whom she was glad to humble by making her admit her sister's lapse from virtue. To give her trouble, and expose her to possible annoyance at the Opéra House, she appointed the hour for her at half-past two! She posted the first two herself, and sent Mademoiselle Lesterel's by Mariette, her maid.

Madame Cambry had her usual Saturday evening musicale the night of the ball. Gaston and his uncle were there, and Mademoiselle Lesterel, who had been engaged to sing. Gaston's passion for the lovely girl reached such a climax that he spoke to his uncle about his love for her that evening. Berthe

was called out by a messenger toward the end of the evening. Madame Cambry told them it was a nervous attack of Madame Crozon's: a serious one, as Berthe had nearly fainted, but had gone away with the woman in a cab.

Gaston had proposed to escort her home earlier in the evening, but she said she had arranged for this cab. "Besides," she added, smiling, "my brother-in-law has given me something to defend myself with. Do you see this pretty Japanese fan? It is really a dagger, concealed in a sheath like a fan."

Gaston found his club deserted, and went to the ball at the Opéra House to find Nointel. That gentleman told him Julie was there, that he had seen her face as she was mounting the stairs and paused to arrange her veil before a mirror. He had also discovered, by her voice and accent, the Marchioness de Barancos, whom he had rescued from some revelers. He expressed his surprise at a woman of her social prestige taking any part in a thing so risky as a masked ball at the Opéra. Simancas and Saint Gaulmier were in Box 29, next to that in which Julie sat. Lolif had got quite excited by the mysterious visitants to this box, all women. When the two men in the next box had retired abruptly, his curiosity took him there. He saw the white end of a satin gown, showing below the curtain that hung before the small room in the rear of the box, and its perfect repose worked on him till he climbed into the box and investigated. He found Julie d'Orcival, lying on a divan, dead, with a dagger still in her throat where it had been thrust. He proclaimed the tragic event at once, delighted to have a part in such a sensational mystery.

When Gaston called the next morning he was told that his uncle was at the prefecture, whither he repaired. While talking with him some papers on the desk were disturbed, and he uttered an exclamation at seeing Berthe's poniard. He told his uncle how he came to know it. Then Monsieur Roger Darcy told him of the murder and sent for Berthe. She was startled to hear of Juile's murder, and aghast when she learned of the part her poniard had played. M. Roger Darcy told her the murder had been committed by a woman, and at three o'clock, as Lolif's testimony showed. He called upon her to

account for her time from half-past eleven, when she left Madame Cambry's, up to four in the morning, when she returned home. She positively refused to do this, though affirming her innocence. She said she did not know the woman's name who called for her, and admitted that she had not been at Madame Crozon's that night at all. As this was all she could be induced to admit, she was arrested and confined in the horrible Saint Lazare, to Gaston's agony.

"Mademoiselle Lesterel is innocent," he declared to his uncle. "I will prove it, and I will marry her!"

"Then *I* shall marry," retorted his uncle. "And it will be Madame Cambry."

Gaston and Nointel devoted their entire energy to solving the mystery. Suspicion was directed toward Madame Barancos. She had been seen with Simancas and Saint Gaulmier since the crime, and showed herself with them in her box the following night at the opera. Through the box-opener, Madame Majeure, Nointel got a gold sleeve-button with the Gothic letter "B" on it, which she had found in the box. Gaston reflected with horror that Berthe's name began with that letter! Nointel learned that ashes, as of letters, had been discovered on Berthe's hearth, and a half-burned note from Julie appointing the meeting for half-past two! Mariette's testimony showed Berthe had said to her: "I will go."

At Julie's funeral at Saint Augustin's, Nointel remarked a veiled woman in black kneeling in an obscure place with no support. He reflected that Spanish women do this. He also found out that an unknown had paid for the grant at Père Lachaise where Julie was buried. The discovery of a mask and domino at the Boulevard de la Villette and Rue de Buissin-Saint Louis about three in the morning, on Sunday, which were proved to be Mademoiselle Lesterel's, resulted in her release from confinement.

At a ball at the house of Madame de Barancos, Nointel suddenly showed her the sleeve-button, in his hand. "You have worn it!" she murmured, and grasping it she concealed it in her gown. Nointel was disgusted at being thus foiled.

Madame Cambry, who had become engaged to M. Roger Darcy, assured Berthe Lesterel, after her release, that she would

see that Monsieur Darcy should fully exonerate her from all charge of guilt, if she would confide to her what she had done that Saturday night. Berthe told her that she had been called to a remote part of Paris on a matter which concerned Madame Crozon: that she had accordingly anticipated her visit to Julie's box, whither she drove at once, from her musicale. Julie, although angry and insulting, had given her the letters. Then, noticing Berthe's poniard, she had asked her for it, as she expected a stormy interview later and it might defend her. Berthe accordingly left it with her.

Madame Cambry accompanied Berthe on a visit to the Crozons. They were very happy and the Captain declared himself content. Just at this juncture, his demon of jealousy was roused again to wild fury by the advent of a woman with an infant. Berthe had no way of screening her sister and quieting his suspicions except by declaring the child her own! The woman had conducted all the negotiations about the child with Berthe, and when she heard of her release, went to her house, and was sent on to Madame Crozon's. Berthe had saved her sister, but had irrevocably ruined her own marriage with Gaston.

The Marchioness of Barancos invited Nointel, Simancas and Saint Gaulmier to a grand *battue* at her château. The two villains proposed a blackmailing scheme to Nointel by which they would all profit. They said they knew the Marchioness had killed Julie, because they had seen her in the box, had watched her go, then immediately return and commit the murder, for they had heard Julie's groan. Nointel, who had conceived an impetuous love for this beautiful but passionate woman, seemed to assent, in order that he might warn her to take flight. He told her, on a horseback excursion, about this, and that his love prompted him to aid her thus.

"You love me, and yet think me guilty of murder!" she cried indignantly. "To-morrow I will tell all to Monsieur Darcy. I would have done so already had I not supposed that young girl was guilty. Listen! I went to the box at the appointed hour. I had to wait for another domino to come out. I had taken money, for I thought this was that creature's object. I will tell you," she added firmly, "I was once in love with Count

Golymine! Madame d'Orcival was furious, and I discovered that she supposed Gaston Darcy had transferred his devotions to me. As I left, the domino came back. That is the woman who slew Madame d'Orcival, and I will find out who she is. Then I leave France, and you will never see me again."

"But I will follow you! I love, I adore you," cried Nointel, carried away by the beauty and superb poise of this woman who could love so generously, if madly. The grooms drew near, and for the rest of the ride Madame de Barancos avoided talk with him by keeping her horse at a furious pace.

In the *battue*, which came off the following day, Nointel was nearly killed by a bullet that whizzed by his head. Later, a wild boar was charging madly for Madame Barancos. Her attention was so fixed on a copse near by that she would have been gored to death by the beast if Nointel had not shot it. A second later she raised her gun and shot. Later, a miserable looking man was found dead in the copse. Nointel recognized him as a low tool of Simancas', whom he had surprised at his office once making drunken threats. His ardor for Madame de Barancos was intensified by her act.

When Nointel returned to Paris, Christine Rissler, a gay woman of the half-world, told him she had seen at Père Lachaise the unknown woman who had paid for Julie's plot in the cemetery, weeping at her grave. She had run away when Christine spoke to her, but Christine had remarked her face well. Not long after, Nointel was at the Théâtre Français, and spent some time in Madame Cambry's box with her and M. Roger Darcy. When he was leaving the theater, Christine Rissler dropped behind her Russian escort, and said mockingly: "So you know the 'unknown' who bought the plot for Julie, since you have talked with her in a box this evening!"

"Are you crazy?" he replied contemptuously. Christine tossed her head scornfully, and ran off.

Not long after this, Nointel and Darcy were hastily summoned by Captain Crozon to the bedside of his dying wife. When they arrived she had received the last sacraments. She confessed to them all. "The child whom Berthe claimed as hers, to screen me, is mine. I ask mercy for it. Berthe is innocent, but who can protect her now against calumny?"

"I can, and will," replied Gaston with deep emotion. "And we will adopt your child for our own."

Captain Crozon, who, despite his jealous frenzies, adored his wife, forgave her all; and the poor woman died in peace. Madame de Barancos had gone through the scene at the opera box in her domino and mask before the box-opener, at the Prefecture, and that worthy woman had given more lucid statements as to the women who had come to the box and the order in which they came. Suspicion now pointed only to the woman who had come in last, of whose identity none had any idea. Nointel was eager to see Madame de Barancos and make his peace with her. But he wished first to foil Simancas and Saint Gaulmier. A singular chance enabled him to do so. One day he ran across the former exhibiting such haste that he followed him to the Hotel Druout and heard him bid eagerly, at the auction sale of Golymine's effects, for the pelisse in which that Lothario had hanged himself. A sudden inspiration induced Nointel to outbid Simancas. He took the garment home, ripped it open, and found some newspaper clippings, from Peruvian papers, that furnished the most damning proofs of the villainy of the two. He also found three love-letters from women: one, Madame Crozon's; another, Madame de Barancos's, boldly signed "Carmen de Penafiel," her maiden name; and a third, in a clear, peculiar feminine handwriting, with nothing to betray the writer.

"I will bet that this prudent, cool-headed woman is the one that came back and killed Julie. She looked the letters over and found one wanting. Julie incensed her by not giving it up, and, in a burst of anger and fear, this lady killed her," said Nointel.

M. Roger Darcy called on Gaston the next day and declared that this Opéra House affair had been the Waterloo of his magistracy and that he meant to resign, suggesting his nephew's appointment. Now that Berthe was shown innocent and Gaston's marriage would occur within the three months his uncle had permitted him in which to make a choice, he would bless his union with Mademoiselle Lesterel and remain himself a bachelor. While Gaston sought to dissuade him, Nointel entered exclaiming exultantly:

"Imagine! Chance has put into my hands a letter from the woman that killed Madame d'Orcival! The fan threw suspicion on Mademoiselle Lesterel, the gold sleeve-button on Madame de Barancos. Whom will this letter—convict?"

"Talk to my uncle about it at his office. Madame Cambry has asked us to dine. Here!" cried Gaston, thrusting the invitation before him.

"Madame Cambry wrote—that?" asked Nointel.

"You can give me your letter, and I will read it at my office," said M. Roger Darcy.

"I—I—haven't it—here. I did not expect—to meet you," stammered Nointel.

Before Madame Cambry, who was her wonted self-contained and sprightly self, Nointel felt in a terrible dilemma. "I have found a letter from the woman who killed Madame d'Orcival," he said. "It is unsigned, but once any script of the woman is found the very peculiar handwriting will instantly expose her. Do you know, when I fancy that there may have been much to extenuate the crime and that the woman may have repented, I feel as if I would like to know what the woman would say. What would she advise, I wonder!"

"She must have expiated her crime," said Madame Cambry. "Who knows but that she may enter a convent, since you make hypotheses?"

"People no longer recognize perpetual vows," said Nointel, dubiously. "And they may return from the most distant countries."

"You are right, sir," said Madame Cambry in a low, husky voice. "Only the dead never return!"

"Gaston," said Nointel to his friend, when they had left Madame Cambry, "you are happy with Berthe. Make her happy, and drop all further thought of the crime of the Opéra House. I am through with it, and I am now going to Madame de Barancos, whom I adore." When they had parted, Nointel almost groaned. "If Gaston had not shown me that note just in time his uncle would have seen mine, and it would have killed him. Madame Cambry will never marry him now."

When he arrived at Madame de Barancos's residence, he was told that she had left with her majordomo and had not

indicated her destination. The next day he received this note from her: "I love you. I suffer martyrdom, and go away." Later Madame Cambry's lifelong servant-woman brought him this note from that lady: "I told you yesterday that it is the dead only who never return. I am going to die. Forgive me, as I forgive you. Burn this letter."

"Dead!" he exclaimed, in an awed tone.

"Last night," said the woman, "she took a quick poison that leaves no trace. No one will know anything, if you keep your promise, and are silent."

Nointel took the letter from his pocket, and showed it to her. "You recognize this!" Then he burned it before her eyes.

"Thank you. And the other?"

He destroyed it in the same way. The woman turned and went away without a word.

Madame Cambry left her fortune to Gaston Darcy, who distributed it among the poor. Berthe Lesterel cared devoutly for Julie d'Orcival's grave, which every one else had forgotten. M. Roger Darcy said nothing when Nointel told him that he had lost the letter of Julie's murderer; and Nointel felt that he divined all and was grateful to him.

The mystery of the murder in the Opéra House was never cleared up. Madame Cambry's death excited only the conventional regret that she had died so young when she had everything for which to live. The disappearance of the brilliant and beautiful Marchioness from the fashionable world of Paris caused much talk. It was learned that she was yachting in the Mediterranean, and later that she had bought a villa near Palermo. Nointel left Paris in July without saying where he was going. As a matter of fact, the Captain had gone to the land of the sun in dog-days. His course would have been to the North Pole had the Marchioness betaken herself to those Arctic regions.

Portrait of Alexandre Dumas [père] (p. 301)

Mezzotint after the celebrated painting by Charles de La Fosse

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS (*Père*)

(France, 1803–1870)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (1844)

Much of the work of Dumas was done in collaboration with others, Dumas giving the plot and suggestions for the scenes and incidents and leaving the collaborator to work it out. *The Three Musketeers* is regarded, however, not only as being all his own, but as the best of his novels.

THOSE three valiant blades, Porthos, Athos and Aramis, gentlemen serving under assumed names in the ranks of the Musketeers of the Guard, were sworn friends and inseparable companions. D'Artagnan, a young Gascon serving his probationary time preparatory to becoming a musketeer, made a fourth of the little coterie. He had made himself beloved of the others by challenging them each in turn and then fighting valiantly beside them against the guards of his Eminence the Cardinal.

Armand Duplessis, Duke of Richelieu and a cardinal, was not then the feeble old man we see in the play and as he is generally depicted, but an active cavalier of thirty-six or thirty-seven, somewhat frail of body, but capable of immense exertions not only in the cabinet but in the field. His cardinal's robe he kept for state occasions, and in his own house or in the field dressed and acted like the great noble and warrior that he was. Louis XIII feared him, and Queen Anne feared and hated him. The King was a piece upon the board in the great game the Cardinal played; the Queen a pawn of the opposition, to be swept away if necessary. So there were two parties in France, the Cardinalists and the Royalists.

The Musketeers, being directly in the service of his Majesty, belonged naturally to the latter, and accounted no act

quite so praiseworthy as spitting a Cardinalist upon the points of their rapiers. Now, of the three guardsmen mentioned, Porthos was a big, blustering fellow, fond of display and given to bragging about his amours. Athos was the great noble to his finger-tips, and everyone felt that his assumed name concealed one of the most renowned in France. As for Aramis, he was a rather gentle, scholarly youth, with aspirations toward the Church. "I am a musketeer only for a time," he said. But every time he reached the point of doffing the uniform for the cassock there came a little perfumed note to his lodgings, and he became all musketeer again. As for D'Artagnan, he had come up to Paris to seek his fortune—he was a young cub, barely twenty—and had all his troubles before him. He had fallen in love with the landlord's wife, the pretty Madame Bonacieux, linenwoman to the Queen, much younger than her husband but older than D'Artagnan.

At this time the Queen wanted a trusty and secret messenger to go to London and bring back a set of twelve diamond studs, the gift of the King, which she had presented to the Duke of Buckingham on the occasion of one of his secret visits to Paris. The Cardinal, who had his spies everywhere, knew of this little indiscretion on the part of the Queen, and wrote a certain agent of his in London as follows:

"Milady—You will attend the first ball at which the Duke of Buckingham appears, and cut off two of the twelve diamond studs he will wear. Bring them to me."

Then he suggested to the King that he should give a ball, setting a date far enough ahead for his purpose. It would please the Queen, and she would have an opportunity to wear the diamond studs, his Majesty's present, which she had not yet shown to the world.

When the Queen received the King's order she was in despair; but her faithful Bonacieux said that if mortal man could get to London and bring back the studs in time, that man was her lover, D'Artagnan.

The adventure just suited the Gascon; but of course he could not go without his three Musketeers, and so the next morning all four took the road to Calais. If one were stopped

the others were to push on, and one of the four might arrive to place the Queen's note in the hand of Buckingham.

In Chantilly a stranger at the inn fixed a quarrel upon Porthos and invited him to "walk in the garden" with him. "Kill the fellow and rejoin us as soon as you can," cried Athos. A league beyond Beauvais they fell into an ambush where Aramis and Mousqueton, the valet of Porthos, were wounded; and at Amiens Porthos was detained on a charge of passing a bad coin.

The other two, D'Artagnan and his lackey, Planchet, got away on the horses of the Cardinal's emissaries while they were busy with Athos. A hundred paces from the gates of Calais the horses gave out, and the two men ran toward the port. They found there a gentleman, who had evidently ridden far and hard and in great haste, trying to engage passage on a ship going to England. The captain said he had orders to take no one without express permission of the Cardinal; and on the gentleman's presenting such a permit sent him to have it countersigned by the governor of the port, who was a quarter of a league away.

D'Artagnan and Planchet followed the gentleman and his lackey, and, setting upon them in a wood, placed the gentleman *hors de combat*, tied the lackey to a tree, and took the pass. Assuming the name mentioned in the permit, D'Artagnan had it countersigned and so passed over to England. The Queen's letter filled Buckingham with alarm, which changed into terror when he discovered that two of the studs were missing. But the brilliant favorite of Charles I was quick to meet an emergency; and he hastily sent an order that no ship should leave the shores of England until further notice without his special permission.

Then he sent for his jeweler and said to him: "Make me two diamond studs exactly like these ten; have them done day after to-morrow and I will give you six thousand pistoles. Meantime, you are my prisoner. Fit up your workshop here; send for what material and assistance you require."

After D'Artagnan, bearing twelve diamond studs exactly alike, had sailed from London, the embargo was removed, and a ship on which Milady was a passenger followed close on the one which bore the Gascon.

At the ball the Queen wore her twelve diamond studs set in a shoulder-knot. The Cardinal drew near the King and placed in his hand a small casket containing two diamond studs.

"I think you will find that her Majesty wears only ten studs," said he. "Ask her who could have stolen these two."

The King, always morbidly jealous, at once approached the Queen and counted the studs, then called the Cardinal and asked severely, "What does this mean?"

Armand Duplessis never was caught napping—at least by a man of the King's caliber. "It means," replied the Cardinal with a low bow, "that I was desirous of presenting these two studs to her Majesty, and that, not daring to offer them myself, I adopted this manner of inducing her to accept them."

"And I am the more grateful to your Eminence," replied Anne of Austria, darting a look of intelligence and triumph at the Cardinal, "from being certain that these two studs have cost you as dearly as all the others cost his Majesty."

After that night D'Artagnan wore on his finger a magnificent diamond, the gift of a queen. His three friends soon rejoined him, and the four "ruffled" it again in the streets of Paris.

One day Athos told D'Artagnan the secret of his life. He was, indeed, a great noble, the Count de la Fère. Some years before he had been trapped into a marriage with a beautiful woman who turned out to be an abandoned creature, branded upon the shoulder with a *fleur-de-lis*, the mark of a common thief. Upon learning her history the Count had hanged her with his own hands to a tree in his park, and then, letting it be supposed that he was dead, had joined the Musketeers under the name of Athos.

D'Artagnan learned that the woman called Milady was the widow of an Englishman, Lord de Winter, and a spy of the Cardinal. He sought her acquaintance because of her beauty and became infatuated with her. When he confessed to her that he had played certain tricks to drive away her lover, Count de Wardes, she fell upon him with a dagger and he had to fight for his life. In the struggle her clothes became disarranged and D'Artagnan saw a *fleur-de-lis* branded on her shoulder. When he told the story to Athos that night and described to

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him the appearance of Milady, the Musketeer said: "Ten thousand furies! it is my wife—the creature whom I left for dead! Beware! That woman will do you harm; she will have your life if she can."

D'Artagnan had fallen a prey to the fascinations of Milady the more readily that Madame Bonacieux had been spirited away. All he could learn was that it was the Cardinal's doings, and that Monsieur Bonacieux was one of the Cardinal's spies and aided his Eminence in thus removing from the person of the Queen a person upon whom that unhappy lady could depend.

Orders now arrived to join the army before Rochelle; and soon after his arrival D'Artagnan barely escaped assassination. In this attempt he recognized the hand of Milady, as well as in a present of poisoned wine accompanied by a forged letter purporting to be from the messman of the Musketeers.

Another attempt at assassination resulted in letting him know that Madame Bonacieux had been carried to a secret prison from which the Queen had rescued her and had then sent her to a convent—where, his informant did not know. Milady had included in her designs for revenge all who loved D'Artagnan.

One night the Cardinal was seated alone with a woman in the upper room of a little cabaret. In the room below were Porthos, Athos and Aramis. They had been returning from the trenches when they had met the Red Duke (as Richelieu was called) in the road, accompanied by a single follower.

Knowing them to be faithful and valiant in the cause of their employer and friend, the Cardinal admired them, and was desirous of attaching them, as well as D'Artagnan, to his own service. Therefore he had graciously asked them to act as his escort and they had ridden with him to the cabaret.

The stove had been removed from the room where the three men sat, but the pipe remained and extended through the floor into the upper chamber.

Athos, who had been walking moodily up and down, suddenly paused and bent his head toward the end of the pipe, listening intently. Then he motioned for the others to come to him softly. Through the pipe all that was said in the upper room was audible to the three Musketeers.

"You will go to England, Milady," the Cardinal was saying, "and have an interview with Buckingham, Tell him that I am acquainted with all his preparations, but at the first move he makes I will ruin the Queen. Tell him I know all about the ball of Madame la Connétable; the night at the Louvre; the evening at Amiens (I will have a play made of it). Tell him that his creature, Montague, is in the Bastile; that I have the treasonable letter of the Queen's friend, Madame de Chevreuse. If he sees that this war will cause her destruction he will pause."

"But if he should persist," asked Milady.

"Well," replied Richelieu, meaningly, "then I shall hope for one of those events that change the destinies of states. A timely taking-off saved Austria in 1610—why should not the King have the same chance as the Emperor? A woman who would place the knife of Jacques Clement or Ravaillac in the hands of a fanatic would save France."

"Yes," retorted Milady, "and be the accomplice of an assassin. If I were a Montpensier or a De Medicis, I should take less precaution. As it is, I require from your Eminence an order which will ratify beforehand all that I do for the welfare of France."

The Cardinal Richelieu wrote a paper and handed it to the woman, and it seemed to satisfy her. Then Milady changed the subject abruptly and demanded full permission to use the Cardinal's power to work her revenge upon Madame Bonacieux and D'Artagnan. The Cardinal hesitated about D'Artagnan, but Milady cried out, "He is the evil genius of us both! You know how he has thwarted us."

"Well, well," said the Cardinal, "bring me proofs of his connection with Buckingham and I will send him to the Bastile."

"I will bring you ten," cried Milady. "And after the Bastile?"

"Oh, you shall be satisfied."

It was evident that the interview was about to end, and Athos, leaving word for the Cardinal that he had gone to scout the road, went out and concealed himself till Milady was left alone, then went back to the cabaret and confronted her.

"Do you know me, Madame?" he asked.

Milady drew back and gasped: "The Count de la Fère!"

"Yes, Madame," replied Athos, "and you will at once deliver to me the paper the Cardinal has signed or, upon my soul, I will blow your brains out"—and he placed a cocked pistol to her head.

She saw that he meant every word, and, drawing the paper from her bosom, said: "Take it, and be accursed."

Athos, riding across the fields, came out on the highway ahead of the Cardinal's party and waited for them. The Cardinal praised his caution in scouting thus in advance. A few hours later Milady was on board a ship bound for England.

Aramis thought he could find out the convent to which Madame Bonacieux had been taken through his cousin, a seamstress at Tours, thus confirming the suspicions of his friends that the little cousin was Madame de Chevreuse.

Porthos was wondering how they could circumvent Milady, when D'Artagnan said, "You remember that Milady has a brother-in-law, the present Lord de Winter, and that I once had a duel with him in Paris. I spared his life on that occasion and Milady was angry with me for so doing, as his death would have meant an inheritance for her. Let us write to him, telling him that story and the story of her life—how she trapped his brother into a marriage when she had a husband already living; warn him of her designs upon himself and tell him of the brand upon her shoulder."

The letter was written as coming from D'Artagnan, and the Gascon wanted to add a word of caution in regard to Buckingham. But the others objected. Buckingham was an Englishman—let him perish! Planchet, the faithful valet of D'Artagnan, was chosen messenger, as not being known to the Cardinal's spies.

He got to England in time, and Milady reached that country soon after. At Portsmouth a young officer, under command of Lord de Winter, met her and conducted her as a prisoner to his lordship's castle at a distance from the town. After her first fury at finding herself trapped was spent Milady brought to bear all her fascinations and wiles upon Lieutenant Felton, the young Puritan officer who had been detailed as her

jailer. She declared herself a Puritan and denounced her imprisonment as a device of Lord de Winter to make her turn to his religion, the Catholic. When she thought Felton was listening at her door she prayed long and fervently and sang Puritan hymns.

Lord de Winter came to see her and showed her that he knew all the secrets of her depraved life. "Here," said he, "is the kind of passport I have drawn up that will serve you henceforth for the life I consent to leave you." Then he read to her an order for her transportation to one of the English penal colonies for life. If she attempted to escape, the penalty of death was to be applied.

"The Duke of Buckingham will be in Portsmouth tomorrow," continued De Winter, "and this order will be sent to him for signature. Within twenty-four hours after its return to me you will be on your way to the colonies."

The next day was her fourth of captivity, and when Felton entered her apartment that morning he was already under her spell. With many tears, she told him that the enemy who had pursued her for years, the man who had wronged her when she was but a girl, had now triumphed over her completely. That man, she said, was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham!

Felton started at the name. The Puritans of that time spoke of Buckingham as Antichrist. Milady told a circumstantial story of having been lured to a lonely house, where she had been drugged and her ruin accomplished. And Buckingham, through fear that she would reveal his crime to the world, had followed her with persecution, and was now about to have her transported to a penal colony, where, no doubt, her death would be arranged.

When, later, Lord de Winter handed Felton the order and directed him to get the promised signature of Buckingham to it, the young man was completely convinced. Milady had placed the dagger of Jacques Clement in the hands of a fanatic —as the Cardinal had suggested.

That night, in the midst of a terrible storm, Felton assisted Milady to escape from the castle and at daybreak placed her on board a waiting vessel, whose captain he had bribed to convey her to the coast of France. He himself, he told her, would

repair to the Duke, tell him that his crimes against Milady were known and demand that he cease to persecute her.

Milady threw herself upon Felton's neck, declared that she loved him and besought him not to kill the Duke, not to endanger his own life. She would have the vessel wait near the port, she said, and if anything happened to Felton she would hasten ashore and die with him.

The flames of love and fanaticism now fairly consumed the reason of the young Puritan. Buckingham was at his toilet when Felton was shown into his presence.

"Ah," said the Duke, "a messenger from Winter. It is my good Felton, I see. Have you brought me the order I was to sign for my lord? Winter has told me of her. What a wicked woman!"

"My Lord Duke," said Felton sternly, "I must tell you that I know all your crimes with regard to Lady de Winter."

"What do you mean?" cried the Duke. "You are impertinent!"

"I ask you, my lord, to sign an order for the release of Lady de Winter. Reflect; she is a woman whom you have dishonored. Sign, my lord!" And he held a paper toward the Duke.

"Never!" cried Buckingham. "Withdraw! You are under arrest. What ho, without there!" He thought the man was crazy.

As the Duke arose from his chair Felton plunged a knife into his side up to the hilt.

When a gun fired from the castle announced the occurrence of something unusual in the town and warned the shipping to be on guard, Milady handed a bag of gold to the skipper of her vessel and ordered him to spread his sails with swiftness for the coast of France.

Soon after Milady sat in the parlor of the convent at Bethune, where Richelieu had directed her to await his messenger. She had sent his Eminence a note: "His Grace the Duke of Buckingham will not set out for France."

A young woman wearing the garb of a novice was seated with Milady, and the wily adventuress, according to her usual custom, was luring from her the secrets of her heart.

"So you, too," Milady was saying, "are a victim of the

Cardinal's hate, even as I am." Then, as the novice babbled on, Milady suddenly comprehended and asked: "My dear, are you not Madame Bonacieux? I have heard so much of you from my dear friend D'Artagnan that I feel as if I had known you long. Poor man, he is distracted because he does not know where you are."

"Oh, he does know," replied the trapped woman. "I have a letter from Madame de Chevreuse telling me that D'Artagnan and his friends are even now on their way to take me from this place."

"Oh, my dear, I am so glad I met you," said Milady, telling the truth for once—and while she kissed the novice affectionately, her brain was busy planning the manner of her death.

Just then a stranger demanded to see "the lady who had come from Boulogne," which was all the name Milady was known by in the convent. It was the Count de Rochefort, the right-hand man of the Cardinal.

After a short and secret interview with Milady, De Rochefort rode swiftly away again. The woman had told him all that had happened to her in England; the fact that her secret interview with the Cardinal in the cabaret was known to D'Artagnan and his friends, and that the three Musketeers and the Gascon were on their way to rescue Madame Bonacieux.

When the messenger had departed, Milady said to her dupe: "Oh, I have terrible news for you. That letter from Madame de Chevreuse is a forgery. Four men disguised as Musketeers are now on their way here to take you and me to a prison. We must fly or we are lost."

Milady had arranged with Rochefort to have a traveling carriage in waiting for her on the further side of a little wood behind the convent, and when she judged that the carriage had had time to arrive at the appointed place she urged Madame Bonacieux to fly with her at once. But as Madame Bonacieux hesitated, and the horses of the Musketeers were heard approaching, Milady handed her a glass of wine, into which she had pressed a few drops from a hollow ring she wore upon her finger, saying, "You are unnerved. Here, drink this," and then fled.

When the Musketeers entered the room, Madame Bona-

cieux lay upon the floor dying. The Mother Superior and the startled nuns told all that they knew of the tragedy.

"That is the work of Milady!" cried D'Artagnan. "I will revenge this death," and then he wept like a child.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, sternly, "this affair is mine alone. The woman who has done this was once my wife. I crave your forbearance for a day or two."

In company with the public executioner of Lille, Athos tracked her to a little house on the banks of the River Lis. At first she raved at and defied them, and then begged for mercy. Binding her, the executioner took her in a little boat to the further side of the stream. Athos, who could bear the scene no longer, began to beg for her life, but just then looking across the river, he saw by a weird light that shone through a break in the clouds the kneeling form of Milady and the descending sword of the executioner.

When D'Artagnan arrived again at Rochelle he was arrested and brought before the Cardinal. "So," said his Eminence, "you and your friends presume to punish without a license. That is assassination. You shall be tried and condemned."

"Another might reply that he had his pardon in his pocket," returned the Gascon; "but I say only that I bow to the will of your Eminence."

"Your pardon?" cried Richelieu. "Signed by whom—by the King?"

"By your Eminence," replied D'Artagnan, and he handed the Cardinal the paper which Athos had taken from Milady at the cabaret.

Richelieu read it and then sank back in his chair and remained for a time in profound meditation. At last he raised his head, fixed his eagle look upon the open, intelligent face of the young man, and reflected on the value of his courage, activity and shrewd understanding to a good master.

The infernal genius and the crimes of Milady had more than once terrified the Cardinal, and he felt a secret relief that she was dead. Slowly he took a paper from the table and handed it to D'Artagnan.

"This commission," said he, "is signed in blank. You will fill in what name you please."

The Gascon glanced over the document. It was a lieutenant's commission in the Musketeers, an honor for which great nobles sought in vain.

Porthos, Aramis and Athos, to whom D'Artagnan offered the commission in turn, all insisted that the name of the Gascon and none other should fill the blank.

And now Rochelle, hopeless of aid from England, surrendered, and the faithful company of the four friends was broken up. Porthos married a rich widow, retired from the army and lived in great splendor. Aramis, who declared that the events of the terrible night when Milady had been killed had turned him from thoughts of earth forever, donned the cassock and entered one of the strictest of the monastic orders. Athos retired to a little estate which he owned in a remote part of France and was lost to sight. D'Artagnan, tamed by years and experience, became one of the most accomplished officers of France and met death on the field of battle as became a good soldier and noble of Gascony.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (1844)

Alexandre Dumas had for his purpose in most of his works the declared intention of "elevating history to the rank of fiction"; but in *The Count of Monte Cristo* he turned aside from this purpose and gave birth to a work of unbridled imagination. The popularity it attained immediately upon its appearance has scarcely diminished to this day. It is a long story of many details as Dumas tells it, filled with gorgeous fancies tumbling one over another. A very popular drama is founded on the novel.

IT was annoying that Monsieur de Villefort, Deputy Procureur du Roi in Marseilles and about to wed the daughter of the Marquis de Saint-Méran, should be called from his betrothal feast to attend to an anonymous accusation against young Edmond Dantés, mate of the *Pharaon*, one of Monsieur Morel's ships just in; and it was annoying to Dantés, who was about to wed the beautiful Catalan girl, Mercedes, that his betrothal feast should be interrupted by the gendarmes, who took him to M. de Villefort.

The two were alone in the office of the official. "Have you any enemies?" asked Villefort.

"Oh, no, Monsieur," replied Dantés.

"What!" exclaimed Villefort; "you are about to become a captain at eighteen; you are going to marry a pretty girl; you must have enemies."

Dantés thought of Danglars, the supercargo, who so greatly desired the captaincy, and of Fernand, the fisher lad, who wanted Mercedes—and was silent.

"Where is the letter you received from the grand marshal, when you put in at Elba, and were to take to Paris?"

"I stopped at Elba by order of my captain, given me just before he died," said Dantés. "As for the letter, here it is."

Villefort saw the address and started. It was to Monsieur Noirtier. M. Noirtier was his father—Noirtier de Villefort, a

stanch Bonapartist. He read the letter. It treated of Napoleon's intended return to France.

"That my father conspires against the throne is a dangerous secret," thought Villefort. He called in an officer of gendarmes and gave him whispered instructions. That night Dantés was lodged in a dungeon of the Chateau d'If, while Villefort was posting to Paris to warn the King that Elba was a volcano.

M. Morel applied in vain for the release of Dantés. Years passed. In the cell next to that of Dantés was another forgotten political prisoner, the Abbé Faria, an Italian priest, heir of the Counts of Spada. They contrived, unknown to their jailers, a secret passage between the two dungeons, and the Abbé beguiled his captivity by giving Dantés an education.

Just before the Abbé had been arrested he had discovered an old document telling where, on the island of Monte Cristo, the Cardinal Spada had concealed an immense treasure. One day, when Edmond had been a prisoner fourteen years, the Abbé, feeling himself dying, gave this paper to Dantés.

When the jailers came that night to remove the body it was the live Dantés, with a knife in his hand fashioned from a clamp of his bedstead, who lay in the coarse sack; while the dead Faria lay on the bed in Edmond's cell. The sack was cast from the cliff into the sea. Then the knife came into play, the sack was ripped, Dantés rose to the surface and was picked up by smugglers.

Two years later Gaspard Caderousse, keeper of a little inn near Marseilles, was visited by a grave person calling himself the Abbé Busoni.

"A penitent of mine," said the Abbé, "one Edmond Dantés, charged me on his death-bed to seek out three friends of his in Marseilles: Fernand, a Catalan fisherman; Danglars, a supercargo, and yourself."

"Ah, poor Edmond! He is at last dead, then?" cried Caderousse. "But Fernand and Danglars were curious friends. Ah, Monsieur l'Abbé, they informed against him to get him out of the way." Caderousse told what he knew of the plot, adding: "They tried to get me into it, but I refused. Danglars wrote the accusation and Fernand posted it."

"Well," said the Abbé, "since they were, it seems, his enemies, this diamond, which Dantés bade me give into the possession of all three of them, belongs only to you. It is worth fifty thousand francs."

The next night Gaspard Caderousse and his wife murdered a dealer in gems who came to the lonely inn to purchase the jewel, desiring to possess not only the purchase-money he had brought but the diamond also. Thus it came about that Caderousse was condemned to the galleys for life.

It was eight years after the visit of the Abbé to Caderousse that the Count of Monte Cristo began to dazzle Paris by the display of his seemingly inexhaustible wealth. The Viscount Albert de Morcerf introduced Monte Cristo to Parisian society. Albert and his friend, the Baron Franz d'Epinay, had met the Count at Rome, where he had rendered them signal service.

Baron Franz was sure he had seen this strange man before. Once, when sailing, he had landed on the island of Monte Cristo, where he had encountered a gang of smugglers and had received an invitation to dinner from a man called their chief. He had been blindfolded and led to a cave fitted up with unparalleled gorgeousness, where he had been treated to wonderful delicacies.

At the end of the feast the host had placed before him a small, elegantly chased silver cup containing a greenish paste.

"Are you a man for the substantials?" said the host. "Taste this, and the mines of Golconda are opened to you. Are you a man of imagination? Taste, and the boundaries of the possible disappear. It is the famous hashish."

Franz tasted and sank into gorgeous dreams and visions. When he awoke he was on the seashore; and though he subsequently visited the island and searched for the magic cave, he searched in vain.

Monte Cristo was tall and slim, with a figure nevertheless of herculean strength. He had coal-black hair; large, bright, glittering eyes in which at times an unearthly fire seemed burning; and a ghastly paleness of complexion.

The Countess Guiccioli, who saw him at the opera—where he went accompanied by a mysterious Greek girl, his ward, said to be an Albanian princess named Haidee—declared he was

a vampire. The veil of mystery about him captivated the society of the French capital. He had, moreover, an unlimited letter of credit on that eminent banker, the Baron Danglars; and an unlimited letter of credit inspires respect for its possessor in any capital in the world.

The Count de Morcerf, who was said to belong to an ancient family, had served in the French army and been the right-hand man of Ali Trepelino, the famous Albanian chief. He was, of course, attentive to the man that had been of such service to his son.

"Good heavens, mother! Are you ill?" cried Albert, when Monte Cristo was presented to the Countess, whom he had tried to avoid meeting.

"No, no," replied the Countess, striving to collect herself. "It is only the natural agitation that I feel at seeing for the first time the man to whom I am indebted for the life of my son."

"Come," said the Count to his steward one night, "come, Bertuccio. We will inspect our purchase—our new house—at Auteuil. It is Number Twenty-eight Rue de la Fontaine."

Bertuccio started as if stung by an adder, but accompanied his master. They went over the house with a lantern, and then into a long-forsaken garden, Bertuccio becoming more and more nervous at every step. At last he could bear it no longer, and when the Count asked him if he supposed anything was buried under a certain tree, the Corsican broke down. "Oh," said he, "I know not by what means you have discovered my secret, but I see that you know me and my crime. It was on that very spot that I killed Villefort. He had refused me justice when my brother was assassinated by the Royalists, and I swore the vendetta against him. He had just buried a box there. I thought it might be treasure; and after he fell I dug it up and found a newly-born child in it, not yet dead. That child I brought up as my son. I called him Benedetto, but he became an outcast, a forger, a criminal, a common thief."

"Where is Benedetto now?" asked the Count sternly.

"I do not know," said Bertuccio.

"Villefort came here to meet his mistress, who lived here, did he?" asked the Count.

"Yes, and I followed him night after night until at last I

surprised him in the garden, as I have told. Now give me over to justice if you will."

"Enough, enough, Bertuccio," replied the Count. "Much stranger things have happened than my acquiring this bit of interesting knowledge—for instance, Villefort lives. You did not strike true, Corsican."

Soon after, Monte Cristo gave a grand dinner at the house at Auteuil. The Baron and Baroness Danglars were among the guests, and so was M. de Villefort, who had risen to power and wealth since he was Deputy Procureur du Roi at Marseilles. The wife whose betrothal feast had been disturbed by the affair of Edmond Dantés had died and he had married again.

Madame de Villefort was much interested in chemistry. Monte Cristo, who was an expert chemist, had said to himself after several conversations with her, "I need not interfere in this household. I see vengeance is already at work."

After the dinner at Auteuil the Count conducted his guests over the house.

"This chamber hung with red," said he, "I have not disturbed. It seemed to me so suggestive of some old crime that I left it as it was, for a fancy."

The Baroness Danglars sank, trembling, into a chair. "The air is so oppressive here," she explained.

"Truly it is so," replied Monte Cristo; "let us seek the cool air of the garden."

"Here," said he, when they were in the garden, "is another place that I have not disturbed. Do you know, I believe I have happened upon a haunted house, and that if the red chamber and this old garden could speak we should hear a weird tale. Right here, now, beneath this tree, I have thought of digging for buried treasure."

There was a shriek. The Baroness Danglars had fainted.

The next day the Baroness Danglars and M. de Villefort met by appointment. "Gerard," said the Baroness, "what was the meaning of that terrible scene yesterday?"

"Hermine," replied the King's attorney solemnly, "we are in the hands of fate—and fate personified by that terrible and mysterious man whom people call the Count of Monte Cristo. And, Hermine, I will tell you what I have spared to tell you

before—there is nothing buried beneath the tree. The day after that fearful night I went back, weak as I was from my wounds, and tried to dig up what I had buried. It was not there! The man who stabbed me had possibly taken it away—and perhaps alive."

He buried his face in his hands, while the Baroness exclaimed: "Oh, Gerard! I hope so, in spite of all! Alive? My son alive?"

When Baron Franz d'Epinay, who was engaged to the beautiful Valentine, M. de Villefort's daughter by his first marriage, arrived in Paris, the only information he gave in answer to questions about the Count of Monte Cristo was that he sometimes did charitable deeds under the name of Sindbad the Sailor.

This statement enlightened no one except Maximilian Morel, an officer of spahis, who had distinguished himself in Algiers and was now on leave in Paris. This young officer flew at once to the house of Monte Cristo.

"Oh, sir," cried he, "why did you so long permit my family to remain in ignorance of its benefactor?"

"Explain yourself," said the Count.

"Well, know that my father, a merchant of Marseilles, was financially ruined and was about to take his own life when help was sent him by a person who signed himself Sindbad the Sailor. I have just learned that you are sometimes so called."

"Your father was an old friend of mine. I was indebted to him for many kindnesses. What more natural than that I should have helped him in his troubles?" said the Count.

From that day Morel worshiped the Count and confided in him. It was not long before he told him of his love for Valentine de Villefort, a love which was returned, but which neither dared avow publicly.

About this time Monte Cristo introduced but refused to vouch for a Count Cavalcanti, a tall, dashing man reported to be immensely wealthy. He at once paid court to Eugénie, daughter of the Banker-Baron Danglars. She was engaged to Albert de Morcerf, it is true, but his father could leave him but a small fortune.

Things had being going wrong with the Baron lately. He

was continually cashing drafts drawn by foreign houses that failed before he could realize. One day, after Monte Cristo had investigated the working of the telegraph, the Baron lost heavily on the Bourse through a piece of false news. And then the papers reported that it had just leaked out that a certain French officer named Fernand had betrayed Ali Trepelino for a good round sum to the Turks. Fernand was the name of the elder Morcerf. Decidedly the Baron would break off the match with Albert and marry his daughter to Cavalcanti.

"I have made my way in the world, sir," said Danglars to Monte Cristo; "I began as a supercargo, speculated in my own behalf, got an army contract—and look at me now! I can not have Eugénie marry the son of a man under a cloud."

"It is easy enough to find out the truth," replied Monte Cristo. "Write to Yanina."

Danglars did so, and on receiving a reply dismissed Albert de Morcerf. On further information the Count de Morcerf was tried by a committee of the House of Peers, and seemed likely to be acquitted, when a veiled woman demanded to be heard before the committee. She entered attended by a Nubian slave, threw back her veil and, proclaiming herself the daughter of the betrayed Ali Pasha, confirmed all of which the report from Yanina had accused Morcerf, and added the information that he had also sold herself and her mother into slavery.

The girl was Haidee, the ward of Monte Cristo!

The Count de Morcerf fled to his home a ruined man. Albert hurried to Danglars, and charged him with being the author of the reports against his father.

"I only wrote to Yanina," said the Baron, who was a coward. "I wrote at the suggestion of the Count of Monte Cristo."

"And Monte Cristo's ward appeared before the committee!" exclaimed Albert. "I see it all. It is a plot on the part of this adventurer."

He challenged the Count and the morning was set for the duel. The night before, a woman came to the Count, sank on her knees and raising her clasped hands supplicatingly, cried out: "Edmond, you will not kill my son?"

"What name was that you mentioned, Madame?" said the Count sternly.

"Oh, Edmond, I knew you from the first—I alone recognized you. I am Mercedes," sobbed the lady.

"Mercedes is dead. Edmond Dantés is dead," replied the Count gloomily.

"I alone am to blame. I was alone. I thought you were no more. Oh, Edmond, by our old love, be merciful."

"I thought myself the avenging angel of the Lord," murmured Monte Cristo. "But sometimes I doubt—sometimes I doubt."

There was no duel between Monte Cristo and Albert de Morcerf next day. The Count de Morcerf, furious that he had not been avenged by his son, rushed to the house of Monte Cristo.

"Ah, you would fight?" cried Monte Cristo. "So be it. Here are swords. We are alone."

"We know little of each other," said Morcerf, "and yet——"

"On the contrary, we know much of each other," interrupted Monte Cristo. "Are you not Fernand Mondego, the Catalan? Are you not the soldier Fernand, who deserted on the eve of the battle of Waterloo? Are you not Lieutenant Fernand who served as a guide and spy in the French army in Spain? Are you not Captain Fernand, who betrayed Ali and sold his wife and daughter into slavery?"

"Yes," shouted Morcerf. "I am! And who are you? I would know your name that I may pronounce it as I run my sword through your heart."

Monte Cristo's eyes seemed to burn with a baleful fire. His pallor was like that of death as he replied in a low but awful voice: "I am Edmond Dantés!"

Morcerf gazed at this man risen, as he thought, from the dead to accuse him, and slipped out at the door with the single terrified cry: "Edmond Dantés!"

Hardly had Paris ceased talking over the suicide of the Count de Morcerf, which had followed the desertion of his wife and son after his disgrace, when society was shocked by a fresh sensation. The Count Cavalcanti was arrested for the murder of a former galley slave named Caderousse, who had been blackmailing him. Caderousse lived long enough to depose that he recognized Cavalcanti as a fellow-convict named Benedetto.

The police found out that both men had been liberated

through a mysterious Englishman calling himself Lord Wilmore, who had expended a great deal of money in effecting their escape. What the police did not find out was the fact that among the effects of Monto Cristo were disguises which transformed him into either Lord Wilmore or the Abbé Busoni.

Danglars, driven to extremity, now fled the country, taking with him a large sum deposited by the United Charities.

The tragic downfall of his friends made little impression on M. de Villefort. His own affairs harassed his mind too much. There had been a series of strange deaths in Villefort's house, and Dr. d'Avrigny, the family physician, told him frankly that a poisoner was at work. There had been two deaths, and his father's life was in danger, when the lovely Valentine was stricken.

Maximilian Morel was in despair, and rushed for advice and comfort to Monte Cristo. "Must I let one of that accursed race escape?" thought Monte Cristo. "Well, be it so." And he promised Morel that Valentine should be saved.

Valentine was lying asleep in her room when a white-clothed figure entered stealthily from Madame de Villefort's apartment, emptied the glass of medicine standing on a table by the bed and refilled it from a vial, which the figure then carried away.

Then the door of a closet in Valentine's room opened and the Count of Monte Cristo stepped out. He had bought the house abutting on that of Villefort, spread a report that it was unsafe, evicted the tenants and engaged workmen who, under his directions and the pretext of repairing the walls, had removed so much of the party-wall between the two houses in one place that the Count was able by himself to remove the few stones which permitted his entrance into the closet of Valentine's room.

Valentine opened her eyes and saw the intruder with amazement and alarm. But before she could cry out, the Count made a gesture commanding silence and hastily told her what he had seen through the half-opened door of the closet. Then, throwing half the poisoned draught into the fireplace, he left the rest in the glass and persuaded Valentine to take one of the pellets of hashish which he took from his famous emerald vial.

The girl sank into a deathlike sleep. Hardly had the Count

disappeared when the white figure came again from Madame de Villefort's room, threw into the fireplace what remained of the draught and again retired. She thought Valentine had drunk half the potion and wished to put the rest beyond discovery. But once more the Count came out of the closet. When he again retired the glass was half full of the same poison.

In the morning the doctor pronounced Valentine dead. He seized the half-filled glass which stood on the table and at once declared it poison. A search in Madame's laboratory revealed incriminating evidence.

They placed the body of Valentine in a vault in the cemetery. During the ceremony the form of Monte Cristo might have been seen lurking near by, behind a tree.

When Villefort confronted his wife with the evidence of her crime, she declared that she had done it for her son, that he might be the sole heir.

"Madame," said Villefort, "you are an expert in poison. I am going this morning to try a murderer. If on my return you are still alive, I swear that you shall be the next assassin I place in the dock."

The trial Villefort had spoken of was that of Benedetto. The young man came into court defiant and jaunty. The night before he had had a long interview with Bertuccio. When the Judge asked him his name he replied, "Ah, that I can not tell you, except Benedetto. I was born at Auteuil, at Number Twenty-eight, Rue de la Fontaine. I do not know who my mother was, but my father was Monsieur de Villefort, the King's attorney there. If the court desires I have evidence of this."

All eyes were turned toward Villefort. He was sitting, white as death, ghastly, aged. "What have you to say, Monsieur de Villefort?" asked the Judge.

Just at that moment there was a commotion among the spectators. A heavily-veiled woman had fainted. As they carried her out into the air they saw that she was the Baroness Danglars.

Villefort arose from his chair and, staggering to his robing room, called for his carriage and hurried home dazed. He found his house in wild commotion. In the room of Madame Villefort that unhappy lady lay dead, with her boy dead in her

arms. She had left a note for her husband, saying: "So good a mother could not depart without her son."

From a contemplation of this horrible sight Villefort rushed to the garden and, seizing a spade, began to dig wildly, laughing and crying out: "It is here somewhere! It is here! I buried it here!" He was a raving maniac.

After the burial of Valentine, Monte Cristo sought Morel and found that despairing youth, as he feared he would, preparing to take his own life.

"Sir," said Morel coldly, "no doubt you did your best, but you must admit that you have deceived me with false hopes."

"Maximilian," replied the Count, "your father was a father to me, and I will be a father to you. Promise me that for one year you will live—and hope."

"Hope?" exclaimed Morel.

"Yes, hope! I can tell you no more now, but promise. If a year from this day you will present yourself before me and are still of the same mind you are now, I will not only not prevent you from suicide but will assist you in it. Meantime, I say to you, hope." And so they struck the bargain.

The Count had one interview with Mercedes and her son. They had turned over to works of charity all the fortune left by Fernand, the proceeds of his treachery to Ali.

"Mercedes," said Monte Cristo, "in the garden of the house in which my father died at Marseilles, a house which now belongs to me, is buried a sum of money which I was intending for your dowry in those days when I was Edmond Dantés. I have caused you much suffering. I beg that you will accept the house and the buried money."

Mercedes thought a moment and then said simply, "I will accept." And she who had once been the brilliant and beautiful Countess de Morcerf lived and died in that house, living frugally upon that buried dowry and the help given her by her son, who was serving in the army in Algiers. The Count once offered her a larger income, but she refused.

A year from the time when Monte Cristo made his compact with Morel he met that young man by appointment at Marseilles, and taking him on board a yacht conveyed him to the

island of Monte Cristo. When they were seated in the mysterious cave, the Count said:

"Maximilian, are you still of the same mind?"

"I am," replied the young man. "Time has not assuaged my grief. I desire and am resolved to die."

"I have tested your fortitude under suffering," said the Count. "You have been calm. I have tested your fidelity. I bade you hope. You shall realize your hopes."

The curtain hiding the inner cave was drawn aside and Haidee advanced, leading Valentine by the hand. The daughter of Villefort had not been dead. She had been in a trance, and as soon as she had been placed in the tomb Monte Cristo had taken her from it and revived her.

When the first raptures of the lovers at their reunion were over, the Count said:

"Maximilian, all that is in this cave, my houses in Paris and this island itself, are yours. I have formally placed them in your possession. As for me, I have at last succeeded in getting from the Turkish Government the fortune belonging to the father of Haidee; and I have reserved from all my wealth barely enough for my support. I now go forth alone and a wanderer, as I have been all my life. I have tried to play the avenging angel of the Lord; but God alone knows if I was not mistaken. I doubt, sometimes I doubt, that I have greatly sinned in assuming so much to myself."

"Where my lord goes I will go, and when my lord dies I will die," said Haidee.

Edmond Dantés looked at her. He saw that in her eyes which told him that perhaps there might yet be happiness for him on earth.

The next morning a servant informed Valentine and Morel that a felucca anchored in the harbor was at their disposal. When they inquired for Haidee and Monte Cristo, the servant pointed to a sail on the horizon, speeding eastward.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER (1845)

This book is a continuation of *The Three Musketeers* and was published under the title of *Vingt ans après*. Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan reappear with their respective attendants, Grimaud, Mousqueton, Bazin and Planchet.

ONE day Louis XIV, then ten years of age, went to Nôtre Dame to render thanks for his recovery from smallpox. After the ceremony he drove to the Parliament house, where he not only confirmed edicts, already passed, which had aroused great discontent among the people, but issued new ones, even more ruinous, which aroused indignant protests against fresh taxes from the leaders of the Parliament. The King then returned amid the silence of a vast multitude to the Palais Royale. All minds were uneasy—most were foreboding—many of the people used threatening language, and cries of "Down with Mazarin!" were heard.

Cardinal Mazarin was in his study listening to the uproar in the streets when a lieutenant in the Guards, Comminges, entered, covered with blood, bearing the news that the King's Guards had been attacked. Mazarin dressed himself in the uniform of a Black Musketeer, and summoned a lieutenant, D'Artagnan, to accompany him on a round of inspection through the streets. As a result of his patrol, Mazarin was convinced that, in case of serious tumult, nobody would be on his side except the Queen Regent. He was interested in the personality of D'Artagnan and questioned him about his past, feeling the need of having friends with stout hearts and strong arms.

Not receiving much satisfaction, he inquired of one of his creatures, who said that the only man who could give the required detailed information was the Comte de Rochefort, whereupon Mazarin summoned D'Artagnan and sent him on an errand to

the Bastile. There he was astonished to find his old enemy, whom he conducted at once to the Cardinal. On the way Rochefort and D'Artagnan exchanged confidences, and Rochefort learned of all that had happened during his five years' imprisonment for he knew not what offense. The old enemies made a pact of friendship and mutual aid in future.

Mazarin wanted the devoted service that Rochefort had given to his great predecessor, Richelieu; but the Count, being bitter over his imprisonment, refused, and recommended Mazarin to make use of the services of D'Artagnan, who had been neglected for twenty years, and told him in detail how D'Artagnan, with Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, had succeeded in defeating some of the most treasured schemes of the great Cardinal and even forcing him to confess his defeat.

When Rochefort refused to go to Vincennes as special guard over the Duc de Beaufort, who was confined there, he was sent back to the Bastile. Mazarin then sought the Queen Regent, who acknowledged the truth of the affair of the diamond studs. She said: "There were in truth at that epoch four devoted hearts, four loyal spirits, four faithful swords who saved more than my life—my honor; however, I swear I was not guilty; I swear by these sacred relics that Buckingham was not my lover;" and she gave Mazarin, now her reputed lover, a key to a small coffer containing a dagger, on which blood had rusted, and two letters. On reading the latter Mazarin was satisfied. Anne was wearing the diamond she had given D'Artagnan, who had sold it to get money to serve the Queen on another occasion. She had bought it back, but considered that it belonged to the Musketeer, and gave it to the Cardinal to restore it.

Mazarin returned to his room, where D'Artagnan was still waiting, and asked D'Artagnan if he would serve him as well as he had served the Queen. He was too discreet to understand till Mazarin showed him the diamond, which he recognized. After some sharp bargaining, D'Artagnan undertook to try to find his friends and enlist their services for the Cardinal against the *Fronde*, the faction inimical to Mazarin.

While sitting in his room looking over old papers and meditating on the best means of getting into communication with his old brothers-in-arms, D'Artagnan was startled to see a man

entering his attic window. The intruder proved to be Planchet, who now, although a prosperous grocer, was an enthusiastic *Frondeur*, and had just headed a mob gathered to overturn the carriage that was reconveying Rochefort to the Bastile. Planchet informed his old master that Bazin was the beadle of Nôtre Dame and would be able to tell him where to find Aramis. On seeking Bazin, D'Artagnan could get nothing out of him; so, with Planchet, he quietly tracked him to Noisy. There, in the shadow of a château, they were ambushed by twenty horsemen; and D'Artagnan escaped assassination only by announcing his identity.

As they disappeared, a man dropped out of a window upon the crupper of Planchet's horse, calling to Planchet and the amazed D'Artagnan to gallop to the end of the village. There Aramis alighted and knocked three times on a wall, whereupon a rope ladder was let down from a window and the three mounted into Aramis's chamber. The only satisfaction D'Artagnan could get from Aramis was that if he had not fallen down from heaven, he at least had come out of Paradise; he was also unwilling to take an active part in worldly affairs; he wanted only repose, solitude and devotion.

However, after taking leave of him, D'Artagnan waited behind a hedge and overheard a conversation between his host and a handsome cavalier in whom he recognized the disguised Duchesse de Longueville.

D'Artagnan had learned from Aramis where Porthos lived; so, accompanied by Planchet, he set out towards Compiègne, near which Monsieur Valon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds, *alias* Porthos, had lately bought his newest estate, Pierrefonds. D'Artagnan found his old friend living in luxury, consoled for the death of his wife and as full of strength and vitality as ever. He was devotedly served by Mousqueton; and his only trouble was that he had no title. Porthos was easily induced to follow D'Artagnan and fight for Mazarin when promised a barony.

Porthos was able to direct D'Artagnan to the estate of Athos, the Comte de la Fère, who was living alone with an adopted son, Raoul, a handsome youth of about sixteen. Athos received D'Artagnan affectionately. Their interview

was interrupted by the entrance of Raoul, who was agitated over an accident that had happened to the little Louise de la Vallière, who had sprained her ankle. They put her in a carriage and Raoul accompanied her to Blois to her guardian, Madame de Saint Rémy. The children were deeply attached to one another. D'Artagnan missed Grimaud, and was unsuccessful in his attempts to induce Athos to leave his pleasant solitude and enter the turmoil of politics. He wanted D'Artagnan to lengthen his visit, but a summons from the Cardinal hastened his departure.

Mazarin had been made uneasy by a prophecy that the Duc de Beaufort would escape before Whitsuntide, although the Governor of Vincennes assured him that a new keeper had been specially engaged, who treated his prisoner with extreme rigor. The fact was, however, that on the eve of Whitsuntide, the Duke had supper with his jailer, La Ramée, waited on by Grimaud. The principal course was a magnificent pie which contained two poniards, a knotted rope, and a *poire d'angoisse* (a gag). This "pear of anguish" La Ramée was forced to eat, while Grimaud and the Duke let themselves down and were met outside the walls by Rochefort and others with horses.

D'Artagnan and Porthos were graciously received by Mazarin. The interview was interrupted by a messenger announcing the escape of the Duc de Beaufort. D'Artagnan offered to pursue. The Cardinal eagerly accepted, saying: "Monsieur de Valon, your barony is on the back of the Duc de Beaufort's horse. You have nothing to do but to overtake it. As for you, my dear lieutenant, if you bring him back to me, dead or alive, you shall ask all you wish."

On D'Artagnan's departure, Athos had also set out for Paris, taking Raoul with him. He called on Madame de Chevreuse, and, leaving Raoul in an antechamber, introduced himself to her and reminded her of an episode in her life which she had forgotten. She thanked Athos and asked to see her son. When Raoul was introduced, she was enchanted with his grace, beauty, and accomplishments, and promised to have him introduced to the Prince de Condé and to protect him in the absence of Athos, who was setting out on a service of secrecy and danger.

On leaving the Cardinal, D'Artagnan collected the Guards on his way, mounted in hot haste, and, accompanied also by Porthos and their attendants, spurred to Vincennes. Thence they trailed the fugitives; one by one, the pursuers' horses broke down, till only the two leaders and Mousqueton remained. D'Artagnan's resourcefulness obtained remounts and the pair finally heard ahead a cavalcade, from which two cavaliers separated to bar their way. These and another pair were defeated; but, in an encounter with a third couple, Mousqueton was wounded. This time it was a stubborn duel in which neither side gained an advantage; and, finally, the explosion of a pistol revealed the faces of Athos and Aramis as the opponents. All four lowered their swords.

"Oh, wo is me!" cried D'Artagnan, "what shall I say to the Cardinal?"

"You can tell him, sir," answered the Duc de Beaufort, "that he sent against me the only two men capable of getting the better of four men—of fighting man to man, without discomfiture, against the Comte de la Fère and the Chevalier d'Herblay, and of surrendering only to fifty men."

There was nothing for D'Artagnan and Porthos to do but surrender to Athos and Aramis, to whom the Duke left them, and by whom, after the latter's departure, they were released with an appointment for a conference in the Place Royale the following evening. At the meeting there were mutual explanations, and finally all swore to be united in spite of everything, and forever. They took their oath on a diamond cross hung by a chain of pearls around the neck of Aramis, to whom D'Artagnan whispered: "Ah! you have made us swear on the cross of a *Frondeuse!*"

Meantime Raoul had been sent to join the army in Flanders under Condé. On the way thither he saved from drowning at a ferry the youthful Comte de Guiche, the son of the Maréchal de Grammont, and thus earned the undying gratitude of a brother-in-arms. The next day they dispersed a band of marauders, who on fleeing left two victims on the sod, one dying and one dead. The dying man begged for a priest and Raoul went to seek one. On his way he met a sinister personage, who, after objection, consented to perform the last offices; and Raoul

left him at the inn, whither De Guiche had conveyed the dying man. The two youths then hastened on and had no sooner gone than Grimaud arrived. The host was grumbling about the ill-luck of having in his house the former executioner of Bethune when the young monk came in; the latter seemed greatly disturbed, but proceeded to confess the dying man. Presently a terrible cry was heard, and when Grimaud and the host rushed upstairs and burst in the door they found the executioner with a dagger up to the hilt in his side. The window was open; the monk had disappeared. Before dying, the executioner told Grimaud that the pretended monk was Milady's son, and begged him to warn Athos and his friends to beware.

The four friends were dining together at an inn in Paris, as in the old days, when Grimaud arrived, with the news that Milady's son was in France trying to find his mother's executioners, one of whom he had already murdered.

On the same day Henrietta Maria, who lived at the Louvre with the barest necessaries of life, prompted by the arrival of Lord de Winter with a letter from Charles I, sought an interview with Mazarin to ask him to assist her husband with men and money.

She arrived at an inopportune moment, because Mazarin had just received a letter from Cromwell warning him not to give any aid or comfort to Charles Stuart and giving him fifteen days for a reply. The letter was brought by a confidential agent named Mordaunt, the same who had acted the part of the monk. Mazarin told him to go to Boulogne and wait there for his reply. Henrietta's pleadings were, therefore, utterly fruitless, and she returned to De Winter in despair. The latter said that he knew four valiant souls who would be of great aid to Charles in his extremity; and Henrietta begged him to find them. At that moment Raoul arrived from the front with the news of the victory of Lens, and De Winter thereby discovered the address of his old friend, the Comte de la Fère.

On his return to his hôtel De Winter was confronted by Mordaunt, who demanded his patrimony, asserting that De Winter had assassinated his mother, despoiled him of his name

and deprived him of his fortune. De Winter recited the woman's crimes, for which she had suffered a merited death, and Mordaunt retired vowing vengeance.

A few days later Athos, Aramis and De Winter left for England, first notifying D'Artagnan and Porthos, who affectionately sent them a sum of money for emergencies. On embarking at Boulogne they were recognized by Mordaunt, who promised to see them in England.

The following Sunday a grand *Te Deum* was held at Nôtre Dame in honor of the victory of Lens, at which all the court was present. That morning Broussel, one of the leaders of the Parliament and a popular idol, was arrested and the Parisian mob was in such an ugly mood that it required the utmost efforts of D'Artagnan and his guards to prevent a rescue. On presenting themselves at the Palais Royal, they were personally thanked by Anne of Austria for their services. While there, Gondy, the coadjutor, arrived and begged the Queen Regent to reflect before plunging the kingdom into civil war; but, as his advice was scorned, he departed in a rage. On arriving home, he was visited by Broussel's son, who showed him how, with the aid of Planchet and the King of the Beggars, Paris could be easily roused to revolt. Gondy thereupon went out and made the acquaintance of the mysterious King of the Beggars, who undertook to throw up fifty barricades on payment of a thousand pistoles. At ten o'clock that night, the signal was given by the King of the Beggars from the tower of Saint-Jacques de la Boucherie, and the next morning Paris was like a besieged town, with barricades pushed up to the very doors of the Palais Royal. Mazarin sent for D'Artagnan and Porthos, but scorned their advice to surrender Broussel. The Queen was also obstinate and sent for Gondy to have his advice. He said: "Give up Broussel . . . . it's a bad year for kings: look at England!"

While Mazarin was trying to persuade Anne to sign the order of release, the mob burst in the gates and only a hasty signature prevented the sacking of the palace.

Paris was now not only in revolt, but in revolution: for the moment, Gondy was more powerful than the King, Queen and Cardinal put together. On the advice of Rochefort, the Duc

de Beaufort was on his way to the capital, the Prince de Condé had arrived, and his sister, Madame de Longueville, was in her element among the conflicting parties. Anne of Austria determined to have revenge for her humiliation and told the Cardinal of her intention to remove the court. He agreed with her; but, with an armed populace at the gates, how was the affair to be managed? The end of it was that D'Artagnan's services were again called into requisition and the management of the matter was left entirely in his hands. This time the avaricious Cardinal had to give up D'Artagnan's ring, and the latter safely smuggled him out of the palace and took him to the Cours la Reine, notwithstanding some opposition in the streets, in which Porthos killed the King of the Beggars with a blow of his fist; later he recognized that mysterious personage as Monsieur Bonacieux. On the way back D'Artagnan recognized Gondy's carriage waiting for the coadjutor, and took possession of it. On his arrival at the Palais, he found that the mob had got wind of the flight of the Court and insisted on seeing their Majesties. On D'Artagnan's advice the King was hastily put to bed, the attendants dismissed, the Queen Regent only remaining with D'Artagnan behind the curtains.

When the mob arrived at the door, their leaders, Planchet and the coadjutor in disguise, alone entered and identified the apparently sleeping King and retired with apologies to the Queen. With D'Artagnan acting as coachman of the coadjutor's carriage, Anne, the King, and his brother had no difficulty in passing the barrier and joining the Cardinal, with whom, and the rest of the court, they all proceeded to St. Germain. Mazarin immediately despatched D'Artagnan and Porthos with a letter to Cromwell, which the former was to deliver in company with Mordaunt. Athos and Aramis were now with Charles I in the royal camp near Newcastle. Lord De Winter was also there at the head of his regiment. These were the only three who remained faithful to Charles when the Scots sold him to the Parliamentary army. Charles rewarded the two Frenchmen with the Order of the Garter, and in the small skirmish in which the King was finally captured, Mordaunt killed De Winter. Aramis and Athos escaped death only by surrendering to two horsemen whom they recognized

as D'Artagnan and Porthos. On the journey to London many escapes were planned by the quartet; but these were always foiled by the malignant watchfulness of Mordaunt and his creatures. They attended the trial of Charles, and at the last moment kidnapped the public executioner and burrowed a way under the scaffold, where Athos was ready to rescue the King. However, Mordaunt acted as headsman, and Charles's last words through the flooring to Athos were: "I have lost the throne and my children their inheritance. A million in gold remains: I buried it in the cellars of Newcastle Keep. You only know that this money exists. Make use of it whenever you think it will be most useful for my eldest son's welfare"; and as he added, "Remember!" the ax fell and Athos was sprinkled with his blood.

After the execution D'Artagnan tracked Mordaunt to a lonely house, where the latter interviewed Cromwell and received authority to do as he pleased with the Frenchmen. On the General's departure the four broke in, and while D'Artagnan and Mordaunt were fighting a duel the latter managed to open a secret door and escape.

The four friends had hired a small vessel to return to France. This was known to Cromwell and Mordaunt, who took measures accordingly. During the night, after embarking, Grimaud's thirst and curiosity induced him to examine some wine-barrels in the hold, when he discovered that they contained powder and saw Mordaunt laying the match to blow up the vessel. He informed his masters, who immediately got into a boat astern and cut the tow-rope. In a few moments the vessel blew up and Mordaunt rose to the surface near the boat. At his despairing entreaties to be saved, the tender-hearted Athos extended his hand and was dragged down by Mordaunt in his determination to have at least one victim. A few moments afterward, however, the corpse of Mordaunt, with a dagger in his heart, floated to the surface, and Athos was assisted into the boat by his rejoicing friends. They were picked up and landed on the dunes near Boulogne, where they parted on the advice of D'Artagnan, because Mazarin would soon learn that instead of fighting for Cromwell they had tried to aid Charles.

When Athos and Aramis reached Paris they found that

Planchet was an important figure in the *Fronde* and commanded a regiment of shopkeepers. When they called on Henrietta Maria to break the news of the death of Charles and to deliver the few relics they were entrusted with, they met the Duc de Chatillon and M. de Flamareus, who had also called with diametrically opposite tidings. A short altercation ensued between Aramis and the Duke; and, in an engagement outside the walls of Paris shortly afterward, Aramis killed the Duke.

After waiting some days, Athos grew uneasy at the non-appearance of Porthos and D'Artagnan, and returned to Picardy with Aramis to hunt for them. They traced their friends to Rueil, where Athos made an ineffectual appeal to Anne of Austria to tell him what had been done with Porthos and D'Artagnan; the result was that he himself was arrested. The Cardinal personally conducted him to a building next to the pavilion in which D'Artagnan and Porthos were confined, one wing of which formed the orangery in which Mazarin took pleasure in promenading. D'Artagnan and Porthos were chafing under confinement, and D'Artagnan's scheming brain soon conceived a plan which Porthos docilely carried out, making use of his enormous strength. He dragged the two guards in the courtyard by the throat through the window and gagged and bound them. Then he and D'Artagnan put on their uniforms, climbed out of the window, and went into the orangery, where the Cardinal was visiting and gloating over his millions in a secret cellar. When he came up the winding stair he was amazed to find himself the captive of his prisoners. They forced him to lead them to Athos and then to conduct them out of the building into the park, where they climbed the wall and forced him to do the same. On the other side they found Aramis, who with a troop of fifty horse was keeping watch in the hope of effecting a rescue. After mutual explanations, they mounted and set out in hot haste for Porthos's château of Pierrefonds, where, after obstinate resistance. the Cardinal capitulated to their terms in order to regain his liberty. Athos asked nothing; Aramis stipulated that the Duchesse de Longueville should receive Normandy, 500,000 francs and full absolution, and that the King should stand

godfather to the son she had just borne. Porthos demanded that his estate should be erected into a barony; and D'Artagnan demanded the captaincy of the King's Musketeers. Mazarin signed the treaty and D'Artagnan set off to obtain the Queen's ratification.

Anne of Austria was willing to agree to the conditions that were favorable to the interests of the Prince de Conti, the Ducs de Beaufort, de Bouillon and d'Elbeuf, and of the coadjutor, but held out obstinately against the demand of the daring quartet. D'Artagnan thereupon demanded an additional 100,000 francs for himself, whenever his services should be no longer required, reminding her Majesty that the Parliament had offered 600,000 francs for the Cardinal, dead or alive. In despair Anne signed and burst into tears; whereupon D'Artagnan handed her back the papers, refusing to accept them without her free will. The Queen was touched and gave him a diamond that matched the one she had given him twenty years before. The same day the Treaty of Paris was signed; and it was announced that the Cardinal had shut himself up for three days in order to draw it up with the greatest care. The court thereupon returned to Paris; but in the streets the royal *cortège* needed the protection of D'Artagnan's guards, and in the riot Rochefort was killed by Porthos. The four friends then went their several ways with vows of mutual affection.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS (1845)

This work, dedicated to Prosper Mérimée, was received with great applause. It was almost immediately dramatized in several languages and still holds the stage. The peculiar psychological relation between the twin brothers and the far-reaching power of the *vendetta* were at that time new subjects in fiction.

N the early part of March, 1841, I traveled in Corsica, where a horse, hired for five francs a day, can not only climb anything, but will go about fifteen leagues a day without food or drink. When the traveler stops to examine some old feudal castle, or to sketch a ruined tower, the horse will eat a little grass or lick a moss-grown stone and be perfectly satisfied. The question of lodging is equally simple. The traveler arrives in a village, enters the principal street, chooses the house that he likes best, and knocks at the door. The host or hostess appears, offers half the supper and all of the bed, and the next day will speed the parting guest while thanking him for the honor he has bestowed.

A recompense would be considered an insult; but, if the servant be a woman, the traveler may give her a scarf; if a man, a dagger will be an acceptable present.

Robbers are never heard of, but bandits are: with a purse of gold hanging from his saddle the traveler may cross the island in perfect safety; but should an enemy of his have declared the vendetta against him, I would not answer for two leagues of his journey.

About five o'clock we stopped at the summit of a hill overlooking Olmeto and Sullacaro. "Where does your lordship desire to lodge?" asked my guide; and, as I waved my hand he exclaimed: "Ah! your lordship has not made a poor choice; for that is the house of Madame Savilia de Franchi."

In reply to my questions, he then told me that she was a

widow of forty, with twin sons, about twenty-one years of age, one of whom lived with her and the other in Paris: the latter "would be a lawyer;" the other "would be a Corsican."

When my guide knocked at the door, it was opened by a man dressed in a velvet waistcoat and trousers, leather gaiters and a silk sash tied about his waist, in the folds of which appeared the handle of a Spanish dirk. When I asked for hospitality, he replied: "The stranger honors the house at which he stops"; and, turning to a servant-maid, said: "Maria, tell Madame Savilia that a French traveler is her guest."

I dismounted, entered the house and was received by a tall lady dressed in black. "You are welcome," she said, "and my son, who will soon be here, will also welcome you. From this moment, sir, our house is yours. Maria," she continued, "show this gentleman to Louis's room, light the fire and get some hot water"; and then turning to me said, "Supper will be served in an hour; and as soon as my son returns he will, with your permission, ask to see you."

With a bow, I turned and followed the servant, who took me into a room on the first floor, luxuriously furnished in the modern French taste, with curtains of crétonne hanging at the windows and bed, and a bookcase filled with the best French literature.

I had just finished my toilet when Lucien de Franchi, a young man with black hair, dark eyes, tanned complexion, and well-built though short figure, came to bid me welcome. He was in riding costume, booted and spurred; from his belt hung a pistol and gourd, and he carried an English rifle. He told me that his brother preferred to live after the French fashion and would not return from Paris for three or four years; that he felt the separation, but would never leave Corsica; that he and his brother were so much alike that even their parents could not distinguish between them when they were children; but that now there was a difference, because his brother had grown pale from study, while he himself was bronzed by an open-air life.

At his invitation, I followed him into his room, the furnishings of which were of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The walls were hung with Spanish leather; the bed and window-curtains were of green and gold damask; and the many swords, daggers, rifles and ancient weapons suggested an arsenal.

The supper-table was lavishly served, and Madame Franchi inquired about her son Louis.

"Were he dead," said Lucien, "I should have seen him"; and Lucien explained to me that when he and his brother were born they were joined at the side. "Of course we were cut apart," he said; "but, nevertheless, separated as we are, we still have the same body; and any impression, physical or moral, which is experienced by one of us has a counter-effect on the other; and as for the last few days I have, without any cause, been morose and melancholy, I am sure that my brother is suffering from some deep grief."

A little later Lucien said to me: "Would you like me to tell you what you came to look for in the province of Sartène? Well, you have come with the hope of seeing a village in vendetta, and to come into contact with some bandit or other, such as Prosper Mérimée has described in *Colomba*. Well, come with me this evening and I will show you one." He then told me that the village had been divided for ten years into two factions, and that he was the arbitrator. "My father or grandfather," he said, "would have joined one or the other," and had lamented his degeneracy and the fact that his brother, with the help of French law, had appointed him arbitrator. "He wrote that he had given his word for me, and I must honor the draft," said Lucien.

To my questions he answered: "Oh! the cause of a quarrel never has anything to do with the matter; it is the result," and explained the cause of this vendetta of ten years as follows: "One of the Orlandi chickens ran into the Colonnas' back yard, and when the Orlandis went to get it, the Colonnas insisted that it belonged to them. The Orlandis threatened to bring them before the Justice of the Peace; and then the mother, who was holding the chicken, wrung its neck and threw it at her neighbor, saying:

" 'Very well! since it is yours, eat it!'

"Then one of the Orlandis picked up the chicken, and was about to strike the old woman who had thrown it at his sister, when one of the Colonnas, who unfortunately had a loaded gun, fired and killed him on the spot."

The quarrel so far had cost nine lives. Lucien had gone

the night before to see one of the Colonnas, and to-night he was going to see an Orlandi, about two miles distant, in the ruins of the Castle of Vincentello d'Istria.

We ascended the steep mountain paths in the moonlight, accompanied by Lucien's dog. Orlandi promised to appear with his relatives in the street before the church for the reconciliation on the following day.

The next morning Lucien, dressed in a Parisian costume sent to him from his brother, escorted me to the public square, which was crowded with women and children. In front of the church stood the Mayor, wearing a tricolored scarf, and under the portico the notary was seated at a table with the contract of reconciliation. As the clock struck ten, Orlandi, tall and dark, appeared from the mountainside, and Colonna, short and red-haired, from the river. The latter held a live chicken to replace the chicken that had occasioned the vendetta ten years ago. When the agreement was signed, a mass was celebrated in the church, after which, followed by their relatives and friends, Orlandi and Colonna returned to their respective homes, which for years they had not entered, while Lucien and I returned home.

Lucien, who saw my name when I signed the contract as a witness, overwhelmed me with attentions; but I was obliged to leave that afternoon; for rehearsals of *Un Mariage sous Louis XV* demanded my presence in Paris, and I took with me a letter from Lucien to his brother, which I promised to deliver into his own hands.

When I arrived in Paris a week later, I called on Louis de Franchi, who was not at home; but I wrote on my card that I had just come from Sullacaro and had a letter for him. When I called the next morning, I was startled at the likeness of the two brothers. He told me that he had been unhappy, and that his unhappiness was increased by the knowledge that he was causing his brother to suffer. We agreed to meet in the vestibule of the Opéra at one o'clock the next evening, as he had an appointment there. At the opera, Louis had a conversation with a masked woman who was carrying a large bunch of violets; and he seemed very gloomy when it was ended. I persuaded him to go with me to supper at the house of D——, who re

marked that "Whoever sups with us to-night, must sup with us to-morrow, in virtue of a wager with Château-Renaud." I felt Louis's arm, which was linked with mine, tremble, and he looked terribly pale; but he said nothing.

At the table D—— said there was a wager of a supper for twelve persons that Château-Renaud would be unable to induce a certain lady to come with him. One of the unmasked ladies asked her name, whereupon Louis asked D—— to grant him the favor of not mentioning the name of the lady, who was a married woman and whose husband was a friend of his. D—— agreed, and asked the company to keep the affair secret. At five minutes to four Château-Renaud entered, dragging in an unwilling lady, saying to her, "Emilie, you need not unmask unless you wish to."

"All right, my dear fellow, you have won," said D——.

"Not yet, sir," said the lady, with great dignity, addressing Château-Renaud. "You wagered you would bring me here to supper, did you not?" She then told D—— that she thought she was going to the house of friends; and, as she did not come voluntarily, M. de Château-Renaud should lose. She thanked the host for his reception, and asked Louis de Franchi to escort her home.

Château-Renaud turned as we all rose from our seats: "You are free, Madame," he said, "but I know to whom I shall address myself."

"If it be to me, Monsieur," said Louis, with an air of haughtiness impossible to describe, "you will find me at any hour to-morrow at the Rue du Helder, Number Seven."

When I called on Louis the next morning he handed me two cards and asked me to call on Château-Renaud's seconds; and then he told me the story of the lady.

Emilie was the wife of a friend of his, a naval officer, who, on leaving for Mexico several months before, had left Emilie in his charge. Château-Renaud began to pay her attentions, of which Louis disapproved; and, when he remonstrated with her, she paid no heed; for she knew that Louis was in love with her himself.

"The day that you called here," said Louis, "I had received an anonymous letter telling me to be at the Opéra ball if I

could, to obtain information concerning Emilie. My informant was to be recognized by a bouquet of violets. I went there, as you know, and met the domino, who told me that Château-Renaud had wagered that he would take Emilie to supper at D——'s."

"But," I exclaimed, animated by a sudden dread, "your brother told me you never had touched a sword or a pistol."

"It is true, I never have," he said.

The Baron Giordano-Martelli, a Corsican friend of Louis's, and I called on Château-Renaud's seconds. The choice of arms was pistols, and it was decided that the duel should take place the next morning in the Forest of Vincennes; that the adversaries should be placed at twenty paces; and that the signal should be given by the clapping of hands.

When I called on Louis the next morning, I found him writing in his study, and he asked me to post a letter he had just written to his mother, informing her of his approaching death caused by brain fever. He told me he did not wish to tell his family the truth, for if Lucien heard that his brother had been killed in a duel, he would set out immediately to fight the man who had killed him, and his mother might lose this other son. He also declared that he should be killed at ten minutes past nine, for he had been warned.

"My father appeared to me last night, dressed as he usually was in his lifetime, but very pale and with dull eyes. I was reading in expectation of his coming; for I knew that, if I were in any danger, he would certainly appear. All at once the lamp grew dim, the door opened slowly, and my father entered the room. As he approached me, I said 'Welcome, father!' He looked fixedly at me, and then his lips began to move; and, strange as it may seem, though his words did not produce the slightest sound, I heard them vibrating within me like an echo."

"And what did he say?" I asked.

"'Think of God, my son!'

"'Shall I then be killed in this duel?' I asked. Two tears rose to his dull eyes. 'At what time?' I asked. He pointed to the clock: it was ten minutes past nine."

We arrived at Vincennes at five minutes to nine; and at the same moment another carriage drove up with Château-

Renaud and his two seconds. In a few moments, we reached the appointed place.

Clapping his hands, Châteaugrand said, "One! Two! Three!" and the shots made a single report. I saw Louis turn twice and fall upon his knee, while Château-Renaud remained standing.

"Are you wounded?" I asked Louis.

He attempted to reply; but a bloody froth rose to his lips. We then opened his coat and shirt. The ball had entered on the right side below the sixth rib and found an exit above the left hip. At each breath he drew the blood spurted from the two wounds. Turning with an effort he said to me: "Remember your promise, and now look at your watch."

I looked at my watch—it was exactly ten minutes past nine; then I looked at Louis—he was dead.

Five days later, when I was alone in my study, my frightened servant entered to announce that Monsieur de Franchi desired to speak to me. My own feeling was one of terror when he entered the room; but it was Lucien, who told me that his brother had appeared to him and had told him that he had been killed in a duel with Monsieur de Château-Renaud; and, opening his shirt, he showed me a blue mark on his skin just above the sixth rib.

"Why, that is the very spot where your brother was shot!" I exclaimed.

"And the ball came out here, did it not?" continued Louis, placing his finger above his left hip. "And now," he said, "shall I tell you when he died? It was ten minutes past nine."

"Yes, it is only too true," I said; "but why have you come to Paris?"

"I have come," he replied, "to kill the man who killed my brother; not in the Corsican way, from over a hedge, or behind a wall; no, no, I shall kill him in the French way, in kid gloves and frock coat."

"And did Madame Franchi know that you were coming to Paris for this purpose?" I asked.

"She kissed me on the forehead, and said, 'Go!' My mother is a true Corsican."

"But before he died," I remarked, "your brother did not wish to be avenged."

"Well," said Lucien, smiling bitterly, "he has probably changed his mind now."

The next day he asked me to accompany him to Vincennes, and he entered the forest as if he had been there a dozen times. He advanced to the spot where his brother had fallen.

"It is here," he said, as he stooped and kissed the grass. "*He* was here," he continued, as he crossed to the spot where Château-Renaud had stood, "and here you will see him stretched to-morrow." He then told me that he had written to Giordano, who would have arranged everything by the time we returned to Paris.

The next morning when I entered Lucien's room, I found him writing as his brother had written before.

"I am writing," he said, "to tell my mother that Louis is avenged." He stood up and touched me on the forehead: "My bullet will strike there."

"Have you seen your brother?" I asked.

"Yes."

We entered the wood; and Lucien took the position which his brother had occupied, thereby forcing his adversary into his former place. Unable to watch them, I turned my head away. I heard the three hand-claps and the report of the pistols. I then turned, and saw that M. de Château-Renaud was stretched on the ground. He had died without a sigh and without a movement; the bullet had pierced his forehead, as Lucien had foretold.

Lucien dropped his pistol and fell into my arms: "Oh, my brother! my poor brother!" he cried, and burst into tears. They were the first tears that he had shed.

THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE (1845)

This story is a continuation of *Twenty Years After:* it follows the adventures of the same characters as that romance and describes the intrigues that afterward led to the downfall of the powerful and magnificent Fouquet.

ONE May morning in 1660, Gaston d'Orléans returned to his castle of Blois, after his customary early hawking, and took a short rest while awaiting his wife's appearance for breakfast. Madame's two maids-of-honor, Louise de la Vallière and the mischievous Mademoiselle de Montalais, were gaily chatting while awaiting her. Montalais was teasing her companion about her affection for Raoul, Vicomte de Bragelonne, and had just succeeded in inducing her to write a love-letter to him, when the handsome cavalier himself rode into the courtyard. He was the bearer of a letter from the Prince de Condé, the contents of which were highly pleasing to the Duc d'Orléans.

Condé, as manager of the King's itinerary to Spain, whither his Majesty was going to marry the Infanta, wished to know whether it would be agreeable for the King's uncle to harbor Louis and his court for a night. The King, the Queen-Mother and Cardinal Mazarin were approaching by the right bank of the Loire, while the Cardinal's nieces were following the left bank.

Gaston's ancient spirit of intrigue was aroused by the news that Marie de Mancini was not accompanying her uncle, the Cardinal. Before Raoul's departure, Montalais contrived for him a meeting with Louise, during which the lover was happy to find that his feelings were still reciprocated.

Raoul proceeded to visit his father, the Comte de la Fère, who received him with great affection but was disturbed to learn of the unexpected meeting between the lovers: he had an

instinctive dislike to Louise, though her family was distinguished and her conduct up to that time had been irreproachable.

All Blois was soon ablaze with excitement and preparation: shopkeepers and innkeepers reaped a golden harvest. At one inn a gentleman, traveling incognito, with his servant, Parry, was forced by his greedy host, Cropole, to part with his last coin in order to keep his lodgings, and also to sell a valuable diamond wherewith to replenish his exhausted purse. This was none other than the exiled Charles II of England.

The entry of Louis XIV into Blois was noisy and brilliant; but when the King saw in the castle hall of reception chairs of equal height placed for himself, his mother, the Cardinal, his uncle and his aunt, he reddened with anger and wondered whether it were intended as an intentional humiliation to himself, and took care to seat himself before anyone else. Among the presentations made to their Majesties were those of Madame's maids-of-honor, Aure de Montalais and Louise de la Vallière. Louis had jested with his aunt about the old-fashioned costumes and dowdyism of the beauties of Blois; but he had been attracted by the simplicity and grace of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, though he seemed to lose interest in her when informed by Madame that she was the stepdaughter of the Marquis de St. Remy, the Duchesse's *maître d'hôtel.*

Louis was interested in a conversation between the Cardinal and his uncle, and overheard Mazarin say: "Marie, as well as her sisters, has just set off for Brouage. I made them follow the opposite bank of the Loire; and, if I calculate correctly, in accordance with my orders they will be opposite Blois to-morrow."

From that moment music, lights, flowers, beauties—all became insipid and odious to Louis, and after exhausting all means of evincing his weariness to his mother and the Cardinal, he glanced despairingly toward the door. There he saw on guard a lieutenant of musketeers who caught his glance and immediately shouted: "On the King's service! His Majesty's Musketeers!" At this the Queen and the Cardinal looked at each other in amazement; but the King rose, excused himself to his mother, and passed out through the line of courtiers to the ranks of the musketeers, who escorted him to his chamber.

While the court was still gathered around the all-powerful

Mazarin, Charles II made his way to the quarters of the neglected King of France and succeeded in obtaining an interview, after disclosing his identity to the lieutenant of musketeers, D'Artagnan, still on guard. He was welcomed by his royal relative, and laid before him his necessities and prospects of regaining his throne, with the assistance of merely a million of money and two hundred gentlemen.

Louis was touched to the extent of seeking him whom he termed "the real King of France," to ask a favor—the first in his life.

Mazarin was in bed, going over accounts with his treasurer and bewailing the fact that his savings did not yet amount to forty millions. He humiliated Louis by refusing the assistance requested both in men and money, but offered compliance with any other request, and was manifestly disappointed when the King did not express his desire to make Marie de Mancini Queen of France. He then explained his policy with regard to England and Spain, and showed that France must keep clear of complications, in view of the doubtful attitude of the crafty General Monk, who was then the most powerful man in England.

D'Artagnan, who had heard the conversation, felt bitter against the Cardinal and against the King's weakness, and regretted the good old days. As Charles II dejectedly departed, refusing the musketeer's escort, D'Artagnan murmured: "Athos, if he were here, would say with reason, 'Salutation to fallen majesty!'"

On remounting the stairs he was summoned by Louis, who questioned him on his hours of attendance and received replies that showed how deeply the lieutenant resented the lack of appreciation of his long and faithful services. Louis then asked him why he had called for the King's Musketeers without being ordered to do so, and was answered: "Sire, an order is given by a sign, a gesture, a glance as intelligibly, freely, and clearly as by word of mouth. A servant who has nothing but ears is not a good servant. My eyes this evening saw your Majesty say 'Who will get me out of this?' That look was for me; the order was for me; so I cried out: 'His Majesty's Musketeers!'"

Louis realized that here was an intelligent, discreet and faithful servant, and ordered D'Artagnan to attend him alone

on horseback at dawn. D'Artagnan hoped that the King was about to assert himself. Punctual, as usual, he obeyed orders and was present at an interview between Louis and Marie de Mancini, whose carriages appeared as her uncle had intimated. The Cardinal anxiously watched through a telescope the meeting of the lovers. Marie might have induced her royal swain to defy the Pope and the Queen-Mother and make her Queen of France, but for the indiscreet words: "The Cardinal might have yielded, if you had pressed him. For the Cardinal to call the King of France his nephew—do you not perceive, sire? He would have made war even for that honor; the Cardinal assured of governing alone, under the double pretext of having brought up the King and given his niece to him in marriage—the Cardinal would have combated all wills, overcome all obstacles. Oh, sire! I can answer for that. I am a woman and I see everything where love is concerned."

Louis made no reply to her final words: "Courage! one word. Say 'I will,' and all my life is linked to yours and all my heart is yours forever." Marie thereupon got into her carriage, and drove away.

On his return to the palace, the King wrote to the astonished and mortified Cardinal, thanking him for his good counsels and firmness, and saying that he had overcome a weakness unworthy of a King in desiring to make the Cardinal's niece his wife. He concluded: "I will henceforth oppose nothing to the accomplishment of my destiny. I am prepared to marry the Infanta Maria Theresa. You may at once open the conference."

On his return to the palace, D'Artagnan had obtained a private audience with the King and insisted on resigning his post. Louis was amazed, and when he insisted on knowing the reason, D'Artagnan relieved his heart of the accumulated bitterness of twenty years' neglect. He recited his great and ill-requited services to the crown and his unwillingness to serve an ungrateful master. Mazarin had revoked his appointment as captain of musketeers.

When Louis recalled D'Artagnan's valor and devotion, especially when he had stood behind the royal bed in the presence of an invading mob, and promised: "I will keep my eye upon your affairs, and hereafter—" D'Artagnan replied: "If I saw

on that table the marshal's bâton, a constable's sword, the crown of Poland, instead of 'hereafter,' I swear to you, sire, that I should still say *now*." And he taunted Louis with trembling before a priest and allowing the minister to drive away a proscribed prince and humiliating his master by condemning to poverty another king, his equal. The musketeer concluded by resigning his rank, while promising to take service under no other king and to serve no other master but himself.

As Charles II and his faithful Parry were on the road once more, to exile in Holland, Parry recognized Grimaud at his master's gate and told Charles who he was. The King immediately entered the grounds to thank Athos for the services rendered by him and his friends to Charles I. On learning the plight of the royal exile, the Comte de la Fère told him the words uttered by his father, Charles I, on the scaffold, and explained the meaning of the last word "Remember!" then uttered. Charles now needed only a million to buy over Monk: that million, according to the dying words of Charles I, was still in a vault in Newcastle, where Monk's army was encamped. Athos assured Charles that the million should be his and that two hundred gentlemen were not needed—four were enough; and he immediately ordered his horses for Paris. He had no sooner gone than D'Artagnan arrived on his way to visit his old friends. The musketeer was equally unsuccessful in his search for Porthos, who had just obeyed a summons from Aramis, who had lately been made a bishop by the favor of M. Fouquet.

D'Artagnan proceeded to Paris, and interested Planchet, in whose grocery business he had twenty thousand crowns invested, to advance that sum and risk an equal amount in an attempt to restore Charles II. With the money obtained, D'Artagnan hired ten soldiers of fortune, and without telling them his object disguised them as sailors and sailed from Scheveningen to Newcastle, where two armies were confronted, one under Lambert and the other under Monk with his Scotch veterans. Lambert held the town, and, Monk's provisions being very low, D'Artagnan's haul of fish was welcome; and he and his men were assigned quarters on the outskirts of the camp.

The same evening Athos arrived; and in an interview with Monk interested him in the treasure lying in a vault in New-

castle Abbey just outside Monk's lines and induced him to seek it, Athos asserting that it was his. When it was unearthed, Athos made a strong appeal to Monk to use it in restoring Charles II to his throne. Monk replied that Charles II was a weakling and never had given evidence of greatness of mind, but he promised to render his decision in a week. He ordered his attendant to help Athos to remove the treasure across the causeway to the latter's quarters. The next morning Athos was arrested and called to account for the disappearance of the General, in whose presence he was the last person to have been seen. However, as Monk was accustomed frequently to absent himself without explanations to his subordinates, Athos was remanded under guard.

Three nights later Charles II was amazed at a visit from D'Artagnan, who delivered to him the person of General Monk in a specially constructed chest. D'Artagnan was greatly mortified when the King explained that D'Artagnan had acted without orders, and that in fact he had ruined a diplomatic mission that Athos had nobly undertaken. Charles hired a boat and sent Monk back with D'Artagnan practically his prisoner.

Monk arrived in camp just in time to save Athos, who was resisting arrest and protecting his treasure on the last day of grace allowed after Monk's disappearance. Monk was satisfied that there was no collusion between the old friends, and immediately entrusted Athos with a letter to Charles, saying that he would expect him at Dover in a week.

The Restoration was rapidly effected: Monk received the richest rewards a monarch could grant; to Athos was given the Golden Fleece, and D'Artagnan managed to get three hundred thousand crowns from the King as ransom for his former prisoner, General Monk. Monk also personally gave him a cottage and a hundred acres of land on the banks of the Clyde, with the understanding that nobody was to hear of the episode of the abduction of the chest. Charles sent Athos to France as ambassador to negotiate the marriage of his sister, Henrietta, with the French king's brother Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, and allowed D'Artagnan to accompany his old friend. D'Artagnan's first care was to interview his troop at Boulogne and pay them off,

warning them of the penalties he would not hesitate to inflict in case of any talk about the late expedition.

In Paris, Athos and D'Artagnan parted affectionately, and the musketeers rejoiced the heart of Planchet by giving him one hundred thousand crowns as his share of their venture.

When Athos presented his credentials, Louis and his court were greatly interested in the account of his adventures, and more particularly of D'Artagnan's part in the Restoration of Charles II. The affair of the marriage was settled on the spot, and Mazarin, who was very ill, presented the Duc d'Orléans with fifty thousand crowns, which the Comte de Guiche had just won for him while holding his hand at cards. Mazarin sent for his physician, who frankly told him that he had only a fortnight to live. He thereupon sent for Colbert, in whom he had great confidence, and who hated his superior, Fouquet, the magnificent *surintendant des finances*. He was astonished to find that Colbert knew the exact amount of his savings—about fifty-three millions. The interview was interrupted by the arrival of Mazarin's confessor, who refused absolution without restitution of ill-gotten wealth. On the priest's departure, Mazarin turned to Colbert for advice, and the latter urged him to make a deed of gift to the King of his fortune at once, asserting that if the deed were couched in diplomatic terms it would be refused. With many groans, Mazarin wrote what Colbert dictated. The letter was delivered in the presence of Anne of Austria and Fouquet: the Queen counseled acceptance of the donation and the minister advised refusal. Louis reserved decision. Two days later, when the Cardinal was at the point of death and in the depths of despair, he was gladdened by a visit from the King, who refused the gift. In return Mazarin gave him this piece of advice: "Never have a prime minister," which he said would be worth far more than the forty millions. He also recommended Colbert as a faithful and efficient servant.

Early the next morning, Colbert carried to Louis the news of the Cardinal's death, with a copy of his will, by which the King received thirteen millions. On discussing financial matters, Louis was amazed to hear that by Fouquet's extravagant and corrupt administration the revenues were exhausted for four

years to come. As the dawn broke, Louis looked out of the window and breathed freely, feeling that at last he was really a king. When his ministers, Fouquet, Lyonne, and Letellier, came to hold a council, he informed them that he would ask their advice when he needed it. That night Colbert was able to announce: "The money is in your Majesty's cellar." As a reward, Louis made him intendant of the finances and promised him his support against Fouquet, of whose power they were both jealous. Colbert had hardly left when a courier arrived from Charles II with a fraternal letter saying that Henrietta would set out in a week, and warning Louis that Belle-Isle-en-Mer was being secretly fortified, to his uneasiness, not on his own account, but that of Louis. Louis at once ordered that his late lieutenant of musketeers should be found, saying to himself: "Thirteen millions in my cellar, Colbert bearing my purse, and D'Artagnan carrying my sword—I am King!"

On reaching his lodgings, Athos was warmly greeted by his son, Raoul; and in the course of conversation told De Bragelonne what ambitious plans he had for a brilliant future for him, and again expressed his opposition to his love for Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

The next day Raoul recognized D'Artagnan in the street, looking at an old inn he had bought, which had fine gardens and overlooked the Place de Grève; the upper floors naturally commanded high prices on execution days from the morbidly inclined. While they were dining together D'Artagnan received, through Athos, a summons to the King's presence. There Louis insisted that D'Artagnan should return to his service, promising him large pecuniary rewards and the captaincy of the musketeers on the successful management of a delicate mission. The interview was interrupted by Colbert, who came for the royal signature to the sentence of death on two farmers-general, D'Eymeris and Lyodot, devoted creatures of Fouquet. The confiscations of these peculators would add five millions to the royal coffers. When Colbert had left Louis ordered D'Artagnan to go at once to Belle-Isle and bring him a complete report of its fortifications and the general conditions of Fouquet's government there. D'Artagnan soliloquized: "Monsieur Fouquet is a handsome man, very much beloved by women; a generous

man, very much beloved by poets; a man of wit, much execrated by pretenders. I am neither woman, poet, nor pretender: the King is king."

The Marquise de Bellière, with whom Fouquet was deeply, but apparently hopelessly, in love, warned him of the sentence of his friends. This she had learned through Madame Vanel, formerly a mistress of Fouquet, but now of the rising Colbert. In the evening Fouquet, on his way to bribe the governor of the jail, called on the Marquise, in whose rooms was Madame Vanel, who left before he entered. On arriving at the prison, he found that, by Colbert's orders, the prisoners had been removed fifteen minutes before. He then concerted measures with his followers to rescue the condemned on the Place de Grève. The conspirators met at D'Artagnan's inn, and success was foiled only by the musketeer and De Bragelonne, who happened to be present. When D'Artagnan went to Fouquet for the money for his journey, he was treated with lavish generosity; but Colbert disgusted the musketeer with his meanness.

D'Artagnan was not lured from his allegiance by Fouquet's smiles and gifts, and loyally carried out the King's orders. He reached Belle-Isle in disguise, and there found Porthos superintending the construction of extensive fortifications of the latest design. The simplicity of his old friend was no match for D'Artagnan's penetration and guile. He soon gathered that Porthos was working on plans supplied by Aramis, Bishop of Vannes, whose see was within six hours' reach and whom Porthos visited once a week.

On the disguised musketeer's arrival at the Bishop's palace, he was cordially welcomed by Aramis, who recognized him, but was greatly disturbed on learning that he had been to Belle-Isle. After entertaining him hospitably and promising to see him at eight o'clock in the morning, Aramis woke Porthos and despatched him in hot haste with a letter to Fouquet. In the morning he accounted for Porthos's absence by explaining that he had been suddenly called to Belle-Isle, whither D'Artagnan followed. Not finding Porthos, he returned only to find Aramis gone, leaving a plausible letter of explanation for his absence. In his anger at thus being duped, D'Artagnan immediately took post for Paris. Thirty hours later Aramis arrived at Fouquet's

house, St. Mandé, and found that Porthos had preceded him by four hours, having killed by hard riding eight horses on the road. He told his patron of the dangers disclosed by D'Artagnan's visit to Belle-Isle, whither he had gone in disguise ostensibly to purchase salt-mines. Aramis was satisfied that he had been sent by the King and had learned from Porthos that the island was fortified. He asserted that D'Artagnan in the hands of the King was a most dangerous instrument; and when Fouquet replied that he had formed a correct opinion of him at the first glance, and had desired to attach him to himself, Aramis said: "If you judged him to be the bravest, the most acute, and the most adroit man in France, you judged correctly." Fouquet said: "In that case he must be had at any price;" but Aramis told him that it was too late: D'Artagnan's word was pledged and that soldier had a high sense of honor. "He is a man I love and admire," he said, "because he is good, great, and loyal; but I fear him and am on my guard against him. In two hours he will be here. Be beforehand with him. Go to the Louvre and see the King before he sees D'Artagnan." When Fouquet asked: "What shall I say to the King?" Aramis replied: "Nothing. Give him Belle-Isle."

Fouquet reluctantly followed the Bishop's advice.

Colbert and Louis XIV were in consultation when Fouquet arrived. Colbert had been trying to undermine his hated superior, whose power the King dreaded. He represented that in consequence of holding the post of *surintendant-général*, Fouquet had on his side all the Parliament, as he had all the army by his largesse, all literature by his favors, and all the nobility by his presents. As he had grown great by money he should be killed by money, and every opportunity should be seized to ruin him. The approaching marriage would afford the pretext for the demand of a million for expenses, which it would embarrass the minister to supply. At that moment, Fouquet entered and gracefully laid before the King the plans of the fortifications of his estate of Belle-Isle, which he had been fortifying against the English, and of which he begged his Majesty's acceptance. The fortifications, he explained to the King, might still be useful against the Dutch. They had been skilfully planned by a distinguished engineer, M. du Vallon.

Louis turned to the crushed Colbert, of whom Fouquet took no notice, and told him to remember the name. The King was piqued on learning that a subject should have been able to expend one million six hundred thousand livres in fortifications, and he then asked his clever minister of finance to supply him with a million for his brother's wedding. Fouquet sniffed at such a paltry sum, and ordered his subordinate, Colbert, to turn over nine hundred thousand that evening, saying that he himself would supply enough to make up the sum to two millions and a half. Colbert was overwhelmed with rage and humiliation as his superior retired; and Fouquet had hardly crossed the threshold when an usher announced a courier from Bretagne. "Monsieur d'Herblay was right," murmured Fouquet, pulling out his watch; "an hour and fifty-five minutes. It was quite true."

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS (1845)

This is the first book in the series of historical romances published under the title of *La Reine Margot*, in six volumes. It deals with the plots and intrigues that surrounded Marguerite, from her marriage to the death of her brother, Charles IX.

ON Monday, August 18, 1572, there was a splendid *fête* at the Louvre. The court was celebrating the marriage of Marguerite de Valois, sister of Charles IX, with Henri de Bourbon, King of Navarre. This marriage apparently reconciled Huguenots and Catholics and reëstablished peace in the kingdom. After setting a price of 150,000 gold crowns on Admiral de Coligny's head, the King now swore by him, called him his father, and openly declared that in future he would confide the conduct of the war to him alone.

In the evening the young Duc de Guise went to Marguerite's apartment by appointment and returned some compromising love-letters. While he was there, Henri de Navarre was announced, and Marguerite concealed the Duke in a small side cabinet. Henri, who was in love with Madame de Sauve, one of Catherine's *escadron volant*, was willing to be Marguerite's husband only in name, and was also willing to leave her perfect freedom of action. They ended by making an amicable treaty of common defense against all outsiders. After Henri's departure, the Duc de Guise, who had heard all, reproached Marguerite for deserting the Catholic party for the Huguenots and departed in anger. "What a marriage night!" she murmured; "the husband flies—the lover forsakes me!"

The following days were passed in a succession of balls, tournaments and banquets. The Huguenots were lulled into a sense of complete security. Charles consulted Coligny on state

affairs to the exclusion of his mother, till even she became alarmed. One morning Charles said that the plan of campaign would be ready for the Admiral in a red morocco portfolio, when he should call the next day.

When left alone, Charles caused to be admitted François Maurevel, a captain of musketeers, whose crimes the King enumerated. He had assassinated M. de Mouy, who had been a father to him; he had tried to kill Coligny for a reward of 10,000 crowns offered by the Duc de Guise; and had been guilty of other crimes. Young de Mouy was now demanding vengeance, which Charles was inclined to grant. The only way in which Maurevel could please even the Duc de Guise was by killing one of the Duke's enemies, who would pass a certain house the next day, and who could be identified by a red portfolio he would carry. Maurevel selected one of the King's best harquebusses and departed.

"La Belle Etoile," an inn in the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec, was kept Maître La Hurière, who very grudgingly accommodated two guests from the provinces—Count Annibal de Coconnas, who had come to join the Duc de Guise, and Count Joseph Boniface de Lerac de la Mole, with despatches for the King of Navarre—both young, handsome, and brave as lions. They made acquaintance at the door; and the host, who was in conversation with Maurevel, eyed La Mole with disfavor. He informed them, among other things, that two days before the Admiral had had his arm broken and two fingers shot off; but it was hoped that the balls were poisoned. The two counts took their way to the Louvre on their respective business. There La Mole chanced to see Marguerite, was dazzled by her grace and beauty, and delivered to her a letter for her husband. On their return to the inn, La Mole retired and La Hurière informed Coconnas of the massacre that was about to occur, and gave him the white badges. At the sound of the tocsin they tried to kill La Mole; but, after a valiant defense, he got out of his window and escaped across the roofs. Coconnas joined the host and Maurevel in the hunt for the Huguenots and was present when the Admiral was thrown from his balcony into the courtyard at the feet of the Duc de Guise. Maddened with the taste of blood, Coconnas slew all he met, his marvelous swordsmanship ren-

dering him invincible even against great odds. In his course he caught sight of La Mole entering the Louvre, and he and his companions pursued the latter till he took refuge in what proved to be Marguerite's bedchamber. She compassionately pushed him into her cabinet and stood before the door. Even then the assassins would have passed over her body to reach La Mole, but for the sudden entrance of the Duc d'Alençon, who saved his sister. Coconnas went on his murderous way till, at the Hôtel de Guise, he had to fight against such odds that he was finally knocked down by a stone thrown from above. The Duchesse de Nevers, who had watched his prowess admiringly, ordered a sortie by the Guisards, and Coconnas was carried senseless into the palace.

Catherine had sworn the death of Henri de Navarre, and he was in danger throughout the St. Bartholomew massacre; but Marguerite, remembering their pact, saved him.

The terrible night of fire and sword was followed by a still more horrible day of massacre. A hawthorn tree had reblossomed in the Cemetery of the Innocents in the night. This approval of Heaven, as the Catholics regarded it, redoubled the efforts of the assassins. The whole court went on a pilgrimage to the cemetery; and there Madame de Sauve slipped a note to Marguerite, saying that she had received orders to send that night to the King of Navarre a key to her room and to keep him there till six in the morning.

The Duchesse de Nevers and the Queen of Navarre were intimate friends; they called each other Henriette and Marguerite, and had no secrets from each other. On leaving the cemetery, Henriette offered Marguerite the use of her litter, and on the way they exchanged confidences. Both were harboring and nursing wounded heroes, in whom they were beginning to take a sentimental interest.

On her return home, Marguerite wrote to Henri: "Instead of going to Madame de Sauve to-night, come to the Queen of Navarre."

Henri obeyed his wife's summons, when a discussion of his precarious situation was interrupted by a noise at the lock: Catherine had a key to every door in the Louvre. Marguerite whispered to Henri, and they both sprang into bed and drew

the curtains. When her mother entered the room, Marguerite jumped out of bed in a white dressing-gown and kissed her mother's hand with such well-feigned surprise as to deceive the Florentine. Catherine began by condoling with her daughter on her husband's neglect and his preference for Madame de Sauve. On Marguerite's insistence that her mother was wrong, and that Henri really was her husband, Catherine invited her to come and see for herself. Marguerite said:

"Not so loud, Madame, I fear you will waken my husband." She drew the curtains, and pointed to the King of Navarre in undress, buried in profound repose. The baffled Catherine precipitately retired.

After deploring the vengeance that would fall upon poor Madame de Sauve, Marguerite took Henri into her little cabinet and introduced, with full explanations, La Mole, who then delivered an important letter into the King's hands. Henri spent the rest of the night in the cabinet with La Mole.

Catherine interviewed Madame de Sauve, upbraided her, and tried to make her jealous enough to avenge herself for her lover's infidelity.

In the morning the King's gentlemen were admitted; and they noted the amicable relations between the sovereigns. The Duc d'Alençon also noted the change with fury. Before his departure, Marguerite cleverly induced Henri to make the Duke take La Mole under his protection as one of his gentlemen.

Seeing that religion was a question of life or death, Henri formally recanted and went to mass. That evening, while ostensibly going to his wife's apartments, he went to Madame de Sauve, who told of Catherine's visit and put him more keenly on his guard.

A few days later, the whole court took an outing with great parade and splendor to Montfauçon, in order to see the Admiral's body, with other victims, hanging in chains there. Though Henri objected to the foul odors, Charles expressed the opinion that "the corpse of a dead enemy always smells sweet."

La Mole, though still weak from his wounds, was a brilliant figure, splendidly mounted in the Duc d'Alençon's troop, and Coconnas was equally remarkable in that of the Duc de Guise. Marguerite and the Duchesse de Nevers met and rode side by

side. Henriette boasted of the bravery of her fire-eating cavalier, and Marguerite, somewhat apologetic, said:

"My Huguenot is remarkably handsome, but nothing more—a dove, not a hawk; he coos, but does not rend in pieces."

In the course of the day, the horses of the two gallants accidentally collided, and hostile words were exchanged. When the cavalcade returned, one lingered while the other made a détour, and they both met on open ground. The two princesses, who had been watching their gallants, taking two attendants with them, observed the combat through a hole in a hedge. Both men were stiff with their wounds; but they fought ferociously, receiving dangerous wounds, and then rolling together on the ground till they fainted with exhaustion. Both princesses acknowledged they never had seen more intrepid heroes. The wounded men were taken back to Paris in the tumbril of Caboche, the headsman to the provostry of Paris, and put to bed in the Duc d'Alençon's lodgings. La Mole was the first to recover. Coconnas, in his delirium, was constantly exasperated by the sight of his foe, walking painfully in the chamber; but one night La Mole gave him a cooling draft and tenderly smoothed his pillow, and the next day Coconnas was rational and recognized his benefactor. The two swore eternal friendship and thenceforth were inseparable. Coconnas was La Mole's slave. Confidences were exchanged. Both were madly in love—one with the Princess, the other with the Queen. When they were able to go out, they found magnificent clothes and well-filled purses waiting for them. Their first visit was to René, Catherine's perfumer and astrologer. On the way they ran across Caboche, who was highly gratified when Coconnas shook hands with him and gave him a handful of money, telling him that, if ever he mounted the scaffold, he hoped for his exclusive services. As he remarked to La Mole: "It is well to have friends everywhere."

Arriving at René's they asked several questions about the future. René showed them an experiment by which love might be aroused in the beloved by means of a simulacrum in wax. When a pin was stuck into the heart of a tiny figure, a drop of blood exuded. René then christened it Marguerite, and told La Mole to kiss its lips and cry: "Come, Marguerite, come!"

Laughter was heard behind the tapestry, and Marguerite and Henriette were discovered. In the midst of love-vows, steps were heard on a secret staircase by which Catherine alone approached, and the quartet fled.

Catherine had come to learn the fate of her race from auguries. René had already sacrificed black lambs with unpromising results, and now Catherine assisted him in examining fowls. The result was the same—always three—three signs of death—a triple death followed by a downfall. She cried: "I am accursed in my posterity."

Catherine asked René what new salves he had, and he recommended the newest, six boxes of which he was just going to take to Madame de Sauve for her beautiful lips. When his back was turned, Catherine purloined one of the silver boxes.

The next evening, when Henri was admiring Madame de Sauve at her toilet, René entered, and prevented her from salving her lips. He then told Henri that a Florentine friend of his had drawn Henri's horoscope, and he would live to reign over France. Very subtly René referred to his part in poisoning Henri's mother with scented gloves, and tried to learn whether the past might be forgotten and forgiven. After an inward struggle, Henri intimated that he would forgive, whereupon René snatched up the box of salve and departed, telling Madame de Sauve that he would send her another.

The next day Henri met De Mouy in the courtyard disguised as a sentinel, and granted him an audience in his own apartment. De Mouy had escaped the massacre by his valor and resourcefulness, and represented the Huguenot leaders who wanted Henri to fly from his dangerous position and head them. But Henri refused. On his way out De Mouy was recognized by D'Alençon who tempted him with offers that he was willing to entertain. D'Alençon asked him to return at night, and gave him La Mole's most striking costume and the address of his tailor, so that he might impersonate La Mole to gain access to the Duke.

In the intrigues between the various parties, La Mole was used as a pawn by Henri by means of his blind devotion to Marguerite. Coconnas went with him slavishly, though he

grumbled at mixing in politics. Before long there was no attempt at concealment that La Mole was Marguerite's lover.

Henri induced Madame de Sauve to remain in bed, complaining of symptoms in which he instructed her. Catherine, whom Henri informed of her maid-of-honor's illness, could not understand why he showed no effects after kissing his mistress's lips. In the evening, however, he complained of giddiness and lassitude, and staggered as he left the dinner-table. Next morning Henri did not leave his chamber, and Madame de Sauve was reported worse. In the afternoon Catherine was thunderstruck by a visit from Henri with the present of a very rare monkey. Late that night she stole into Madame de Sauve's room and found her sleeping peacefully, the picture of health. "I have been trifled with," she exclaimed. "Let us then try cold steel"; and in the morning she sent for Maurevel.

A few days afterward, before Charles departed on a grand hunt, Catherine used so many arguments in support of her accusation that he finally signed an order to "arrest and conduct to the Bastile our brother Henri de Navarre." In the forest many Huguenot gentlemen would be scattered, and, if circumstances were favorable, Henri and his wife would join them and flee to Navarre. However, the Duc de Guise, with forty gentlemen armed more for war than for the chase, joined the cavalcade, and Henri was wary.

After they had set out Maurevel arrived and received Catherine's written order to arrest Henri in his room, dead or alive.

Hunting was Charles's greatest enjoyment. A wild boar was soon started, and Charles with his hounds distanced most of his followers. At last the brute was brought to bay; and, as Charles was advancing to kill it with his spear, it charged upon him, and his horse reared and fell back upon him. He called on D'Alençon, a dead shot usually, to shoot, and the ball broke the foreleg of the King's horse. The boar's tusk actually grazed Charles's thigh when a knife was plunged to the hilt behind the boar's shoulder and an iron-gloved hand dashed his snout aside.

"Sire," said Henri, "you are not hurt; I turned the tusk aside in time."

"Thank you, Harry," said Charles.

On returning to the Louvre, Henri sought D'Alençon,

apologized for having commented on his strangely bad marksmanship, and overwhelmed him by offering to resign to him the crown of Navarre and the leadership of the Huguenots, which he accepted.

At nine o'clock Charles sought Henri, and said: "Come along quickly. The air of the Louvre is not good for you this evening."

A quarter of an hour later, while Madame de Sauve was reading to Catherine, piercing cries and pistol-shots were heard, and Catherine went out alone to see what was the trouble. On her return, though her shoes were wet with blood, to Madame de Sauve's agitated inquiry she said:

"It was only a noise—nothing more."

Maurevel had found De Mouy in Henri's room, and De Mouy had killed two of the guards, run his sword through the throat of his father's murderer, and escaped.

As they strolled through the city, Charles and Henri saw two cloaked figures trying to avoid attention. On being challenged they stopped, and Charles recognized his brother, Henri, Duc d'Anjou, and the Duc de Guise. The latter apologized for being in Paris without first calling at the Louvre. The Dukes maliciously said they had seen the litter of Madame de Nevers and the Queen of Navarre, attended by two sparks, stop in the Rue Cloche Percée. Charles dismissed his attendants; and when they knocked and the porter refused admittance they broke in the outer gate. The quartet, who were having supper upstairs, came out on the balcony and showered upon the assailants all the projectiles with reach. Charles received a silver ewer on his shoulder, the Duc d'Anjou a basin of jellied orange and cinnamon, and the Duc de Guise a haunch of venison. When Charles swore, as a footstool knocked off his hat, his voice was recognized, and the garrison took to flight by the back way into another street. Finding nothing but an empty house, the Dukes had nothing with which to substantiate their word.

Though Henri wished to return to the Louvre, Charles would not let him, but took him to supper with Marie Touchet, and on their return in the thick haze of the dawn, Charles recognized the Duc d'Anjou in company with the Polish ambassadors just arriving.

At dawn Catherine went to the King's apartment and found it empty. She waited. Two hours later, she saw him and Henri enter the gates. She told him that Maurevel had been seriously wounded and two guards killed in Henri's room, so that evidently Henri was implicated. When Henri reached his room and saw the wreck of furniture and stains of blood, he understood what Charles had meant by speaking of the service he had rendered him. From D'Alençon he learned the details of the attempted assassination; but Maurevel would not be able to speak for eight days, so that at present it was not possible to identify the fugitive. He wore a crimson mantle, and they agreed that it must be La Mole.

Henri went to consult Marguerite, telling her of the tragedy. If it was De Mouy who was in Henri's room, he and Marguerite were lost; if it was La Mole, the latter must take the consequences. He might prove an alibi by saying that he was with a party of ladies, for instance. Marguerite assured him that La Mole would do no such thing, and Henri departed satisfied.

"Poor young man!" exclaimed Marguerite, wringing her hands in a paroxysm of grief.

She sought her mother and begged her not to arrest an innocent man, confessing that he had been in her company at the time; but Catherine was adamant. Charles soon learned who had bombarded him with furniture and dishes the night before.

On La Mole's return, he went gaily to Marguerite's apartment; and, on hearing the facts, said that his life belonged to her. While they were talking, there was a knock at the door. Marguerite went out, and in the corridor saw both Charles and D'Alençon with drawn swords in their hands. Other swords were visible in the shadow. In the mean time, a stone had been thrown through the window tied with a string attached to a silken ladder, down which La Mole clambered and escaped on a swift horse provided by Henri. When Charles, his two brothers, and the Duc de Guise entered, the chamber was empty.

The Polish ambassadors had come to offer the crown to the reluctant Duc d'Anjou, whom Charles forced to accept it in order to get rid of him. Both he and his mother regarded it as

banishment. During a violent altercation with Catherine, Charles fell into a fit and foamed at the mouth, whereupon Catherine and her son went to consult René, and learned that Charles would die within a year.

At the magnificent reception of the ambassadors Marguerite outshone everybody, and her address in Latin aroused the admiration of the foreigners.

Coconnas threw in his lot with La Mole and resigned his office. Charles was devoted to hawking, and wished Henri to learn its mysteries. On one of her visits to René, Catherine brought away an old book on the subject, which she poisoned and sent as a present to Henri by D'Alençon on the morning of a hawking-party. Entering his room an hour later, D'Alençon saw Charles, instead of Henri, absorbed in the book and wetting his fingers to separate the pages.

The conspiracy had come to a head; but the conspirators were rounded up during the hunt and all were captured, including La Mole and Coconnas, who were sent to Vincennes, as was also the King of Navarre. Charles was seized with terrible paroxysms and carried home on a litter, while La Mole and Coconnas were tried and put to the torture of the boot. René testified against them on the charge of witchcraft, saying that they had induced him to make a royal figure with a pin in its heart to kill the King with a lingering illness. Marguerite and Henriette conspired to save their lovers. The criminals were to spend the night before their execution in the chapel behind the high altar, and the jailer was bribed to let them escape; but at the last moment La Mole could not move: his legs were crushed to a pulp. Coconnas had screamed enough during the torture to awaken the dead; but Caboche had only pretended to drive in the wedges against the bones of the man who had shaken hands with him. Notwithstanding the tearful entreaties of Henriette and Marguerite, he refused to let his friend die alone, and they died together on the scaffold. That night Marguerite and Henriette went to the headsman and carried away their heads; and, in accordance with their promise, treasured them like Isabella and her pot of basil.

Charles grew rapidly worse, and learned the agency of his death. He reproached Catherine, but shielded her from any

scandal. On his death-bed, he appointed Henri regent, in spite of Catherine's furious protests. She, however, had notified her son, Henri, of his brother's approaching dissolution, and, as Charles died, Henri rode into the courtyard. Catherine cried:

"I have conquered, and the odious Béarnais will not reign."

René had warned Henri of D'Anjou's coming and helped him escape on a swift horse.

A year later Henri went to Paris to visit Madame de Sauve and was seen with her. Maurevel was sent to arrest him and De Mouy; and in the fight Maurevel and De Mouy killed each other. Henri escaped and reached his mistress's house, only to find that the Baron de Sauve had stabbed his wife, who died in Henri's arms. While he was in despair, René appeared and told him that the throne would be his, pointing to a bright star in the sky—his star of destiny.

CHICOT THE JESTER (1845)

This tale forms the second book in the series of historical romances published as *La Reine Margot* in six volumes. It covers the early part of the reign of Henri III, ending with the death of his minions in the famous triple duel. It deals largely with the intrigues and plots of the Guises and the Duc d'Anjou in the early days of the League.

NE Sunday in 1578, a banquet was given at the Louvre in celebration of the marriage of François d'Epinay de St. Luc, a minion of Henri III, with Jeanne de Crossé-Brissac, daughter of the Marshal of that name, who belonged to the Montmorency family, who held themselves equal to princes. In the evening a magnificent *fête* was given in the splendid palace lately built by the Montmorencies opposite the Louvre, across the Seine. The King grudgingly attended and eyed the bride with angry looks. In all the brilliant throng the two most striking persons were those of Chicot the Jester and Bussy d'Amboise, Louis de Clermont, Comte de Bussy. Chicot was made up as the King himself. He wore the same costume, and imitated Henri in manner and deportment. Even the courtiers were puzzled as to which they should pay homage. Chicot enjoyed great liberty at court, for he was no ordinary jester. Before being Chicot, he had been "De Chicot," a Gascon gentleman, who, ill-treated by the Duc de Mayenne on account of a love-affair in which Chicot had been victorious, had sought and gained the protection of the King. Bussy d'Amboise was a gentleman in the suite of the King's brother, the Duc d'Anjou, formerly the Duc d'Alençon. He was noted for his daring and splendid swordsmanship, and as he paraded through the rooms preceded by six pages, magnificently appareled, he did not hesitate to mock at and insult the King's minions, Maugiron, Quélus and Schomburg. Before leaving, Bussy was warned by St. Luc that he would better take every precaution against

a surprise by the King's minions. Henri indulged his malice so far as to command St. Luc's attendance at the Louvre, where the gates were shut and he was kept practically a prisoner, leaving his wife desolate on her wedding-night.

On his way home Bussy was ambushed by the King's minions, D'O, D'Epernon, Maugiron, Quélus and Schomburg. He gallantly defended himself, and succeeded in getting his back against a door. When nearly overcome by numbers, he felt the door open behind him, and he staggered in, closed it and fainted. When he came to, he was in a luxurious chamber, and a beautiful woman and a physician were at his bedside. During the examination of his wounds he fainted again, and when he recovered he found himself in the street by the Temple, the center of a curious group of market-people, who carried him home. The next day, although weak from loss of blood, Bussy called on St. Luc to thank him for his warning; and, on learning of his absence from the disconsolate bride, he smuggled her into the Louvre as his own page, laying the bride and groom under an eternal debt of gratitude. D'Anjou demanded justice on the assassins; but Henri insisted on Bussy patching up peace with the minions.

That night the King was terrified by a voice reproaching him for his crimes and calling him to repentance. In the morning he confessed, and distributed scourges and sackcloth to his court; and barefooted through the snow all the courtiers and fine ladies went shivering to Montmartre. The convents received rich presents, and the feet of all were swollen and the backs sore. There had been tears, cries, prayers, incense and psalms. That night the King insisted on Chicot's sleeping in his room. Chicot mocked at his terrors; and, when the voice was again heard, he prompted the King to investigate St. Luc's adjoining chamber. Looking through the keyhole, he saw St. Luc shouting through a tube that passed through a hole in the wall, his wife, amid fits of laughter, assisting him. Chicot interposed to save them from Henri's rage, and recommended immediate flight.

Prowling about in his attempt to solve the mystery of his benefactress, Bussy encountered the young physician, Rémy-le-Haudouin, on the same quest. Rémy had been conducted

blindfolded to attend a wounded man, and recognized Bussy, who liked him and took him into his service. The next day Bussy attended the King's hunt, the first one held after the appointment of the new chief huntsman, Monsieur de Monsoreau, a creature of the Duc d'Anjou's, a man of sinister and forbidding countenance and savage nature. During the meeting the Duc d'Anjou asked Bussy to discover the identity and habits of a beauty whom he had seen at church. He had corrupted the servant, and had a key of her house. Bussy refused at first; but, for his own ends, undertook the commission, when he learned that the lady lived in the house where he suspected he had been befriended. That night he was hiding in the shadows when a horseman, who proved to be Monsoreau, arrived. Bussy followed him upstairs and overheard the conversation between him and the unknown lady in an adjoining room. Diana de Monsoreau insisted that she was and would be a wife only in name, and demanded the fulfilment of her husband's promise that her father should join her. Finally she fled into the room where Bussy was listening, and barred the door against her husband, who furiously departed. Then she recognized the man whose life she had saved. Bussy told her his name, and she placed herself under the safeguard of him whom she called "the most noble and loyal gentleman in France." She then told him her story.

She was the daughter of the Baron de Méridor, an Angevin noble, and had been nurtured in wealth and luxury and was happy till the Comte de Monsoreau was made governor of the province, who, attracted by her beauty, had insinuated himself into her father's good graces. At a *fête* given by Monsoreau to the Duc d'Anjou, the latter cast his evil eye on Diana's charms; and four days later, after an interview between Monsoreau and the Baron, the latter sent Diana away under escort to his sister's castle of Lude, fearing her abduction at Méridor by the Duke. On the way her escort was overpowered, and she and her maid, Gertrude, were taken to the Duke's Château de Beaugé. Her escape thence was effected by Monsoreau, who delivered a letter from her father telling her to trust the Count implicitly. Crossing the moat, she lost her veil, and when it was found she was believed to have been drowned.

Diana next received a letter from her father, saying that the only way to escape the Prince's pursuit and dishonor was to marry the noble friend who had rescued her. Diana consented on condition that her father should be present at the ceremony. Monsoreau took her to Paris, where one day at church she imprudently raised her veil and was terrified to be recognized by the Duke and Aurilly, his creature. Monsoreau made use of Diana's terrors to hurry her into marriage with a man she feared and abhorred.

Bussy told Diana that it was only by the Prince's pursuit that he had been able to penetrate to her presence, and took her under his protection, promising that he would reunite father and daughter.

The next day King and court went on a grand hunt, and on the way Chicot told Henri how six years before he had received fifty stripes from the Duc de Mayenne and his follower, Nicholas David. At Jurisy Chicot left the party because he saw his enemies in disguise on their way to Paris. He followed them to the Hôtel Guise, where he waited and saw seven monks issue instead of the seven cavaliers who had entered. He followed them to the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève, where they were admitted on showing something in the palms of their hands. Chicot immediately went to the "Corne d'Abondance," where he found his friend, Brother Gorenflot, dining on herbs and water. Knowing his weakness, Chicot soon induced him to dine sumptuously and get intoxicated. Meantime, Chicot learned that Gorenflot was to pronounce an oration at the Abbey that night, and also learned the means of gaining entrance. He donned the sleeping man's habit and attended a meeting of the Holy Union, or League, at which as Gorenflot he offered to lead the mob of Paris in casque and cuirass against all the enemies of the faith. He saw the Duc d'Anjou solemnly crowned King of France and head of the League by the Cardinal de Lorraine in the presence of the Duc de Guise and his other brother and sister. He also heard Nicholas David commissioned to go to Rome with the genealogy of the Lorraines, which he had drawn up to obtain the Pope's approval of the Guise pretensions.

When he returned to the convent, the prior gently repri-

manded the amazed Gorenflot for the excessive zeal exhibited in his fiery speech of the night before, and directed him to go and expend the religious fervor which burned so strongly in his heart in the provinces, where such words were less dangerous than under the eyes of the King, whose archers were probably at that moment seeking him.

As the unfortunate gourmand was aimlessly walking beyond the barriers he was overtaken by Chicot, who sympathized with his troubles and brought him an ass so that he might accompany him on his journey. After various adventures, through which Chicot was tracking three travelers, one of whom was Nicholas David, they arrived on the eighth day at Lyons and put up at the same inn where David stopped while his companions proceeded to Avignon. They made fast friends with the host, who was a Leaguer, and gave them a room adjoining David's. David took to his bed, feigning illness, and Chicot bored a hole in the partition and kept watch upon him. Finally a messenger arrived, and Chicot saw the awaited despatch delivered. Thereupon he gave instructions to Gorenflot, who went to shrive the sick man. Gorenflot met more than his match and would have lost his life but for Chicot's entrance. After an explanation with the man who had assisted Monsieur de Mayenne to beat him, Chicot killed David in a duel, took the document that Pope Gregory had signed, and returned to Paris.

On the road to Angers, Bussy overtook St. Luc and his wife, who was going to visit Méridor, where she knew she would find a warm welcome from Diana, her bosom friend. Bussy accompanied them. They were hospitably received by the heart-broken Baron, who announced that his daughter was dead. He said she had drowned herself in the moat of Beaugé while trying to escape the Duc d'Anjou, preferring death to dishonor. The noble-minded Monsoreau had informed her father of the Duke's infamous projects and had asked for Diana's hand as a reward for baffling them; but he had arrived too late, and the Baron had not heard from him since. Bussy said he had come expressly from the Duke to take the Baron to Paris, and reluctantly the Baron accompanied him, leaving St. Luc and his wife in full charge of the castle. Bussy took him straight to Diana, and he then learned how he had been deceived. Bussy

went to reproach D'Anjou for his conduct, and learned that Monsoreau had aided and abetted the Duke in his attempts. Bussy then told the Duke that Monsoreau had forced Diana into a marriage under false pretences, and received his promise to assist in annulling the ceremony. When the Duke sent for Monsoreau, however, he terrified the Duke with a threat to disclose what had happened at the Abbey of St. Geneviève, and on leaving the audience Bussy was thunderstruck to hear him publicly announce (with the Duke's permission) his marriage to Diana. The same evening he presented her to the Queen's circle, where she was at once received with favor.

The Duc de Guise visited the King at the head of a large deputation to ask him to appoint a head for the League. Henri said he would give an answer next day. When left alone with the Duc d'Anjou, he told the latter that he intended to appoint him; and, on his departure, betook himself, followed by Chicot, by a secret way to listen to an interview between the Duc de Guise and the Duc d'Anjou in the latter's room. Guise reminded D'Anjou that many kings of France died by accident, and that D'Anjou was the inevitable accident of Henri III, particularly if he were chief of the League; therefore, he would better accept the captaincy.

That evening the Parisians signed the League publicly amid riotous demonstrations. Everybody was abroad; even Henri, with his minions and courtiers, joined the throngs incognito. Father Gorenflot was there haranguing the mob almost as fervidly as his reputation warranted, till Chicot gave him a good beating and put him in charge of Boutromet, the host of the "Corne d'Abondance," telling him that Gorenflot was to be persuaded that everything that had happened to him since Chicot borrowed his frock was nothing but a dream.

To his astonishment, Chicot also recognized in the throng Henri of Navarre escorting a lady in a litter.

Bussy's love-sickness brought on a fever, during which he was devotedly attended by Rémy, who spent his spare time in making love to Gertrude, Diana's maid. On Bussy's recovery, Rémy was able to contrive a meeting between his master and Diana, in which Bussy discovered that Diana was by no means indifferent to him. It was a leave-taking; for the Baron was to

set out for Méridor the next day with Diana, at her husband's request, to join the St. Lucs. As Bussy went joyously on his way, he did not notice Schomburg, who was being playfully ducked in a tub of indigo by the mob. Schomburg and his cronies—Maugiron, D'Epernon and Quélus—vowed vengeance against Bussy and his friends, Ribeirac, Antragues and Livarot.

On the return of D'Anjou to the Louvre, the King went to his room and arrested him for treason, leaving him in the charge of his four favorites, who took great delight in humiliating their prisoner. Aurilly, who came to attend his master, was also disarmed and imprisoned. Chicot, who had a kindly feeling for Bussy, warned him of a warrant for his arrest; so he and Rémy immediately mounted and followed the road Diana had taken.

The next day, when the Duc de Guise and the rabble came for the King's reply, he nominated as chief of the League himself, Henri de Valois, King of France and Poland. The Guises were thunderstruck. By sending the Duc de Guise to command the army, the King practically exiled him. Chicot remonstrated and showed the King the Guise genealogy approved by the Pope, which he said had been taken from under the bolster of Nicholas David by a brave and profound politician, a monk named Gorenflot, who asked for no reward. Henri said he should have the first vacant priory.

Henri then went to interview his brother, showed him that all his plots and schemes were discovered, and left him with threats of the Bastile and worse to come. Left to his own reflections, D'Anjou was despairing when a stone came through the window with a letter, telling him to look in the double bottom of a drawer in the cabinet where the Queen of Navarre had hidden his poor friend La Mole and he would find a silken ladder, while a swift horse would be waiting under the window. He descended and found three cavaliers, who conducted him to the depths of the Forest of Vincennes, where he found he had to thank Henri of Navarre for his deliverance. Henri accompanied him as far as Angers and then proceeded to Navarre.

Eight days after leaving Paris, Diana joined her dear friend Jeanne at Méridor, and confidences were exchanged. While Diana was walking in the park and lamenting Bussy's indifference in not following her, he scrambled over the park wall and

fell at her feet. After that, he rode out from Angers every day and left his horse grazing till he climbed back over the wall. One day, on his way back, he overtook a cavalier whose horse fell from exhaustion and who offered Bussy three hundred pistoles for his. Bussy recognized the Duc d'Anjou and made him a present of the animal. The Duke had come to raise the standard of revolt against the King in his own province; and, with Bussy's able assistance, he soon had Angers well fortified and a formidable movement thoroughly organized. Not many days later, Monsoreau arrived to join the Duke, who gave him the pick of his stable to continue his journey to Méridor. He selected Roland, Bussy's gift to the Duke, and was astonished to find that Roland appeared to know his own way. Allowing him free rein, the Count was finally halted at a part of the park wall from which many of the stones had been dislodged. Mounting the gap, he saw a couple walking lovingly together in the garden, and at the noise he made they took flight. He pursued fruitlessly, and when he returned Roland had disappeared. Monsoreau returned to the city on foot in fury and found that Roland had reached the stable riderless.

Henri was alarmed at the flight of his brother and took counsel with Catherine and Chicot. Catherine undertook the *rôle* of ambassador to patch up peace.

On the day following Monsoreau's discovery he went again to Méridor and accused Diana of being alone in the park with a gentleman (whom he suspected to be the Duke). She denied the accusation: he must have mistaken Madame de St. Luc for her. When he spoke to St. Luc on the subject, the latter mocked him, and made him so furious that he challenged him, which was just what St. Luc wanted. They climbed the wall, and, after a few passes, St. Luc ran him through and left him for dead. The same day Bussy received the following note from St. Luc:

"You will learn ere long the accident that has happened to Monsieur de Monsoreau, by the old copse we had a discussion on broken-down walls and horses that go home alone. In the heat of the argument, he fell on a bed of poppies and dandelions so hard that he died there . . . I set off at once for Paris to make peace with the King, Anjou not seeming to me very safe after what has occurred."

When Bussy received this note, he made up his mind that

Diana must go to Paris as soon as possible and there spend her widowhood till they could be married. He sent Rémy to see her, and then bent his energies to induce the Duke to accept the terms brought by Catherine, and succeeded.

As Roland took the familiar way to the park, Rémy came across the body of Monsoreau, and, finding a spark of life, very reluctantly gave him what surgical aid was in his power. In the afternoon the Duc d'Anjou went to Méridor to congratulate Madame de Monsoreau on the death of her husband, and was astonished to find him alive with a fair chance of recovery. Monsoreau's jealousy of the Duke and his gratitude to Bussy were both extreme, for Rémy's attentions soon rendered him convalescent. He regarded Bussy as his savior, and constituted him Diana's guardian all through the journey to Paris, which he made in a litter. Bussy accompanied them, bearing the Duke's submission to the King.

At this juncture the King was in need of friends; and St. Luc readily obtained forgiveness on his arrival.

On Bussy's arrival at the Louvre with his message, he was insulted by the King's minions; and he therefore sent St. Luc to challenge all four to mortal combat, singly or collectively. It was decided that there should be a quadruple duel in which Bussy, Ribeirac, Antragues and Livarot should fight D'Epernon, Maugiron, Quélus and Schomburg. Perfect amity was to be observed until the duel, so that night they all dined sumptuously at Bussy's mansion.

The *Fête Dieu* was approaching, when the King was to visit the four great convents of Paris, St. Geneviève being the second halt, and during the interval Chicot assiduously cultivated Gorenflot. Henri's minions asked his consent and blessing on their arms, which was granted, and, he also gave them the benefit of lessons in his incomparable swordsmanship.

The program of the *Fête Dieu* consisted of mass at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a collation at the Louvre, and a procession ending at St. Geneviève, where the King had promised to spend the night in the cell of a saint, who would pray for the success of his arms. Chicot had seen a great deal of that saint lately.

At the Abbey gateway Henri dismissed all his attendants and entered alone, striking his breast in penitence as he mounted

the steps. He visited the crypt and was then conducted to the cell of Gorenflot, who immediately denounced him in unmeasured terms for his misdeeds, and demanded that he should renounce the throne. After some reflection, Henri consented, which decision was immediately communicated to the disguised Guisards in the corridor. The Duc de Guise told Gorenflot to make him sign the act of abdication, which he did in tears. At that moment Crillon and the guards tried to break down the gates, and the real King's voice was heard demanding his jester, for he was lonely at the Louvre. Chicot threw off his hood and joined him. Glancing at the signature of the act, the Duc de Guise read, "Chicot I."

Before the guards could break in, the warrior monks had escaped by secret exits, but Chicot, going into the burying-ground, found the fat Duc de Mayenne stuck in a manhole leading from the crypt. There he fulfilled his vow and administered a hundred blows instead of the fifty he owed.

On the eve of the duel Monsoreau was ostensibly at Compiègne, preparing a chase for the King. Bussy spent the evening with Diana in her house that overlooked the dwelling-ground. As they were about to part, Monsoreau and six followers entered by the balcony, while others mounted the stairs. In the combat that ensued Rémy was almost hacked to pieces, and Bussy, after killing Monsoreau and thirteen of his followers, was shot by Aurilly at the order of the Duc d'Anjou, who had come to witness the assassination. Diana was saved by St. Luc.

Chicot took the terrified Gorenflot into the King's presence and told Henri that it was through the monk that he had discovered the plot to trap the King; thereupon Henri promised to reward Gorenflot.

The duellists met at dawn, and D'Epernon stood out because Bussy was dead. Chicot witnessed the fight. The pairs, therefore, were Schomburg and Ribeirac; Maugiron and Livarot; and Quélus and Antragues. Of the King's champions, Maugiron and Schomburg were killed on the ground, and Quélus received seventeen wounds and lingered for thirty days. Ribeirac and Livarot also met death, but Antragues escaped unscathed. Henri was inconsolable, and raised magnificent monuments to his champions.

THE FORTY-FIVE GUARDSMEN (1846)

This story follows *Chicot the Jester* in the *La Reine Margot* series of romances, and many of the characters reappear: Chicot, Diana de Méridor, Gorenflot, Henri III, D'Epernon, D'Anjou, Henri de Navarre, Marguerite de Valois, Rémy and the Duc de Guise.

ON October 26, 1585, the barriers of the Porte St. Antoine were, contrary to custom, closed for two hours in the morning. A large crowd was flocking into Paris to witness the execution of Salcède, who joined the Guises to destroy the rising power of the Duc d'Anjou. He had been arrested and brought to France, hoping for rescue on the way; but he was so well guarded that neither Spaniards, nor Lorraines, nor Leaguers were able to approach. He still hoped, however, for rescue even on the scaffold.

In the throng at the barrier, to pass which tickets were needed, were a number of new arrivals from Gascony. One of these, Ernanton de Carmainges, was approached by a youth who implored him to take him in as his page, and Ernanton after some hesitation consented. They proceeded to the Place de Grève, where a hundred thousand persons were gathered to witness the execution. With great effort Ernanton got near the scaffold, the page holding to the skirt of his coat in his extreme anxiety to get a view of Salcède. The page insisted on Ernanton holding him up in his arms so that he could catch Salcède's eye as he was about to save his life by signing a confession. The page put two fingers on his lips, and Salcède's face brightened. However, nothing occurred. The King gave the signal, and four horses pulled in different directions. A terrible cry was heard: "I will speak, I will tell all! Ah! cursed Duch——." The pretended page begged Ernanton to assist her escape, for she was discovered. At the moment Salcède had announced

his willingness to confess, he had been strangled with a fine cord by a Guisard beneath the scaffold, and the horses had no work to do.

Henri's two favorites—Anne, Duc de Joyeuse, and his brother, Henri, Comte du Bouchage—not taking pleasure in watching the shedding of blood, had received permission to leave the royal box before the execution. There was great affection between the brothers, and as they strolled along together, Anne asked Henri to confide in him and tell him the cause of his melancholy; for he had evidently been unhappy for some time. Henri was in love with a mysterious unknown, whom he never had seen except at a distance. Her only attendant was an old servitor who was incorruptible, and the only information Henri had been able to obtain was that she was a widow. Anne tried to cheer up his brother, and said he would help him to his heart's desire.

A month before this, the Duc d'Epernon had hired the inn, "Sword of the Brave Chevalier," for the accommodation of a number of persons who would be identified by a sign. On the appointed day the Gascons, who had been detained at the barrier, arrived at the inn and found everything ready for their entertainment. Presently Monsieur de Loignac entered, harangued them and showed D'Epernon's warrant, which read: "Order to Monsieur de Loignac to take the command of the forty-five gentlemen whom I have sent for to Paris with the consent of his Majesty." De Loignac then conducted them to the Louvre.

That night Henri was sitting moodily in a great chamber alone. Since the death of the minions and of Chicot, of which he had been notified by Gorenflot, he had little to amuse him, and ennui was the curse of his existence. D'Epernon entered and said that if he would accompany him he would show the King something that would amuse him. Taking him through the galleries, he at last reached a large apartment in which the King was astonished to see forty-five beds with a sleeper in each. He explained that he had collected this band so that Henri might sleep in peace. Henri liked the idea of having a gallant band close to his person, but demurred at the cost. However, he was finally persuaded, and D'Epernon received the command, with De Loignac as his deputy.

On his return to his room, Henri inquired for Joyeuse and ordered him to be sent to him when he should come in. He fell asleep and presently was awakened by a noise. Sitting in the familiar chair, he saw what he believed was the shade of Chicot, who announced that he was dead. He supposed Chicot had died after beating the Duc de Mayenne, whose vengeance he feared, since Henri had made friends with the Duke. The King solemnly promised his protection to Chicot, but the latter refused to take up his residence at the Louvre. However, he enlightened the King regarding the plots of the House of Lorraine: the Duchesse de Montpensier was in Paris; the Duc de Guise was at Nancy; the Duc d'Anjou at Brussels; and the King of Navarre at Pau. Madame de Montpensier was promising the Parisian Leaguers that the Duc de Guise would be with them in a week. But if Henri sent aid to his brother in Flanders, the Duke would not be able to leave the frontier and the promise of the Duchess would be broken. Henri de Navarre was troublesome by claiming the towns that were his wife's dowry. Henri took Chicot's advice, as he always used to do; and, when Joyeuse appeared, despatched him immediately to Rouen, to embark the garrisons of Caudebec, Harfleur and Dieppe and take them to the assistance of Henri's brother, D'Anjou. Henri then induced Chicot to be his ambassador to Navarre, in furtherance of "certain projects of embroiling Margot with her husband."

On Chicot's return to his house, where he was known as Robert Briquet, he found that he was being serenaded by a large band, and under his portico he recognized Du Bouchage, who was soon joined by Joyeuse, who had come to take leave of his brother. The music produced no apparent effect on the lady who lived across the way, for whom it was really intended.

The next morning Chicot saw the lady's attendant and asked him to keep a neighborly eye on his house during his absence, as he was going out of the city in disgust at the disturbance of the night before; and the man obligingly consented.

The priory of the Jacobins was presided over by Don Modeste Gorenflot, and Brother Borromée had been treasurer for the last three weeks: Gorenflot slept and ate; Borromée gave the orders. One morning Monsieur Robert Briquet was

announced, and was somewhat haughtily received by the prior. He refused to stay to breakfast on account of the bad cooking of the last meal he had had there. This almost broke Gorenflot's heart, and the cook was sent for and ordered to do his very best. After the meal Gorenflot took Chicot into the courtyard to examine the arms and cuirasses of his monks, who were being drilled with military precision. To Chicot's great surprise Borromée dropped all appearance of a monk, and, in instructing his pupils, was completely the *maître d'armes*. Before leaving Chicot gave a fencing-lesson to Jacques Clement, the youngest of the brotherhood. Gorenflot willingly lent Chicot a hundred crowns and gave him a messenger to go to the King for his letter. He asked Chicot to tell the King all the things that he saw they were doing there in his favor. Chicot willingly promised to report what he had seen and a great deal more than the simple prior dreamed of, particularly the presence of the Duchesse de Montpensier. Before leaving, in prowling about he came upon a room full of arms—swords, muskets and pistols—at which he opened his eyes still wider. Noticing a fine shirt of mail much too small for Gorenflot, he put it on under his doublet. He caught Nicholas Poulain, lieutenant of the provostry of Paris, setting an ambush, drew from him a confession of his share in a plot laid by the Duchess to capture the King, and sent him off to acquaint the Duc d'Epernon with the details. Poulain obeyed.

Jacques Clement had gone to the Louvre with Chicot's message and acquitted himself so well that Henri presented him with a dagger and dismissed him. Then he entrusted Chicot's letter to two of the forty-five guardsmen, Ernanton and St. Maline; the former to carry and the latter to deliver it. St. Maline, jealous of Ernanton, did his best to quarrel with and provoke his companion on the way. They overtook Chicot, and each obtained a receipt for the missive. On their return, De Loignac handed Ernanton a paper which read: "Have Monsieur de Mayenne followed this evening, if he presents himself at the Louvre.—D'Epernon."

Chicot found a purse with a hundred crowns in it and a letter in the royal package. The most important sentences were: "Monsieur de Turenne causes daily scandal at your court. . . Your wife, whom, to my regret, I call my sister, should be more

careful than she is of your honor. . . They usually meet at a little château called Loignac, the pretext being the chase. . . This château is the place for intrigues to which the Guises are not strangers. . . Aid yourself by the advice of Chicot." Chicot did not relish being installed counselor of the King of Navarre, and certainly did not wish to have the letter fall into the hands of a Spaniard, a Lorraine, a Béarnais, or a Fleming; so he translated it into Latin, committed it to memory, and destroyed it.

Three times on his journey Chicot had to defend himself against assassins, some of whom he slew. As he was approaching Orléans, he saw he was being pursued by seven horsemen. When they fired at him, he fell from his horse, and as they rode up with a masked leader, he rose and killed two. As he was being overpowered by numbers, Ernanton came to his assistance and killed two more. Chicot thereupon overthrew the leader, cut off his mask and recognized the Duc de Mayenne. He was about to cut off his head when Ernanton interfered. Chicot then pursued his journey.

Ernanton had the wounded Duke carried to a stable, and consented to carry a letter from him to the Duchesse de Montpensier. On the third day he arrived at the Louvre and was scolded by De Loignac for his five days' absence; but he explained that he had obeyed orders and followed the Duke, who was now lying wounded in a wayside inn. He refused to give up the Duke's letter, even when threatened with imprisonment. On the matter being laid before Henri, the latter said that Ernanton was right, and allowed him to deliver the letter on condition of telling where he found the Duchess. He found the Duchess in a house near the convent of the Jacobins, and he recognized in her the page he had befriended at the execution of Salcède. Ernanton had the temerity to declare his love, and delivered the letter, in which the Duke asked for a surgeon and recommended to his sister's good offices the cavalier who had saved his life.

That day the King had gone to Vincennes, and on his return at night, his coach was protected by the Forty-five guardsmen, fifteen on each side and fifteen in front. The Duchess sat at her window in high expectation of a triumphant issue of her plot,

and, as she heard the galloping horses, she clapped her hands and cried: "They are bringing him: we have him at last!" At a word of command, the priory gates opened and a hundred armed monks marched out with Borromée at their head, who sent Gorenflot up to the balcony to welcome the King. As the cavalcade arrived, Borromée slightly advanced; but when he saw the Forty-five, he realized that all was lost. Gorenflot, delighted with the scene, extended his arm and blessed the King from his balcony, while Borromée shouted: "*Vive le Roi!*" and the rest of the monks responded. The Duchess recognized Ernanton among the guards, and cried: "We are lost; we have been betrayed!"

Chicot reached Nerac without further adventures and was welcomed by Henri de Navarre; but when he recited the letter in Latin, Henri pretended not to understand it and took him to Marguerite, who was a fine Latin scholar, to translate it for him. Chicot spoke with the worst possible accent; but Marguerite understood it, and could not hide her rage and indignation. Her mind was divided between anger and fear, and the end of the interview was that she had to pay the price of peace by receiving Henri's mistress La Fosseuse, and even to send her own physician to attend her.

That day an ambassador arrived from the King of Spain with proposals for an alliance, offensive and defensive, against France, in pursuance of which Henri was to divorce Marguerite and marry an Infanta of Spain. But Henri refused.

Chicot, anxious to get away from Nerac as soon as possible, attempted a midnight flitting; but everyone he met in the streets appeared to know him by name, and finally at the town-gate he was politely arrested and escorted back to his lodgings. The next morning, when Chicot reproached Henri for violating the rights of nations, Henri only laughed and told him to get up and go wolf-hunting with him. On the way through the forest, Chicot was amazed to see the royal hunt constantly grow in numbers by the arrival of armed men, till at last when they arrived at Cahors three thousand men marched under Henri's banner, and after five days of street fighting, the town was in his hands. Henri affectionately urged Chicot to stay with him; but as Chicot firmly held to his allegiance to Henri III he was

dismissed with a letter ending: "What you told me was very useful. I know my faithful followers know yours. Chicot will tell you the rest." He said: "Take my ring and adieu, Chicot; I keep you no longer. Gallop to France and tell all you have seen."

In recognition of their services, Henri told D'Epernon to distribute money among the Forty-five and give them a day and a night's holiday for amusement.

Du Bouchage was keeping his lonely vigil as usual when he saw Ernanton also walking up and down, apparently keeping an appointment. In his insane jealousy, he almost brought on a duel; but the arrival of a lady in a litter at the "Brave Chevalier" smoothed matters. Ernanton took the Duchesse to an upper room; and there, in response to his fervid protestations, she confessed that she regarded him quite favorably. She was more interested, however, in the duties and hours of service of the Forty-five than in any amatory discourse. The conversation was interrupted by Ernanton's drunken companions, who, headed by St. Maline, forced their way into the room to have a look at their comrade's conquest. Before Ernanton could escort the Duchesse to her litter, St. Maline cut the strings of her mask, and on his return Ernanton said: "This is the second time you have insulted me without giving me satisfaction. At the third offense, I will kill you like a dog."

While the inn was in an uproar, the mistress and an attendant of the mysterious house were preparing for a journey. Rémy had packed the trunks and Diana was hastening their departure when an old retainer of Méridor arrived with the news that Diana's father had died of apoplexy. She went to her room and knelt in prayer before the picture of a young man lying on a bed and dying of his wounds. As if he could hear, she said: "I begged thee to wait, although thy soul must have thirsted for vengeance; and, as the dead see all, thou hast seen, my love, that I lived not to kill my father; else I would have died after thee; and then thou knowest on thy bleeding corpse I vowed to give death for death, blood for blood, but I would not do it while the old man called me his innocent child. Thou hast waited, beloved, and now I am free; the last tie that bound me to earth is broken. I am all thine, and now I am free to come to thee."

Then she called Rémy and gave him his dismissal, which he refused to accept. He reminded her that it was she who had carried him away from a pile of corpses, and concealed and healed him, and he would not leave her. He added: "He was killed by treason, and by treason he must be avenged. The hand of God is with us, for to-night I have found the secret of the *aqua tofana*, that poison of the Medicis and of René the Florentine. He took her into his laboratory, and showed her the poison and its effects on a goat. Diana said: "It will do. When the time arrives, we will choose gloves, lamp, soap, or flowers, as convenient." Instead of going to Méridor, they set out for Flanders.

The Duc d'Anjou, lately elected Duc de Brabant, Sovereign Prince of Flanders, was besieging Antwerp. He made his final assault with his army on the land side, and with the French fleet, under Joyeuse, on the Scheldt. The Flemings blocked the river with their ships, grappled the French ships as they tried to break through, and set fire to their own ships. The two fleets were burned to the water's edge. Joyeuse was the last to reach the shore with a small remnant of his crews. The assault on the land side was repulsed with terrible carnage: the Flemings cut the dikes, and the inundation almost annihilated the Duke's army.

Rémy and Diana in man's clothes were seeking the Prince for vengeance, and on the road were overtaken by Du Bouchage, who, in despair at Diana's disappearance, was going to join his brother to meet a soldier's death. They tried to avoid him for several days, but he persistently dogged them. Finally, when the water deluged the land, he was of great assistance to Rémy in saving Diana's life; and, after escaping many dangers, all three reached the camp of the Duc de Joyeuse, where Anne had rallied about three thousand French fugitives. Du Bouchage induced his brother to send him on a scouting expedition and took with him Rémy and Diana in the hope of finding a place of refuge for her. The troop ran across the Duc d'Anjou and his creature, Aurilly; whereupon the Duke took command. The solicitude of Du Bouchage for the safety and comfort of Diana aroused the Duke's suspicions, who spied upon her and discovered her sex, though without recognizing her. Being deeply en-

amored, he departed with Du Bouchage for his castle of Château-Thierry, leaving Aurilly to act as escort to Diana and Rémy. On the way, Diana kept herself closely masked, fearing that Aurilly would recognize her. He tried every means to get a glimpse of her face; and, at last, when she fell from her horse in a storm in the Forest of La Fère, he sprang to her assistance, cut the fastenings of her mask, and cried: "Heavens and earth! Madame de Monsoreau!" Rémy sprang at him; and, after a fierce struggle, stabbed him through the throat and threw him into a neighboring lake.

The day following the death of Aurilly was a bad day for Henri III. Chicot arrived with the news of the capture of Cahors, and was followed by Du Bouchage with the announcement of the destruction of the army before Antwerp. Henri's next visitor was a messenger from the Duc de Guise, with a letter offering the army he had just raised in Lorraine to watch Flanders and saying that in six weeks it, with its general, would be at Henri's command. As the messenger handed the letter to Henri, he dropped another on the floor, and hastily picked it up and concealed it. Chicot, who noticed this, recognized Brother Borromée and stole out of the room after him. At the gate of the Louvre, he accosted Borromée on his way out, and the other suggested that hey should go and have a little talk over a few bottles of wine at the "Corne d'Abondance." There Chicot showed Borromée that he was fully acquainted with his treason, and demanded the letter he was carrying from the Duc de Guise to the Duchesse de Montpensier. Borromée then stabbed Chicot; but the shirt of mail saved his life. In the ensuing duel, Chicot offered to spare Borromée if he would enter the King's service as a spy, still serving the Duc de Guise. Finally Chicot ran him through, took the letter, copied it, put it back into Borromée's pocket, and departed with damaging evidence of another Guise plot. Du Bouchage was sent by Henri III to tell his brother that he would visit him next day at Château-Thierry, and on his arrival he was overwhelmed to find that Diana and the Duke were on the best of terms. That evening while wandering in the park Henri saw them having supper together, waited on by Rémy in a pavilion remote from the castle, and a little later he tried to stop Diana and Rémy as they were

hurrying past him. Diana cried: "Monsieur, do not rashly judge of matters of which Heaven alone can judge. I am Diana de Méridor, the mistress of Monsieur de Bussy, whom the Duc d'Anjou allowed to perish miserably when he could have saved him. Eight days since, Rémy slew Aurilly, the Duke's accomplice, and the Prince himself I have just poisoned with a peach, a bouquet and a torch. Move aside, Monsieur,—move aside, I say, for Diana de Méridor, who is on her way to the Convent des Hospitalières."

Two days later the Duke died in the presence of Henri III and his mother Catherine. His last murmured words were: "Bussy! Diana!"

Henri exclaimed: "This throne of France is indeed large for a king without issue. No children! No heirs! Who will succeed me?"

At that moment, as if in answer to the King's question, an attendant announced,—"His Highness Monseigneur the Duc de Guise." Guise and his officers fell on their knees by the bedside, while Chicot murmured in low tones: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek."

Armed with a letter from the King to the Superior of the convent, the Duc de Joyeuse sought an interview with Diana to plead his unhappy brother's cause; but found her obdurate. Two years later she died.

The Duc de Guise broke out into open rebellion and forced Henri III to fly from Paris; but peace was concluded on condition of the Duke's being made Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. Yet no sooner had Henri returned to the Louvre than he had the Duke and the Cardinal of Lorraine assassinated. Ten days later Catherine de Medicis died. Exasperated by the death of their hero, the Paris mob rose and declared the Duc de Mayenne head of the League, and Henri was again obliged to fly. He called Henri de Navarre to his aid, and the united armies of Catholics and Huguenots besieged Paris.

The Duchesse de Montpensier found a tool in Jacques Clement, who stabbed the King to death on August 2, 1589. He had appointed Henri de Navarre his successor.

THE TWO DIANAS (1846)

This romance of the reign of Henri II was written in collaboration with Paul Meurice. The chief characters, Henri II, Diane de Poitiers, their daughter, Diane, the Constable Montmorency, the Duc de Guise, Admiral Coligny, the Comte de Montgomery, Catherine de Medici, François II, Marie Stuart, Ambroise Paré, Théodore de Bèze, La Renaudie, and other Huguenot leaders, fill important pages in the histories and memoirs of the Valois period.

ON the fifth of May, 1551, a youth of eighteen and a woman of forty issued from a humble home and passed through the village of Montgomery, near Ange, on their way to the castle. On their arrival they were received with deference by the old servitors, who had had sole charge of it for nearly twenty years; and Dame Aloyse thus addressed the youth: "Gabriel, you were hardly six years old when you lost your father and I my husband. You were my nursling, for your mother died in giving you birth. From that day I have loved you as my own child. The Holy Virgin has aided me; and, now, at eighteen, you are a pious Christian, a learned gentleman and an accomplished soldier. I trust that with God's help you will be not unworthy of your ancestor, Monseigneur Gabriel, Seigneur de Lorge, Comte de Montgomery."

To Gabriel's questions concerning his father, Aloyse replied: "One day Comte Jacques de Montgomery left his house in the Rue des Jardins de Saint-Paul at Paris and never returned. You have no father; and yet his tomb is not among those of his ancestors; for he has never been found dead or alive. My husband's last words were: 'As soon as you have closed my eyes, quit Paris immediately with the child. Go to Montgomery, not to the castle, but to our home, and bring up the heir without mystery, but quietly. When he is eighteen, tell him his name and his race. He can then judge for himself

what to do: formidable enemies and invincible hatreds will pursue him.' "

Gabriel decided to assume the name of Vicomte Exmès, take service under the Duc de Guise, and seek to unravel the mystery. Before going, he went to Vimoutiers to take a tender farewell of pretty little Diana, whom he called his wife, and who was also surrounded with mystery. Her foster-mother one day had found her in her house in a cradle, with a heavy purse of gold, an engraved ring, and a paper on which was written "Diana." Aloyse warned Gabriel: "Take care, sir, I know she is only a child now; she will grow, however—and will be very beautiful, but her birth may never be known; and in that case you are too great to marry her."

On his arrival at Diana's house, to his amazement he found her in tears, because four days previously she had become the bride of another. She was now the Duchesse de Castro, wife of Horace Farnèse. A gay cavalcade of brilliant gentlemen had suddenly appeared with an order from the King for her immediate marriage. Her guardians obeyed, and two hours later Diana was the wife of Farnèse.

The Duke left immediately for the wars in Spain and his twelve-year-old bride was ordered to go at once to the court. With vows of mutual affection, Gabriel and Diana parted with heavy hearts.

On the 24th of April, 1557, the Duc de Guise laid siege to Civitella, and the same day received a letter from his brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine. He had it read to him by Gabriel, who had greatly distinguished himself during the last six years and to whom he was deeply attached. One paragraph seriously disturbed Gabriel: "The Constable Montmorency loudly demands the marriage of his son, François, with Madame de Castro, daughter of the King and Diana de Poitiers. You remember that she, a widow at thirteen, her husband having been killed at the siege of Hesdin, has been for five years at the Convent of the *Filles de Dieu* in Paris. The King, at the desire of the Constable, has just recalled her to court; and let me tell you, brother, that she is a pearl of beauty; you know that I am a good judge. Her grace has won all hearts, and above all her father's; he had before given her the duchy of

Châtellerault, and now has added that of Angoulême. She has scarcely been here a fortnight; but her ascendency over him is immense. Indeed, her mother, who, for some unknown reason, does not openly acknowledge her, seems almost jealous of the new power. It would be good for the Constable; for you know, between ourselves, that Diana de Poitiers can refuse nothing to the old rascal. There is only one chance for us: François de Montmorency is secretly married to Mademoiselle de Fiennes, and a divorce will be necessary, which François is going to Rome to solicit, supported by a letter from the King. Endeavor to make his Holiness deny the request."

Gabriel was greatly agitated. The Duke asked if there was anything he could do to requite his heroic services. Gabriel was too rich to want money. He desired no titles; he coveted personal glory, not honors; but it would give him great gratification to be sent to Paris carrying to the King the flags taken in Lombardy and the Abruzzi, with a personal letter saying that some of them had been captured by himself. The request was gladly granted.

When Henri II told Diana of his plans for her marriage, she informed him of her affection for the companion of her childhood; and, finally induced him to grant three months' delay on the chance that she might hear something of Gabriel.

A few days later, at a magnificent tourney, after Henri had vanquished all comers, he was defeated by Gabriel, who offered the gold chain of victory to Diana, and was immediately recognized by her. Gabriel announced his name as Vicomte Exmès and delivered his letters to the King, who, in reward for his services, made him captain of the guards. At court he had an opportunity of seeing Diana, and was soon able to write to his old nurse that Diana still loved him. Aloyse came to Paris and revealed a secret that she had sworn to keep. In all probability Diana was his sister. "Diana was born in May, 1539. Your father disappeared in the January of the same year; and do you know of what he was suspected and of what they accused him? Of being the favored lover of Diana of Poitiers and the rival of the Dauphin, now King of France. Now compare the dates, Monsieur."

In his despair, Gabriel sought an interview with Diana de Poitiers, told her of his love and asked her to end his misery. He found her bitterly hostile, and had to retire mad with rage and grief. He fell ill of a violent fever; and, on his recovery, Aloyse gave him the details of his father's arrest, as she had received them from her husband, the Count's faithful servant.

The next day, Gabriel demanded an audience of the King. England and Spain had declared war against France, and their troops were pouring into Artois carrying everything before them. The Constable Montmorency's army had been almost annihilated on the plains of Gibercourt, and the constable and many nobles taken prisoners. St. Quentin was besieged; but, if it could hold out for eight days, reënforcements could be gathered and Paris could be saved. Gabriel offered to hold the town and even to capture another, if the King would restore to him his father, whom he believed to have been imprisoned for a quarter of a century. Henri gave his promise. Gabriel succeeded in entering St. Quentin with a troop of a hundred men, and inspirited the citizens so that they heroically defended the walls for the specified time. Diana was in the Convent of the Benedictines in St. Quentin when the siege was opened. She was known as Sister Benie, and, with others, helped to nurse the wounded. Gabriel was able to see her occasionally and explain to her his doubts and hopes. When the town surrendered, Coligny, the commander of the garrison, promised to send Gabriel with letters to the King, saying, with joy and profound gratitude, that Gabriel had saved Paris, and, consequently, France.

With other prisoners of war, Gabriel was sent to Calais for safe-keeping till the ransom should be paid. Both Gabriel and Diana were the prisoners of the Governor, Lord Wentworth, who fell madly in love with Diana and persecuted her with his attentions. He refused ransom for her, although Henri II offered to agree to any terms. Gabriel fixed his own ransom at 10,000 crowns; and, during a long delay, before he received the money, he made the acquaintance of some French citizens of Calais, who were disaffected toward the English. Among other things, they supplied him with a map of the defenses and

a signal by which they would help him to enter on any night when they were on guard on the walls.

Gabriel soon discovered that Diana was a prisoner in Lord Wentworth's house, and challenged him to mortal combat. The Governor allowed him to go to Paris to collect his own ransom. The first person he met on arrival was Coligny, who introduced him to a meeting of reformers, among whom he met Théodore de Bèze, La Renaudie and the surgeon, Paré.

They sought the King, to whom, and to Diana de Poitiers, Admiral Coligny recited Gabriel's great services and retired. Gabriel claimed his reward, which the King was inclined to grant; but Diana malevolently recalled that Gabriel had offered not only to hold St. Quentin for eight days, but also to make the King master of a French town already in the hands of the enemy. Henri finally took Diana's view, and Gabriel retired in fury.

Gabriel visited the Duc de Guise, who received him with open arms and congratulated him on his exploits. It was his task to protect Paris; but he wished that by some bold stroke he could raise the spirits of the army and revive the old glorious reputation of the French arms. Brave and venturesome as he was, the Duke was startled at Gabriel's suggestion that they should capture Calais. However, when Gabriel showed him the plans of the fortress and told him of the friends he had inside the walls, he determined to undertake the task.

Wentworth felt too secure to suspect any danger, and, moreover, his mind was altogether preoccupied with Diana, who detested him more day by day. On the 31st of December, 1557, however, the great forts on the landside were taken by surprise. Gabriel, with a few devoted followers, landed at the foot of the octagon tower, which commanded the whole port. By means of a rope ladder let down by his friends on the ramparts, the little troop mounted, and in the morning the French flag floated above it. The English fleet, which was just arriving with reënforcements, saw the futility of an attack, and so was obliged to return to Dover. The Duke's army then made a general assault and captured Calais. During the tumult, Lord Wentworth made a last appeal to Diana; and, on her contemptuous refusal of his love, was about to resort to violence,

when Gabriel arrived in time to save her. The Duc de Guise apparently received a mortal wound, the head of a lance remaining in his cheek. However, it was successfully extracted by Ambroise Paré, leaving a perpetual scar, by which the Duke was afterwards known as Le Balafré. The Duke sent Gabriel to Paris with despatches and the keys of Calais. Diana also wrote to her father, telling him how Gabriel had saved her.

On his arrival, Gabriel was graciously received. He claimed his reward, which was granted.

On arriving at the prison and demanding his father, the governor told him that the Count had just been removed to a lower tier of cells than that he had occupied. On entering the prison this had been the promised punishment if he ever uttered one single word, and yesterday he had spoken: one of Diana's emissaries had brought him joyful news and an inadvertent exclamation had entailed the penalty. When Gabriel reached a foul, pestilential den, his father's corpse was delivered to him. The King had kept his promise to him.

At their parting, Diana had given Gabriel a ring and the veil she had worn in the convent. If all went well, the ring was to be sent to the Comtesse de Montgomery; if not, the veil to Sister Benie. Gabriel now returned both by messenger, at the same time restoring to her all her promises. On her return to the Louvre, Henri II welcomed her with parental tenderness and made no further reference to François de Montmorency.

After a period of melancholy wanderings, brooding over projects of vengeance, Gabriel attached himself to the fortunes of the Duc de Guise and again appeared at court, where he saw Diana, and, at her invitation, visited her and informed her of all that had passed. She was overwhelmed at the knowledge of her father's duplicity and terrified at the thought of Gabriel's vengeance.

Magnificent *fêtes* were given on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth de Valois to Philip II and of Philip's sister Margaret to the Duc de Savoy. Henri insisted on taking part in the jousts. On the day before the tilting, Catherine begged him not to go out of doors during the festivities, because her astrologer had predicted some misfortune in case he should. Henri

laughed at her fears. On the last day, he insisted on running an extra course. as there was one cavalier present who had not participated. When the unknown raised his vizor, the King recognized Gabriel, who asked to be permitted to decline the challenge; but Henri insisted. On the first course neither gained a decided advantage: on the second, Gabriel neglected to exchange his splintered lance for a sound one, as was customary, and a splinter entered the King's eye and came out at his ear. As he fell, the King cried: "I am dead! Let nothing be done to the Comte de Montgomery. It was justice. I pardon him."

No one dared approach Gabriel except Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Guise, who condoled with him on the unfortunate affair; and, whether his neglect to take a new lance was intentional or not, still promised him their friendship and protection. Henri lingered for eleven days and was succeeded by his son, François II, who, by Catherine's influence, appointed the Duc de Guise his chief adviser and lieutenant-general of the Kingdom. The Constable de Montmorency was stripped of all his honors and offices; and Diana de Poitiers was invited to leave the court. Her magnificent estate of Anet not being as convenient for seclusion and quiet as the Queen's castle of Chaumont-sur-Loire, she was ordered to make the exchange. To this act of arbitrary confiscation Diana replied: "I shall be happy to offer to the Queen the magnificent domain which I owe to her husband's reparation."

Catherine did not find, however, an ally in the Duke when she wanted François to deliver up Gabriel to her vengeance. Finally she said darkly: "I shall find another time."

For some time Gabriel led the life of a recluse, and often regretted that Catherine had not been permitted to glut her vengeance upon him. One day he received a letter from the Duc de Guise, asking him to meet him at Amboise, whither the court was removing from Blois. The Duke counted upon his services. When they met, the Duke was amazed to find from Gabriel's frank statement that, though not engaged in any intrigues or plots, at heart he was a Huguenot. The Duke informed him of the plot now come to a head by which the Huguenots were to converge on Amboise to capture the King and the Guises. Gabriel asked permission to interview the Hugue-

not leaders and dissuade them from the undertaking. After some demur, the Duke assented and gave him a safe conduct. His mission was unsuccessful; and, by the measures taken by the Guises, the Huguenots were defeated with great slaughter and their leaders made captive. The result of the mad enterprise was that there was a public execution at which the flower of the French nobility lost their heads—twenty-seven barons, eleven counts and seven marquises. The King, Queen, Queen-mother and a brilliant court graced the spectacle with their presence.

Soon afterward the King fell ill and grew rapidly worse. He suffered great pain in the ear and the doctors could do nothing for him. Ambroise Paré wanted to trepan him. Around the bedside conflicting interests warred—some desiring his death and others his recovery, during which, to his mother's satisfaction, he died. Eight months later, Gabriel formed one of the escort of Mary Stuart on her embarkation to Scotland. He had received a summons from Diana and was delayed by this duty. When he arrived at St. Quentin, he heard that Diana had taken the veil the day before. Diana de Poitiers had been present. She had gloated over her daughter's sufferings. The two Dianas came to the grating to see Gabriel, and Diana de Poitiers told her daughter in Gabriel's presence that she was the daughter of Henri II, and produced the documentary proofs. Diana de Castro fainted and Gabriel rushed from the room.

Gabriel played an important part in the religious wars, and often made Catherine tremble. At the battle of St. Denis he killed the Constable Montmorency. He seemed invulnerable; but, at last, being betrayed, he defended himself at Domfront for twelve days with only fifty men against six hundred horse, strong artillery and two regiments. He was induced to surrender finally on promise that his life should be spared.

He was sent to Paris. Charles IX had just died and Catherine was Regent pending the arrival of Henri III from Poland. Notwithstanding his guaranty, Gabriel was tried, condemned, tortured and beheaded, Catherine being present at the execution. Diana de Castro had died the year before—Abbess of the Benedictine nuns at St. Quentin.

THE PAGE OF THE DUKE OF SAVOY (1846)

This is a romance woven around the identical historical events that form the framework of the *The Two Dianas*. It will be noted, however, that in the treatment of the same episodes in the two stories there are many discrepancies, and that the author has allowed himself considerable license in the coloring and treatment of historical facts.

N the fifth of May, 1555, the army of Charles V was encamped around Heslin-Fert, in Artois, under the immediate command of the Emperor and his commander-in-chief, Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy. In addition to the Spanish troops, the army contained German mercenaries and soldiers of fortune of all countries, who were willing to sell their swords to the highest bidder and do business on their own account whenever the opportunity offered. Emmanuel, however, mercilessly punished these when caught.

In a natural cavern in a somber corner of the forest, the mouth of which was guarded by a sentinel, eight men were drawing up articles of agreement. It was a typical band of marauders, consisting of two German giants named Scharfenstein, uncle and nephew, one of whom held the torch inside while the other kept watch outside; the scribe Procope; a Parisian gallant, young and handsome Yvonnet; a rigid Catholic telling his beads in the corner, Lactance; an out-and-out mercenary, Pilletrousse; an Italian poet, Fracasso; a fire-eater, Maldent; and Malemort, whose perpetual cry was "Fight! Fight!" They were going to sack a rich château in the neighborhood, and very nearly came to blows over the question as to who originated the idea. As the articles of agreement were being read Franz Scharfenstein entered with a struggling young woman in his arms. It was Gertrude, a maid at the château, who had come to seek Yvonnet's protection.

Her story enraged the band, who immediately left the cave; and Yvonnet climbed a tree, wrote what he saw in a note-book and dropped the leaves to his friends below. They read: "The château is on fire. Count Waldeck with his whole troop is returning to camp. Another troop of seven men is advancing from the opposite direction: they will meet exactly opposite us. Look out! the leader is Emmanuel Philibert himself."

He was right. The Duke, about twenty-seven years of age, in complete armor except his helmet, which was slung from the pommel of his saddle, was attended by a powerfully built youth of the same age, completely armed, and a handsome page of eighteen, brilliantly costumed. At the turn of the road opposite the big tree, the Duke and his companions and four followers came face to face with Count Waldeck and his party, who immediately reined in. The Duke signed to his followers to halt, and rode on alone till within arm's length of the young Count Waldeck, who had placed himself in front of his father. In sweet tones he told the Viscount that he was an honorable man and that he appointed him to the command of five hundred lances just levied. "Set out at once and show yourself worthy of the favor I have shown you." With profuse thanks, the young man put spurs to his horse and disappeared. The Duke then turned to Count Waldeck, who thanked him for the favor done to his son. The reply was: "I am just to virtue and to crime. Therefore give me your sword, Count Waldeck."

"Why?"

"You know my edict against pillage and marauding, under pain of the lash and gibbet for the soldiery and of arrest and imprisonment for the officers. This you have disobeyed. By forcing yourself, in spite of the remonstrances of your eldest son, into yonder château and stealing the gold and jewels of its owner, you are a marauder and a plunderer. You were not satisfied with this. You bound the unhappy *châtelaine* to a bed-post and demanded five hundred gold crowns as ransom on pain of setting fire to the house. This you did in spite of the entreaties of your son. Then your bastard son took the keys and went to dishonor the *châtelaine*. Viscount Waldeck heard her cries and ran to the rescue. While they were fighting, you entered and cried 'Stop! The prettiest woman on earth is not

worth one drop of blood from a soldier's veins. Sheathe your swords. I'll reconcile you'—and you advanced and drove your dagger up to the hilt in the lady's breast. You are a murderer! Give me your sword, Count Waldeck."

With forty men at his back, the Count insolently defied the Duke, who thereupon spurred his horse to the side of the Count, drew a pistol and blew out his brains. The Count fell to the ground amid the cries of the bastard: "Vengeance for the Count!" but the troopers did not move. The young man, stretching his clenched fist towards the Duke, cried: "I tell you that from this day I hate you with a fierce and deadly hatred, and that I will dog you till your dying day; and, by Heaven, I will revenge my father's death! Look at my face, Emmanuel Philibert, and mark it well; for whenever you see it again, misfortune, misery, and death shall follow in its wake, as sure as I invoke the curse of Heaven upon you now." His savage shouts of vengeance mingled with the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped away.

Scianca-Ferro (the Iron-Breaker), had been brought up with Emmanuel since early childhood. They were inseparable and loved one another like brothers. One day, when out riding together, they came across the corpse of a woman with a little boy of about five years of age in her arms. Emmanuel entreated his mother to have the child reared at court. She consented, and the child, who called himself simply Leone, became devoted to Emmanuel and Scianca-Ferro, particularly the former, whose page he became when they went to the wars. Emmanuel became a high favorite with his uncle, Charles V, and greatly distinguished himself in the campaign that was terminated by the Treaty of Cressy, signed October 14, 1544. Soon afterward, the Emperor proposed a marriage between Emmanuel and the daughter of King Ferdinand, Charles's brother. This greatly distressed Leone; and Emmanuel soon made a discovery. To the world the page was still a young man called Leone: to Emmanuel Philibert, alone, the page was a lovely girl, Leona.

In the clashing interests of France and Spain, the Duke of Savoy had lost everything but his sword, which he offered to Charles V, who accepted it. Accompanied by Scianca-Ferro

and Leone and forty gentlemen, he set out for Worms in 1545 to join the Emperor, by whom he was received most graciously. He justified his uncle's favor by prodigies of valor at the battles of Ingolstadt and Mühlberg. Emmanuel continued to rise in the Emperor's esteem; and, after the siege of Metz and the taking of Therouanne and Heslin, was appointed to the supreme command of the army in Flanders and the governorship of the Low Countries.

On his return to the camp after executing Count Waldeck, he told Charles of the affair, and was praised. That day an attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor, who asked Emmanuel to question the criminal; and he was at once taken to Emmanuel's tent, where Scianca-Ferro and Leona were allowed to remain within hearing.

Emmanuel soon gained the prisoner's confidence. He was Odoardo Maraviglia, the son of the French envoy extraordinary to the court of Sforza, Duke of Milan, in 1534. The mission had been so successful that Sforza abandoned the Emperor's cause, and joined the French. Francesco Maraviglia had been imprudent enough to boast of his diplomacy; and his words were carried to Charles, who vowed vengeance. Before long Sforza needed to make peace with Charles; and, to please him, seized a pretext to cast Maraviglia into prison. Odoardo was then at the French court and knew nothing of the matter; but his mother disguised herself, and, accompanied only by a little daughter, succeeded in seeing her husband by heavily bribing the jailer. On the night appointed for Francesco's escape, he was executed in his cell in view of the Countess and her young daughter, who were concealed behind a small grating. The death-sentence read to the victim was drawn up in the name of the Duke Francesco Maria Sforza at the request of the Emperor Charles V; and it condemned Francesco Maraviglia to be executed in his cell at midnight as a traitor, a spy and a divulger of state secrets. Before the executioner did his duty, the Count appealed to a higher tribunal, before which he summoned Sforza to appear.

"When?" asked the Duke.

"In the same time that Jacques de Molay assigned to his judge—that is, in a year and a day. This is the fifteenth of No-

vember, 1534, and I summon you to appear before the tribunal of the Almighty, on the sixteenth of November, 1535." At the appointed time, Sforza obeyed the summons.

Seeing the failure of the planned escape, the jailer had gone out and murdered the driver of the carriage that contained the enormous bribe and disappeared. The jailer's wife disguised the Countess in some of her own clothes and the girl in clothes of her own son, gave her two ducats and sent her away secretly. Odoardo continued: "What may have been the fate of my mother and sister is known to God but not to me." For many years he had fruitlessly tried to learn the fate of his parents, till at last he received a summons to go to Avignon, and there found the dying ex-jailer, who related in detail every occurrence of that terrible night. Odoardo pardoned the repentant sinner: Sforza was beyond his vengeance; but Charles V still remained. Odoardo had attempted his life, and now claimed nothing but a gentleman's death.

When Emmanuel had dismissed the prisoner under guard, Leona entered in tears, exclaiming: "That young man must not die!" and added to the Duke's questioning: "Because he is my brother!"

The same day King Philip arrived and was affectionately received by his father: they had not met for five years. Philip brought a document for his father's approval and signature, establishing a five years' truce between the subjects, states, kingdoms and principalities of the Emperor and of the King of France and of King Philip. Charles V signed. "Sire," said he, using this title to his son for the first time, "return to London and hold yourself in readiness to return to Brussels at my request."

Five months later, on October 25, 1555, the principal streets of Brussels were thronged. A vast assembly had been summoned by the Emperor, who entered the great hall of the palace leaning on the arm of William of Orange, and followed by his nephew, Emmanuel, with his squire and page. Charles took his seat on the throne, with Philip on his right and his sister, Queen Mary of Hungary, on his left. Amid intense curiosity, he ordered a proclamation to be read. It was a notification to all the assembled kings, princes, nobles, knights

of the Golden Fleece and members of the Flemish Assembly that the Emperor Charles V abdicated in favor of his son, Don Philip, who succeeded to all his titles and dominions in the Old and New Worlds, with the exception of the Imperial Crown, which was reserved for Ferdinand of Rome.

This abdication, which fell like a thunderbolt on the civilized world, was attributed to the Emperor's increasing gout, aggravated by the climate of the Netherlands, and to his longing to return to Spain.

A still more extraordinary spectacle followed—that of a monarch publicly acknowledging a fault and asking pardon of the injured. Turning to a magnificently attired stranger, he called: "Odoardo Maraviglia, come hither." He then confessed his crime against the father and asked the son's forgiveness, which was freely given with fervent protestations of future service. Charles then vacated the throne for Philip, whom he crowned with his own hands, and left the Assembly attended only by Maraviglia. On reaching his desolate lodgings, he was visited by the Admiral de Coligny, who brought a draft of the truce for signature. Charles signed it, and asked Coligny on his return to tell Henri II to beware of Gabriel de Lorges, Comte de Montgomery, Captain of the Scotch Guards, because an astrologer had warned him that Gabriel had a line between the eyebrows indicating that he would strike some crowned head.

About a year later, Henri II and all his brilliant court went on a great boar-hunt. During the day the King's horse was overthrown by the furious charge of a boar and only saved from death by the courage of Gabriel and the Duc de Nemours. The latter had just arrived from Italy with news from the Duc de Guise, with whom things were going badly. On his return to Paris, Henri called the Constable Montmorency and the Cardinal de Lorraine to a council, which was interrupted by heralds from Spain and England declaring war.

A little later, a messenger, Yvonnet, from the front with his squire, arrived with news of the hostile movements in Artois, where the Spanish forces were four times as numerous as the French. They were sent post-haste back to Coligny to tell him to defend St. Quentin at all costs. A week's check to the

Spanish arms would save Paris, and, consequently, France. Yvonnet knew the approaches to St. Quentin and undertook to guide a body of troops across the marshes and gain entrance to the town. He and his captain then returned post-haste to Coligny, who agreed on the necessity of a protracted defense.

The very evening on which Yvonnet rejoined his companions in camp, a man entered their tent to hire their services for a day and a night on a little business on his own account. Not all were present, so he was asked to call a few days later, which he did and offered five hundred gold crowns for the assassination of Emmanuel Philibert. The offer was accepted.

By the aid of Yvonnet and his companions, a few reën-forcements succeeded in getting into St. Quentin, which greatly aided the garrison and citizens in defending the town till the walls were literally leveled by the Spanish artillery. Meantime, on the tenth of August, the French, under the Constable Montmorency and Marshal Saint André, attacked the besieging army. The French and their German allies numbered about ten thousand, the English and Spaniards about fifty thousand. Emmanuel gained the overwhelming victory of St. Laurent where vast numbers of the French were killed. The Duc d'Enghien, the Vicomte de Turenne, and eight hundred gentlemen were left dead on the field. Among the prisoners were the Constable Montmorency, Marshal Saint André, the Duc de Montpensier and the Duc de Bouillon. The French lost six thousand killed, three thousand prisoners, sixty flags and all the baggage, tents and provisions.

On his way back to camp, accompanied by only a few officers, the Duke of Savoy suddenly heard the clash of steel and the cry: "Down with the Duke Emmanuel!" Aided by Scianca-Ferro, he defended himself so valiantly that his assailants took flight, leaving three dead and one unconscious on the ground. On raising the vizor of the latter, Emmanuel and Scianca recognized the bastard of Waldeck. Scianca wanted to slay him, but the Duke said: "Let him live. The father was enough!"

King Philip arrived two days later to congratulate his cousin on his splendid victory, in which the Spanish lost only sixty-five and the Flemings fifteen men.

As the news of the victory did not make St. Quentin surrender, it was evident that the garrison were determined to hold out to the last extremity: it was therefore resolved to press energetically the attack on the town, which had already successfully resisted for ten days. The feeling of the citizens was: "We shall fall—town, houses, ramparts, citizens and soldiers; but we shall save France!"

On August twenty-seventh St. Quentin was taken by assault. The troops rushed into the town, murdered its defenders, or received ransom if they thought them rich enough; and the pillage began. It lasted five days, and during that time every species of horror and cruelty was committed. No one was spared; neither women nor children, old men, monks nor nuns.

The loss of the battle of St. Laurent was a terrible blow to France. One half of the nobility was occupied with the Duc de Guise in the conquest of Naples; the other half was annihilated. Messengers were sent to recall the Duc de Guise; and the King and Queen went to Compiègne, where they learned that, contrary to expectations, St. Quentin still held out. The Queen then went to Paris and made a personal appeal to the patriotism of the citizens, who responded nobly. Money was voted and troops were levied, and France breathed more freely.

In September, Philip II called a council of war. St. Quentin was desolate and in ashes; but Emmanuel's advice in view of this, to march immediately on Paris, which must have fallen, was overruled. Philip had received by letter a reminder of the poppies that grew in Tarquin's garden. Was not Emmanuel the poppy that was raising his head so high in Philip's garden? And if he grew too high, would he not have to be feared? If, after St. Laurent and St. Quentin, he took Paris, what could recompense such services? Would the son even be content with what the father had been robbed of? If Piedmont were restored to him, he would probably take the Milanais and Naples afterward! Philip, therefore, declared the campaign closed and returned to Brussels.

During the following year the Duc de Guise captured Calais; and, as an offset, the French lost the great battle of

Gravelines. Philip's father, Charles, and his wife, Mary, Queen of England, died in the same year.

During the previous campaign, Leona had been left at Cambray. Emmanuel returned to her with deeper love than ever; and, as he had not taken an active part in the war since, they had not been again separated. On November seventeenth, Leona entered her lover's tent, reminded him of the associations of the day (the day he had found her) and asked a favor, which was willingly granted: "What I ask is," she said, "that you will make no personal objections to the peace between France and Spain, the proposals of which my brother is coming to submit to you."

To Emmanuel's amazement, Odoardo arrived a little later. He thanked the Duke for having saved his life; and then, as the representative of both France and Spain, recited the terms of peace. The conditions were overwhelmingly in favor of Spain, and were due to Diana de Poitiers, who was uneasy at the growing fortunes of the Guises and the credit of Catherine and the Constable. Philip II was to marry Henri II's eldest daughter, Elizabeth. Emmanuel's services were to be rewarded. All his patrimony was to be restored with the exception of five towns, which were to be retained until he had a male heir. He was to marry Henri II's sister Marguerite. Emmanuel refused. Leona said he would accept and asked the ambassador to retire for a few moments. The latter did so, wondering at the influence of the strange page. When admitted again, he found Emmanuel alone. He looked sad; but told Odoardo to say that he would gratefully accept the proposals.

On the fifth of June, 1559, a proclamation was made throughout Paris of the magnificent jousts to be held in honor of the double wedding of Philip of Spain and Elizabeth of France and of Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy and Marguerite of France. The marriage took place on the twenty-seventh of June, the Duke of Alva acting as proxy. On the first day Henri overcame all his antagonists—it was whispered because they were too good courtiers to conquer a king. On the second day a cavalier left the Tournelles stables on a fleet horse and galloped to a house in Ecouen. Before the door stood

saddled horses and loaded mules. The cavalier rushed upstairs into a room where he found a lady in traveling dress. "Leona," he cried, "is this the way you keep your promise?" as he clasped her in his arms. "You swore to leave me only on the eve of my marriage and afterward to meet me every seventeenth of November in the little house at Oleggio, whither I carried you as a child." Leona begged Emmanuel's forgiveness for planning to enter a convent and said her jealousy was the cause of it. Emmanuel said that, though one of the judges of the jousts, he had stolen away to bask in her smiles, leaving Scianca-Ferro to impersonate him.

In his absence Scianca-Ferro received a challenge to mortal combat, which he obtained the King's permission to accept. After the jousts, at which Scianca assisted in Emmanuel's armor, the unknown challenger entered the lists. "Good courage, brother," said the King to the champion, who was wearing Emmanuel's armor.

Three courses were run without decided advantage on either side. The King continued to encourage his supposed brother-in-law. Then the champions dismounted and took to their swords, with which they dented the armor and clove the shields of each other. Then they wielded the battle-ax and the combat was one of brute strength. Scianca battered his adversary to the earth and was about to give him the *coup de grâce*, when Emmanuel arrived, sprang into the lists and stayed his hand. As Scianca was led to Marguerite by Emmanuel and the King to receive the prize, he muttered: "If that serpent De Waldeck falls a third time into my hands, I warrant he will not escape alive."

The next day the King insisted on tilting notwithstanding the warnings that were brought to him from the emissary of the dead Emperor and from his wife. After vanquishing all comers, he insisted on running a course with Montgomery and sent him three lances to tilt with. On the second course, Montgomery's lance raised the King's vizor and a splinter entered the eye and penetrated the brain. Henri cried: "Do not let Montgomery be molested. It was not his fault."

The King lingered for several days. Before dying, he summoned his son, François, and made him swear to observe

faithfully the terms of the treaty by which Emmanuel's patrimony was to be restored. On his return to Savoy, the Duke found his duchy in a dilapidated condition; but his own energy and his wife's dowry soon restored prosperity to his dominions.

On November seventeenth he visited Leona, who was visibly failing. She had visions of her dead mother, who warned her of threatening calamities. Emmanuel tried to cheer her up and treated her dreams with indulgent credulity

On the next anniversary she warned him of a dream she had had, in which her mother had said: "To-morrow you will see the Duke. Make him promise to go by night with the Duchess by Tenda and Coni, while he sends an empty litter escorted by Scianca-Ferro and a hundred armed men by land. It concerns the safety of Savoy." The Duke humored her.

In a rocky defile Scianca's party was ambushed by a band of Moorish pirates, the chief of whom cried: "Duke Emmanuel, you shall not escape me this time!"

Scianca-Ferro, the Duke's impersonator, killed De Waldeck in single combat, and the rest of the pirates fled. On drawing the curtains of the litter, he found Leona dead, with a Moorish bullet through her breast. At the moment she died, her wraith appeared to Emmanuel and announced the completion of her mission on earth.

THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE, (1846)

This is one of the series grouped around Marie Antoinette and *Joseph Balsamo*. It was dramatized and performed in Paris in 1847. Louis's couplet *Mourir pour la patrie* ("To Die for the Country") was used as a popular political song in 1848.

ON the cold, foggy evening of March 10, 1793, when the clock of Nôtre Dame was striking ten, the long and doleful vibrations echoing through the gloomy streets of panic-stricken Paris, a frightened woman, closely wrapped in a mantle and hood, glided along the Rue St. Honoré and hid under a doorway, or angle of a wall, every time a patrol appeared, remaining motionless as a statue and holding her breath until he had passed. She had pursued her way thus far some distance, when she suddenly encountered a troop of half-drunken volunteers, who stopped her. They demanded her passport; but she had none, because she did not know that the Commune had prohibited anyone going out in the evening after six o'clock without a civic pass. The chief seized her brutally by the arm to take her to the guard-house; but her cry of terror attracted the attention of a young officer, Maurice Lindey, a lieutenant in the National Guards, who happened to be passing. He gave her his arm and offered to conduct her to the Poste, where she could make her explanations; but, pressing his arm, she said: "Monsieur, it is no longer insult that I fear, it is death; if they conduct me to the Poste, I am lost!"

While Maurice was wondering what he should do, the patrol approached, which fortunately was commanded by a poetical friend of his, named Louis. Maurice explained the situation as well as he could and Louis asked to see the woman's face. "Oh, Monsieur," said she, throwing back her hood and dis-

covering a face radiant with youth and beauty, "do I look like what those men have called me?"

Maurice was dazzled by her charms, and begged Louis to take her under his protection. The volunteers, however, insisted that the *citoyenne* belonged to them; and Louis was forced to curtail his quotations from songs and poets to repel an attack from the angry volunteers, who fired upon Maurice and the National Guards. After the skirmish, during which several volunteers were killed, Louis permitted Maurice to take charge of the unknown beauty, while he, faithful to his Anacreontic taste, departed singing songs in company with the National Guards and volunteers, who had now made friends.

During their long walk, the young woman refused to tell Maurice her name, or to satisfy him regarding the mystery of her absence from home at that hour. On reaching the old Rue St. Jacques, she asked him to leave her and slipped a sapphire ring on his finger. He resented the gift as payment; but, on seeing her tearful eyes and feeling the pressure of her soft hand (for she had not altogether escaped the sentiment she had inspired), he begged to see her again. She told him that was impossible, but made him swear to shut his eyes and count sixty seconds, letting her hood fall and revealing once again her raven curls, beautiful features, and coral lips. He shut his eyes, and felt her lips slightly touch his own, leaving the disputed ring between them; then he heard the door of a neighboring house shut and all was silent.

On nearing his residence in the Rue de Roule, Maurice was surprised at the number of patrols he saw; and, in reply to his questions, the sergeant told him that a plot had been discovered that night "to carry off the Widow Capet (Marie Antoinette) and the whole nest besides." A band forming a patrol had discovered the password and entered the Temple in the costume of the National Guards; but he who represented the corporal forgot himself and addressed the officer on guard as, "Monsieur." He had escaped, however, and when the patrol reached the street all the conspirators had dispersed.

The next day Maurice learned from Louis that the famous Chevalier de Maison-Rouge was in Paris. "A woman, who is thought to be an aristocrat, disguised as a woman of the

people, took the costume of the National Guards to him at the barrier gate," explained Louis, who added, "if he escapes the bloodhounds of the Republic this time, he will be a cunning fox."

He also informed Maurice that the Commune was about to issue a decree forcing every house to display on its front the name of its inmates, both male and female.

Maurice, who had received a non-committal letter from the fair unknown, went to the old Rue St. Jacques in the hope of finding her; but the dirty little streets leading into the tan-yard were deserted. A few days later he went again, thinking that a name might appear on one of the doors in that quarter that would give him a clue; but his inquisitive scrutiny attracted the suspicions of Citoyen Dixmer, manager of a tannery with fifty workmen, who, with several armed men, seized and blindfolded him. On learning that he was the Revolutionist, Maurice Lindey, secretary of the Section Lepelletier, they carried him through a door and into a pavilion in a garden. Soon he heard his death determined upon; and, getting rid of the bandage, he escaped into the garden and jumping through the window of a small projection found himself in a room where a lady sat reading.

"Stand aside, Geneviève, that I may kill the spy!" cried Dixmer, who was in pursuit.

"Ah! you will not kill him!" she cried, for she had recognized Maurice, who was amazed to find her whom he sought. "No, he is not a spy," she continued, and whispered something to the master-tanner, who not only spared Maurice's life, but insisted that he should remain to supper. Dixmer's excuse for trying to kill him was that he was smuggling goods and feared that Maurice would inform the authorities. He told Maurice also that he and his partner, Morand, were likely to acquire a large fortune; and introduced Citoyen Morand, a short, dark man, who wore green spectacles, like a man whose eyes are fatigued from excess of work.

Dixmer sat opposite his wife, at whose left was placed Maurice and at whose right sat Morand, who ate and drank little and spoke less. The conversation turned on politics; and Maurice informed them that Maison-Rouge was in Paris,

and that soon after his arrival at the barrier a woman, disguised as one of the common people, had brought him the costume of a *chasseur* of the National Guards. Ten minutes later she had reëntered with him; and the suspicious sentinel had given the alarm; but the two culprits had escaped.

Morand asked what had become of the woman; and Geneviève, who had listened to the story, pale and motionless, breathed more freely when Maurice answered: "She has disappeared, and no one knows who she is or what she is."

Geneviève shuddered, however, when Maurice said that he would not have been deceived had he been there, and would have arrested Maison-Rouge, who, with his friends, would then have been guillotined within an hour!

At midnight Maurice left, promising to repeat his visit, without the slightest idea that he had been in the hotbed of the royalist conspiracy, that Morand was none other than Maison-Rouge himself, and that Geneviève was his accomplice.

On the day after the attempted rescue of Marie Antoinette from the Temple, Santerre, commandant of the Parisian National Guards, visited the Queen's apartment and brutally carried off the little Dauphin, placing him in the care of the cruel "Simon the Shoemaker." He demanded the names of the conspirators, whose plot had failed the night before; but neither the Queen nor Madame Elizabeth could or would reveal them. Then he turned to Tison, a workman, and told him that by means of his daughter, a laundress, the conspirators had communicated with the prisoners. This laundress, he said significantly, would return no more.

In the mean time, the Queen had managed to instruct her daughter, called Madame Royale, to destroy an unread letter that she had just received and placed in the stove. After Santerre had gone, the Queen showed her daughter some handwriting; and, on learning that it was identical with that of the letter, said the communication must have been from the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, "a gentleman," she said, "of honor and courage, one not devoted to us through ambition, for he has only revealed himself through our misfortunes. He never has seen the Queen of France, or rather the Queen of

France never has seen him, and he vows his life to her defense." The letter was an assurance that he had escaped, although the plot had failed.

In the month of May, Tison's daughter got permission to go to see her mother, and took a friend with her. Maurice Lindey, who was on duty at the Temple, allowed the daughter to ascend the stairway only as far as the Queen's apartment, where her mother watched. She contrived to deliver a letter to Marie Antoinette, which was discovered, whereupon Maurice compelled the Queen to hand it to him. The communication was unintelligible, but the handwriting resembled that of Geneviève. When Madame Tison learned that her daughter would be arrested and imprisoned, she shook her fist at the Queen in fury, exclaiming that she should "pay dearly for this." The next day Maurice saw a young man, with fair hair and pale complexion, and a woman who looked like Geneviève, signaling the Queen from a neighboring house; but they drew back quickly when he turned his glass upon them.

Maurice, who had become a constant visitor at the Dixmers' house, grew more passionately in love with Geneviève and was deeply jealous of Morand, who he fancied was also in love with her. One day Geneviève asked Maurice to escort her to Auteuil, where she paid a call, while he waited for her at some distance from the house. On their return his jealousy and love found expression. They parted in sadness; and two days afterwards Maurice received a letter from Geneviève, asking that his visits should cease and leaving it to him to excuse himself to her husband. Maurice wrote an immediate reply, assigning Dixmer's lukewarmness in political affairs as the reason why he could enter their doors no more. Dixmer read this letter to Morand and both were alarmed; for Maurice's friendship was a great protection; and, besides, said Dixmer: "Is it not he, who, without knowing it, must open the road for us to the Queen?" He resolved to question Geneviève. "Geneviève shares in our convictions and sympathies. Geneviève shall also share our fate," he said, when Morand expressed fear that her head was in danger as well as their own. Dixmer demanded that the friendship between Maurice and Geneviève

should be renewed, and commanded her to write and bring back her lover.

At this juncture Dixmer bought a dilapidated house in the Rue de la Corderie, facing the garden of the Temple, which he said he intended to rebuild. He and Morand, with the aid of their "tanners," began to construct a tunnel—a scheme whereby the indefatigable Maison-Rouge hoped to rescue the royal family. Signals were exchanged by means of one of the Queen's servants; and, to further their plot, Geneviève was instructed to encourage Maurice more and more.

One day, Geneviève requested Maurice, who was on duty at the Temple, to take her to see the Queen, in order to gratify a mere caprice of curiosity; Maurice consented also that Morand should accompany them. Accordingly, on a bright June day, the three set out; and, at the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Audriettes, a flower-girl persuaded Maurice to buy a bouquet of carnations for Geneviève. As the three sad prisoners passed through the passage on their way to the promenade, Madame Elizabeth, noting the strangers, dropped her handkerchief, and, turning round as she stooped to pick it up, attracted the Queen's attention to them. The latter exclaimed at the sight and smell of the sweet flowers, upon which Geneviève offered her bouquet; but the Queen contented herself with accepting one carnation, after obtaining Maurice's permission that she might have it. Unfortunately, Geneviève had dropped a flower on the stairway which was picked up by Simon, who scolded the Citoyenne Tison for having allowed the strangers to see the Queen and for having received a large "tip" from Maurice, which had excited his anger and cupidity. Maurice was almost transfixed with astonishment when Simon drew from the calix of the flower he had picked up a tiny paper, which had been exquisitely rolled and cleverly introduced through the center of the petals. While Simon was endeavoring to decipher the almost invisible writing, a puff of wind blew it away; and Maurice hastened to the Queen and demanded the flower that she had drawn from the bouquet. When the flower was examined, its torn center showed that a paper had been concealed therein and removed. Maurice then desired his own arrest, as he had presented the carnations to Citoyenne Dixmer;

and while insisting that his friends had nothing to do with the plot, agreed that the flower-girl should be tracked. Simon, who had changed the guard of the poetical Louis, whom he hated as much as he hated Maurice—calling the friends "partisans of aristocracy and false patriots"—formed a plan of his own to denounce them: he would make use of the courageous Citoyenne Tison.

On his expulsion from the Temple, Louis consoled himself with singing a quatrain and a walk with his sweetheart Arthémise—"the Goddess of Reason." The latter desired a bunch of flowers; they tried to overtake a flower-girl on the quay, but she threw the contents of her basket into the Seine, placing her finger on her lips to entreat the silence of Arthémise, who was forced to admit to Louis that she knew the girl. But Arthémise was greatly puzzled to see her friend in the guise of a flower-girl.

When Louis returned home that evening and heard of Maurice's arrest, he rushed back to the Goddess of Reason and demanded the name of the flower-girl, which the frightened Arthémise said was Héloïse Tison, and that she lived in the Rue des Nonandières, Number 24, when she learned that Louis also was threatened.

The next day, when Morand went to visit Héloïse, he found that the girl had been arrested; and on learning that she had been conducted to the Section Mère, he hurried there, and saw the tall and noble figure of Maurice standing haughtily before the bench of the accused and annihilating Simon with his glance.

"Yes, citizens," said Simon, "the Citoyenne Tison accuses the Citoyen Lindey and the Citoyen Louis. The Citoyen Lindey mentions a flower-girl, upon whom he endeavors to cast all the blame. The Citoyen Louis has decamped and he will return no more than the flower-girl."

"You lie, Simon," cried a furious voice, "he is here!" Louis strode into the hall and took his place by Maurice's side.

"Citoyens," roared Simon, "I demand that Citoyenne Tison should bring forward her accusation."

"Citoyens," said Louis, "I demand that the flower-girl should first be heard."

Simon insisted, however, that Citoyenne Tison should speak first. The belligerent woman was loud in her denunciation of the flower-girl, who was brought in; but, to her amazement and frantic grief, she found that she had condemned her own daughter! Héloise said that she had prepared the flowers herself and without accomplices, but she refused to tell what was written upon the paper slips which every carnation in every bouquet carried in its calix.

"Noble girl!" murmured Morand, as she was carried back to prison.

On her way out, the wretched mother was accosted by a man in a mantle, who offered to save her daughter if she would help him rescue the Queen, cease to persecute her, and beg her forgiveness; and finally induced her to consent.

The tiny note received by the Queen in the carnation gave her full instructions: she was to ask permission to walk with Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale in the garden; and, feigning illness, to rest in the Widow Plumeau's little house, in the floor of which was a trap-door. This would open; and all three should precipitate themselves through the aperture.

The three women had resolved to try this means of salvation; but, on reaching the bottom of the staircase, the Queen was stopped by the Tison woman, who asked her pardon, which the Queen gave, not comprehending what she had to say regarding her daughter and the man in the mantle. At the same moment were heard cries from the street that Héloïse Tison had been condemned to death, and then the infuriated woman would not allow the Queen to pass.

"It is you who have killed my daughter—you, Austrian, you!" she cried; and her words excited the suspicion of Simon, who, sword in hand, jumped to guard the Plumeau house, where the Queen's pet dog, Jet, was barking furiously, having discovered something unfamiliar there. The soldiers and officers who arrived at Simon's call of "Treason!" discovered the trap-door and tunnel, the passage of which was closed by an iron grating.

Maurice, in his search for his friend Louis, who he thought had gone to the Conciergerie, saw, at the end of the Quai de la Mégisserie, a soldier of the National Guard being attacked

by a company of Marseillais. On his approach, he found that it was Louis; and near him stood Simon, furiously denouncing him. Louis had drawn his sword; and now Maurice joined him and pricked several of the cutthroats with his bayonet. As the Marseillais were about to fire, a door opened and a company of "Muscadins," or fops, armed with swords and pistols, rushed out. The leader, a short and pale young man with delicate hands, forced Maurice and Louis into the house, which communicated with the Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and thus saved them; but the Muscadins did not succeed in their attempt to rescue the hapless Héloïse, who was being carried in a cart to the scaffold.

The next day the Queen was taken to the Conciergerie, and Maurice was accused of having communicated with the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, which he denied until he heard a description of the latter; and then he recognized the man who had commanded the Muscadins and saved his life and that of Louis the night before.

When Maurice returned from a visit to Dixmer's, where he found Morand and Dixmer endeavoring to revive Geneviève, who was delirious and distressfully calling the names "Héloïse!" and "Maison-Rouge!" Louis wanted him to join in the capture of Maison-Rouge. When Maurice heard that he was supposed to be at Dixmer's, he agreed to go; and the six or eight National Guardsmen, led by Louis and Maurice, set out that night.

Maurice, who entered the house while Louis commanded without, saw Geneviève with the commander of the Muscadins, who admitted that he was Maison-Rouge and was also known as Morand. Maurice bitterly denounced Geneviève; but she soon reassured him of her love, and made him agree to save Maison-Rouge, her friend and only protector, since Dixmer had already taken flight. She promised to abandon relatives, friends, and country for Maurice; and he, thereupon, giving Geneviève the passwords, leaped from the window and joined Louis, to take part in searching the house, which was now empty.

On Maurice's return home he found Geneviève awaiting him, and the next few days were spent in great happiness. One

morning while they were breakfasting, Louis was warmly welcomed; and in the course of conversation he told him that he was ordered on guard at the Conciergerie, near the Queen.

The Queen passed her days in this terrible prison under the strictest discipline. Among the municipal visitors on one occasion was the Citoyen Théodore, a rough man in a blouse, who made friends with Simon and boasted that he had carried the head of the Princess Lamballe. This was untrue, because Citoyen Théodore was none other than Maison-Rouge in disguise, who took this occasion to sound the flagstones, and, on leaving the prison, to communicate with a man at the gate, who again pointed out an ungrated window, and promised to be ready with a horse at the spot agreed upon; but when the conspirators examined the underground passage, they found it impracticable.

Maurice and Geneviève suddenly determined to leave France and flee to England; and Maurice went out to get a horse and cabriolet, while Geneviève remained to pack. Suddenly she heard the key of the door turn, and, looking up, she saw Dixmer! Promising her a glorious death, he took her away. When Maurice returned, his servant told him he had given the key to one of Maurice's friends; and from his description, the agonized lover had no difficulty in recognizing Dixmer. The latter carried Geneviève, his wife, to a small dwelling, where he was known as Citoyen Durand. He managed to introduce Geneviève into the Queen's cell, with instructions that she should exchange clothes and take her place. On the same night, Maison-Rouge, who had, unknown to Dixmer, got into the prison disguised as a turnkey named Murdoch, had instructed the Queen to saw the bars of her window with a file. These two independent attempts at rescue failed; and Maison-Rouge gave a terrible cry on seeing Geneviève on her knees before the Queen. Dixmer escaped and the Queen begged Maison-Rouge to fly; so poor Geneviève was the only one arrested and imprisoned.

When Maison-Rouge learned that the Queen was condemned to death, he persuaded the confessor to permit him to see her; but he was unable to communicate with her. He had wished to give her a dagger, so that she might die like a queen.

Faithful to the last, he followed her to the scaffold, and there was arrested. The people cried: "Death to the aristocrat! he has dipped his handkerchief in the Austrian's blood—to death with him!"

"Gentlemen!" said he, "this blood is not the Queen's but my own. Let me die in peace!" and Maison-Rouge expired.

Maurice heard Geneviève's trial, during which she said her husband was responsible for the conspiracy; but she would not reveal his name, although Dixmer was present. She did not wish to die with him. Louis was also brought in, took her part and joined her among the accused. When the soldiers led Geneviève and Louis away, the former kissed her hand to Maurice, and Louis gave him a smile. Maurice, broken-hearted, replied to his friend's farewell; and, on going out, encountered Dixmer. They fought a fierce duel under one of the arches that led from the cells of the Conciergerie to the river, during which Maurice killed Dixmer and took from his pocket a card of admission to the condemned, which Dixmer had exultantly told him he possessed. By means of this card, Maurice entered the fatal door and joined Geneviève and Louis shortly before their execution. He begged Louis to accept the card and pass out, which he did. He soon returned, however, for he had only gone to get a knife with which to despatch Dixmer; but when Maurice told him the truth, he threw it away.

"Citoyens!" said Sanson, solemnly, "we are ready!"

"Well," said Louis, "let it be so:

> "To die for our country
> Is of all fates the best."

Kissing Geneviève farewell, Maurice delivered her to Sanson. His turn came next. The last to perish was Louis: "Let us see," said he, "it is the fashion to cry 'Long live something,' when dying. Once it was 'Long live the King!' then it was 'Long live Liberty!' I say 'Long live Sanson,' who unites us three!"

And the head of the generous and noble-hearted young man fell near the heads of Maurice and Geneviève.

JOSEPH BALSAMO (1848)

This romantic novel, in which Cagliostro, under the name of Balsamo, is the chief personage, was published originally in the *Mémoires d'un Médecin*. The characters, both historical and fictitious, appear in *Memoirs of a Physician*, *The Queen's Necklace*, *Taking the Bastile*, *The Countess de Charny*, and *The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge*. The play *Joseph Balsamo* was prepared for the stage in 1878 by Dumas *fils* and a collaborator.

ON May sixth, 1770, a traveler who had come from Mayence appeared at twilight beyond the village of Danenfels. He followed the path until it vanished, and, dismounting from his Arabian horse, Djerid, fastened him to a fir-tree and bade him farewell. He was of southern blood, about thirty, of middle height, strong and flexible, with a dark complexion, mobile expression, piercing eyes, handsome teeth and small, sinewy hands. The traveler went on his way through the dark forests. Soon a light began to guide him, a voice spoke to him, a wet bandage was placed over his eyes, and a cold, bony hand grasped his. Drawn on for about a hundred paces, the hand released its grasp, the bandage fell from his eyes, and he was stopped—he was on the summit of Mont Tonnerre.

The phantom then led him into a hall of three hundred specters. The president of these phantoms questioned him as to his desires. He said he wanted three things—"the hand of iron to stifle tyranny; the sword of fire, to banish the impure from the earth; and the scales of adamant to weigh the destinies of humanity." He went through his initiation without a tremor, and when the three hundred voices cried, "Who art thou?" replied calmly: "*I am he who is!*"

He then named the pretended phantoms. The president was Swedenborg, the fire chiefs came from London, New York,

Zurich, Madrid and Warsaw. The president said they had assembled to meet him "who has founded in the East a mysterious faith, joining two worlds in one belief, entwining mankind with the bonds of brotherhood" and that "an angel had revealed to him a sign by which he should be known."

"Name it," said the stranger, "the hour is come."

"He will bear on his breast a diamond star bearing three letters, the signification of which is only known to himself."

"Declare the letters."

"L. P. D."

The stranger threw open his coat and on his linen shirt flashed the diamond star and the three letters formed of rubies. The phantoms prostrated themselves. "Speak, master," said the president, "we shall obey."

He told them of his youth in Medina and of his master, Althotas, who called him Acharat and gave him a drink that caused his material frame to vanish, leaving the soul behind. In that state he remembered his past thirty-two existences: he beheld himself under the different names he had borne from the day of his first birth to that of his last death. "When I awoke," continued the Illuminated, "I felt that I was more than man—that I was almost divine. I then resolved to dedicate not only my present existence, but all my future ones, to the happiness of man. The next day Althotas said: 'My son, twenty years ago thy mother expired in giving birth to thee. Since that time, invincible obstacles have prevented thy illustrious father revealing himself to thee. We shall travel; we shall meet thy father, but thou wilt not know him.'" The stranger traveled with Althotas in Asia, South and North America, Africa and Europe, studying nations. Everything tended to liberty. The stranger would undertake the awakening of France. He had foreseen all that would happen. The weak, old and vicious King ("but not so vicious as the monarchy he represents") had but a few years to live. The daughter of Maria Theresa, now crossing the frontier, was proud; Louis Augustus was mild. Short would be their love; in a year they would feel mutual contempt; both would perish in the coming struggle, falling through opposite defects of character. "To-morrow I begin my work. Give me twenty years for it."

The voices demurred. To the man, however, who was about to dare the Bastile and crush the monarchy, to destroy the old world and create a new, it was a short time. "We, sovereign lords of the east and west," he cried, "have decreed the downfall of the lily. Hear it, then, brethren—*Lilia pedibus destrue.*"

The brethren were dismissed and the stranger bade the six chiefs farewell, naming them Swedenborg, Fairfax, Paul Jones, Lavater, Ximenes and Scieffort of Russia. Left alone, he touched the springs of the great bronze gate, went rapidly through the dark defiles of the mountain, whistled to Djerid, sprang upon his back and disappeared.

Eight days later, about five in the evening, a carriage with four horses and two postilions, and followed by an Arabian steed, were caught in a terrific storm on the road from Nancy to Paris. In front of the principal carriage, which had a chimney, was a cabriolet and from this a female voice shrieked: "Joseph! help! help!" and fainted. The traveler calmed Djerid and entered the carriage-laboratory of Althotas, in which the ancient sage was searching for the elixir of life.

The frightened lady, a beautiful brunette, after she recovered from her swoon, bade a young man, who had offered his services, bring her the Arabian horse. She leaped upon his back. "I leave a man I love," she said, "but my religion is still dearer to me. That man will destroy my soul if I stay; he is an atheist and a necromancer. Tell him what I have said." Then she disappeared on the aerial Djerid. The boy, whose name was Gilbert, informed Balsamo what had happened; and, on the latter's request for a bed and supper, offered to take him to the Château of Taverney. Gilbert was the son of an old tenant of the Baron de Taverney and had devoured Rousseau, whose books had been sent to the Baron by the Duc de Richelieu.

The Baron de Taverney welcomed Joseph Balsamo. The latter was attracted by his beautiful daughter, Andrée, so delicate, majestic, and mild. La Brie, the butler, and Andrée's maid, Nicole Legay, waited on the table.

"What a singular resemblance!" Balsamo thought when he looked upon Nicole. He tried his powers upon Andrée,

commanding her to sleep, and retired to his room. Gilbert, who had been looking through the window, though astounded, came in and kissed the hand of his divinity. At Balsamo's command, Andrée, still in her clairvoyant state, went to his room, where she told him the history of the Taverneys, and of her brother, Philip, the Chevalier de Maison-Rouge, stationed at Strasbourg. She beheld him escorting a magnificent and richly gilt carriage in which sat a majestic young lady, who, strange to say, had Nicole's features. She would visit Taverney on the following day. Balsamo then took a black ringlet from his pocket, placed it in Andrée's hand and touched her again with his steel rod. "What do you see?" "A woman." "Ah," exclaimed Balsamo with joy. "Mesmer is greater than Brutus! Describe the woman." "She is a brunette, tall, with blue eyes, jet-black hair, and sinewy arms. She is galloping toward Châlons on a splendid horse reeking with sweat and foam." "Good!" said Balsamo, "she takes the road I shall take; she goes to Paris as I do. I shall find her there. Now rest."

Balsamo opened the door and she, still sleeping, descended the stairs. While this was taking place Nicole offered her love to Gilbert, who spurned her.

In the morning, Balsamo astounded the Baron and Andrée by predicting that they would soon receive a visit from Philip and the Dauphiness. "Keep Nicole out of the way," he said, "for she resembles the lady." Philip arrived immediately to announce the approach of the Dauphiness. He had accompanied her since she had left Strasbourg. She, having resolved to befriend the first Frenchman who greeted her over the boundary, and this happening to be Philip, desired to call on his family.

Twenty horsemen preceded the carriage, from which the beautiful Marie Antoinette, in white silk and lace, stepped out. She was attended by the Countess de Langershausen and a gentleman in black, the Cardinal de Rohan, whose name was not announced. To the surprise of the Taverneys, a magnificent breakfast was served; and when the Baron told his guests that it was the work of a sorcerer, Joseph Balsamo, they desired to see him. The Cardinal was astonished when Balsamo

addressed him by name. The Dauphiness demanded to know her future. The unwilling Balsamo took her aside and told her part of it; the end was revealed to her in a carafe of water. She shrieked in horror, and fainted. Balsamo disappeared.

A messenger now came from the court with a letter begging the Dauphiness hasten her journey, because the intended presentation of Madame Du Barry would not take place were Her Royal Highness at Versailles. Marie Antoinette immediately departed, announcing to the Baron and his daughter that she wished them in her suite. She left a carriage for them to follow her.

Gilbert ran after the carriage bearing Andrée till he fell exhausted. He was picked up by a young lady, who resuscitated him in her carriage and was greatly interested in all he had to say. She promised the postilion rich reward if he would get ahead of the Dauphiness. He did so by taking a by-road. At the next stage she was joined by Jean Du Barry, who called her Chon. The innkeeper refused horses—they were engaged for the Dauphiness. Philip de Taverney arrived and wounded Du Barry in a fight for possession of the horses. Gilbert saw the Italian lady riding away from the inn on Djerid. He told his new friends that she was the wife of the sorcerer, Joseph Balsamo.

Chon had been sent by the Countess Du Barry to find a lady of title who would introduce her at court; and she had persuaded the Countess de Bearn to come to Paris about a lawsuit. When she arrived, she found she had been tricked; but the Du Barrys promised to advance her interests; and she, therefore, agreed to undertake the presentation, after driving a pretty sharp bargain. Meanwhile the King's eldest daughter, Louise, bade him farewell and entered the Convent of St. Denis. Louis XV summed up his troubles as follows: "The Duc de Choiseul laughed at me; the Dauphin looks upon himself as already half master and thinks he will be wholly so when he has his little Austrian beside him on the throne; Louise loves me—but so sternly that she preaches me a sermon and leaves me; my three other daughters sing songs in which I am ridiculed under the name of Blaise; my grandson, the Comte de Provence, translates Lucretius; and his brother,

the Comte d'Artois, is a dissipated scapegrace; my dogs go mad and would bite me. Decidedly, there is only the poor Countess who loves me. To the devil, then, with those who would annoy her!" Then and there he installed Zamore, Madame Du Barry's little negro page, Governor of Luciennes, as she had requested. Madame Du Barry was entirely occupied with her presentation.

For private ends, the Duc de Richelieu conspired with the court ladies against Du Barry, and they agreed that she could not be presented without three things—a hairdresser, a robe, and a carriage.

On the appointed evening Du Barry was in despair. The hairdresser did not come, the robe was not delivered, and the carriage failed to call for her. At the last moment the hairdresser of Richelieu's daughter, her dress, and her coach were sent to Du Barry, who reached Versailles. Richelieu earned her affectionate gratitude by what he had done. Madame Du Barry noticed in the brilliant throng a stranger who bowed to her. It was a Prussian ambassador, the Comte de Fenix. He approached. "Do you know me, Madame?" he asked. "Yes, you are the prophet I met in the Place Louis XV." "Did I speak falsely when I predicted you should be Queen of France?" "No."

"The place is ill chosen for me to make my request, and the moment has not yet come."

She would fulfil her promise to do whatever he requested whenever he pleased to call on her. "Under what name shall I expect you? she added, "the Comte de Fenix?"

"No; Joseph Balsamo."

The next morning the King's party and that of the Dauphiness met at Compiègne. The King presented Madame Du Barry to the Countess, who received her politely. Jean Du Barry pointed out to his sister Philip de Taverney, who had wounded him and Andrée, saying, "Jeanne, I think you have as much reason to fear the sister as I the brother."

After passing the night in Compiègne, the two courts—the one the sunset, the other the dawn of an age—set out for Paris, that yawning gulf which was to entomb them both.

Gilbert, under the protection of Chon, was placed in the

household of Madame Du Barry at Versailles; but he hated the companionship of Zamore, despised the costume ordered for him, and fled, leaving the following note:

"Madame—Liberty is the first of blessings. Man's most sacred duty is to preserve it. You endeavored to enslave me, I set myself free.

"GILBERT."

He ran along, avoiding the highroad, and finally, hungry and tired, reached the woods of Meudon. Seated on a log by a pond, he saw an old man, simply dressed, with a box by his side filled with plants. The old man was sharing his bread with the birds. "Ha! this is the man for me!" said Gilbert.

They entered into conversation. The old man was astonished at his knowledge of plants and more especially at his deep acquaintance with the works of Rousseau, his ambition to become a physician, and his sententious remarks. He invited the boy to go home with him to Paris. Entering the simple home in the Rue Plastrière, Gilbert did not receive a cordial welcome from the wife, Thérèse, of whom the old man stood in awe. She did not feel they could afford a pupil. Gilbert was assigned to a room in the garret, and the old man set him at work copying music. A portrait in a book showed Gilbert that he was in the house of his adored Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Gilbert obtained permission to go to St. Denis on the pretext of seeing the arrival of the Dauphiness; but in reality it was to catch a glimpse of Andrée. He spoke to her; but she spurned him. Philip befriended him and offered him money.

Madame Louise, now at St. Denis, had a strange experience. An Italian lady requested her protection. Lorenza Feliciani told her story. She was fleeing from a demon and feared that she herself was possessed. She was the daughter of a Roman patrician and had been befriended on one occasion by a strange man, who afterward pursued her. When about to take the veil, she fainted during the service, and when she recovered found herself jolting along a road, with her head on the bosom of a man—that man her persecutor. She was dressed in white, with a wreath of white roses. For three days she had been insensible.

"You did not love him?" asked Madame Louise.

"Oh, no, no! When he was present I was no longer my-

self. What he willed I willed; what he commanded I did; a look from him subdued and fascinated me."

"And no earthly bond unites you to him?" "None, Madame." "Then should he claim you, he would have no right over you?" "None, Madame, none."

Lorenza began to tremble. "He is coming! He is coming!" she cried in terror. The Comte de Fenix was announced and entered to claim his wife. Yes, she was his wife. He showed Madame Louise the register. Cardinal de Rohan could tell—

"His Highness is here," said the Princess, and sent for him Meantime Balsamo's will brought Lorenza from the cabinet into which she had fled and willed her to tell the story—how he had rescued her from her coffin, how they had traveled together, and how dearly she loved and desired to go with him now. Rohan entered and denounced Balsamo as a sorcerer; but Balsamo took him aside, told him details of his life that were compromising, and invited him to call at his home in the Rue St. Claude, where he made gold. The Cardinal pronounced the marriage valid and Lorenza joyfully departed with Balsamo.

The Taverneys' temporary lodging in Paris was within view of Gilbert's attic window, from which he gazed at Andrée.

Balsamo took Lorenza to his house in the Rue St. Claude, and carried her by the secret staircase and through mysterious doors into a remote and luxuriously furnished room. He questioned her regarding the Cardinal de Rohan. She said he was coming. Then he questioned her regarding herself. "Why do you love me when you sleep, and hate me when you are awake?"

"When Lorenza awakes she is the Roman girl, the superstitious daughter of Italy; she thinks science a sin and love a crime. She is then afraid of you and would flee from you to the confines of the earth."

"And when Lorenza sleeps?"

"Ah! then she is no longer the Roman, no longer superstitious—she is a woman. Then she reads Balsamo's heart and mind; she sees that his heart loves her, that his genius contemplates sublime things. Then she would live and die beside him, that the future might whisper softly the name of Lorenza when it trumpets forth that of—Cagliostro!"

"It is by that name, then, that I shall become celebrated?"

"Yes, by that name!" She would be dead, she added, when he should enjoy his great fame.

"You are my all,—my strength, my power, my genius. Without you I should be nothing. Is not that enough to make you happy?" he said in reply to her complaint that he did not love her.

"Happy?" she said, "do you call this life of ours happy?"

"Yes; for in my mind to be happy is to be great."

"Why did you force me from my country, my name, my family—why obtain this power over me—why make me your slave, if I am never to be yours in reality?"

"Alas! why, rather," asked he, "are you like an angel, infallible in perfection, by whose help I can subject the universe?"

"Oh, Balsamo," murmured she, "will your ambition ever make you as happy as my love would?" She threw her arms around him.

He beat back the air, full of magnetic fluid, and exclaimed, "Lorenza, awake!" and, as he moved away, murmured, "Adieu, my dream! Farewell, happiness!"

On awaking she recoiled from Balsamo, implored him to allow her to return to the convent and expressed her fear and hatred of him. He threatened her cruelly, and, extending his arm, again put her into her strange sleep. Then he kissed her forehead and retired.

Fritz, the German servant, greeted the Cardinal, and, to his surprise, told him he was expected. Balsamo took him into his laboratory, raised a large asbestos curtain and showed him a great furnace, on which stood four crucibles containing the mixture that produced gold. Ingots to the value of one hundred thousand crowns were carried to the Cardinal's carriage. The prelate insisted on giving Balsamo a receipt. The sorcerer amazed his guest by telling him that he knew of his passion for Marie Antoinette. The Cardinal then wished to know if he should ever win her love, whereupon Balsamo replied that a tress of her golden hair would be necessary for him to have in order to read the future. This the Cardinal promised to obtain.

On the latter's departure, Balsamo visited Althotas by

ascending by a trap-door through the ceiling of the laboratory. The old alchemist had nearly found the elixir of life. All he wanted was the blood of a child; and he ordered Balsamo to kill one for him, but was refused. Althotas laughed to scorn Balsamo's idea of overthrowing the French monarchy. Balsamo said, however, that he had thrown the first stone and the waters were troubled. He was working through the philosophers—Voltaire and Rousseau—whose ideas the people were absorbing. Althotas cared nothing for liberty. "Men can be equal," he said, "only when immortal"; therefore the elixir of life was the only hope.

The King's admiration for Andrée de Taverney aroused Madame Du Barry's jealousy, and she bade Jean and Chon spy upon her at the little hôtel in the Rue Coq Heron. Jean hired an apartment in the Rue Plastrière for Chon that looked, as did Gilbert's attic, upon the Taverney residence; and she soon saw Gilbert gazing upon Andrée. "Sister," said Jean, "we will give ourselves no further trouble to watch the lady: he will do our business."

Jean went to Monsieur de Sartines, chief of the police, to recover Gilbert, who he said was in his sister's service. He was in Rousseau's house. M. de Sartines would not stir up the people by making an arrest at the philosopher's. Then it was agreed that Gilbert must be trapped through Monsieur de Jussieu, the botanist, a friend of both Rousseau and M. de Sartines.

The thirtieth of May, the second day after the nuptials of Louis the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette, Paris celebrated the marriage by a great festival. The whole population gathered around the Place Louis XV, a well-chosen place, for six hundred thousand spectators could move about there at their ease. Around the equestrian statue of Louis XV was erected the platform for the fireworks, which, designed by Ruggieri, were to be magnificent. The city authorities refused to pay the French Guards for their services, and the carriages mingled with the crowd in hopeless confusion. The carriages were, moreover, stopped by the swarms of people, horses became frightened, and several accidents occurred. The Baron de Taverney ordered Andrée not to lean out of the carriage: "We are

swimming in the middle of the mob," he said, "just as if it were in the middle of the river. We are in the water, my dear, and dirty water it is, too; let us not soil ourselves by contact." Andrée and Philip decided to get out and walk. The beginning of the fireworks was superb, but suddenly a rocket went off almost horizontally and darted in a diagonal line toward the river. A hurricane of flames burst from the bastion.

"Andrée," said Philip, "we have not a moment to lose; follow me. Some stray rocket has set fire to the bastion. Hark! they are crushing one another yonder. Don't you hear their cries? Those are not cries of joy, but shrieks of distress. Quick, quick! to the carriage. Gentlemen, gentlemen, allow us to pass!"

The dense throng of people recoiled at the same instant, frightened, suffocated, crushed, screaming, and ferocious. Philip tried to stop a pair of ungovernable horses dragging a carriage. Andrée saw her brother seize the rein and then fall and disappear. She screamed and was borne along with the rushing crowd. To escape the sword of a soldier, who was slashing a path through the people, Andrée dropped to the ground. She was picked up by Gilbert. He directed his way toward a man who, mounted on a post, seemed to possess a strange influence upon the crowd. When he reached him, he cried: "Baron de Balsamo, save Mademoiselle de Taverney!" "This way," cried Balsamo, who, jumping to the ground and seizing Andrée, bore her away; but not before Gilbert had quickly pressed a kiss upon her arm and snatched a piece of her dress.

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